IOLA FREE PUBL
LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

May 11, 1940

5¢ A COPY

# Collier's

T NAL WEEKLY

BEN JORJ
HARRIS

## An Empire in Doubt

By Jim Marshall

JUNE E THOMPSON
412 EAST ST
IOLA
KANS
IJE40
12 3198 C 6 11P 2Y

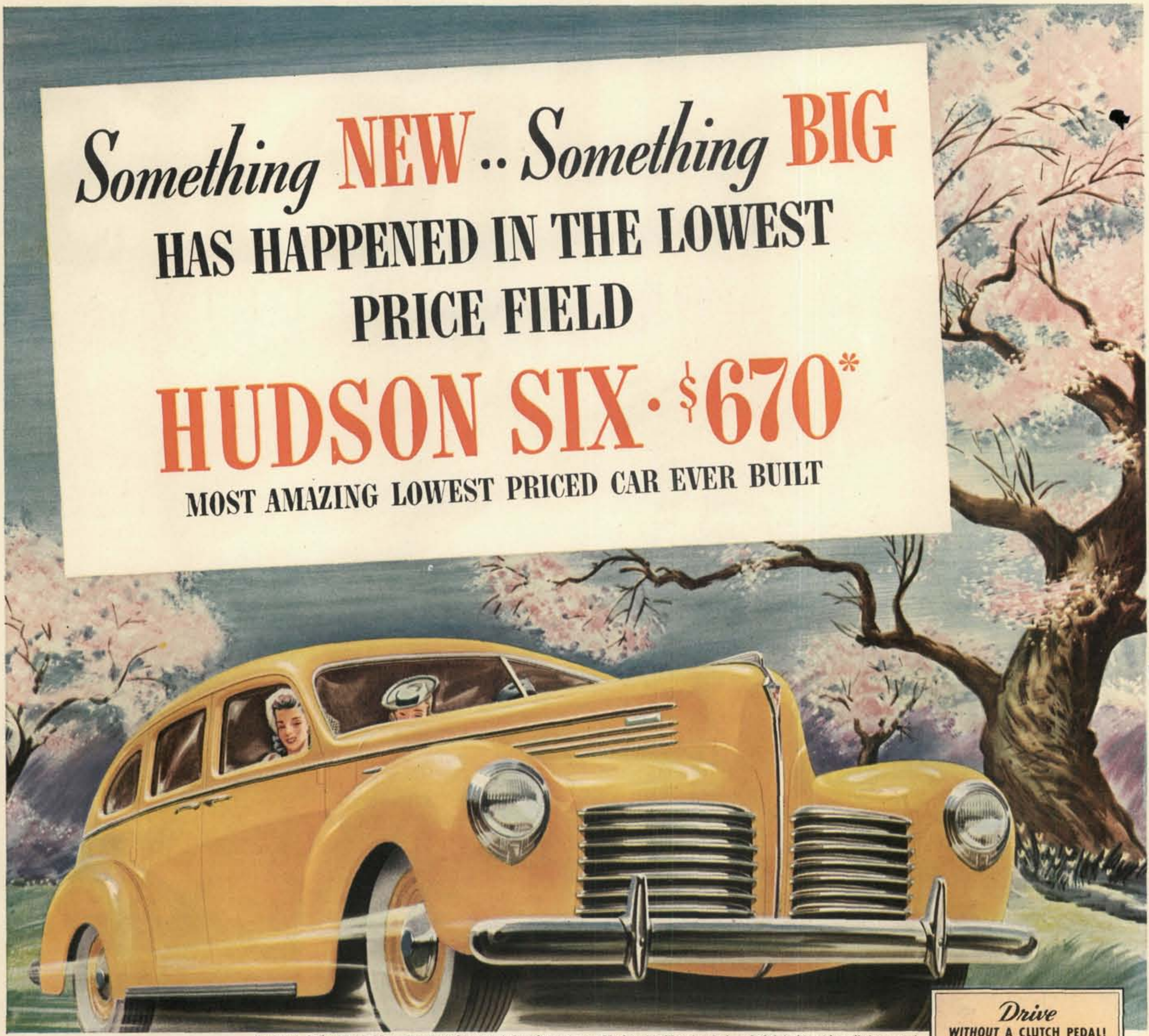
May 11 1940

© THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

# *Something* NEW .. *Something* BIG
## HAS HAPPENED IN THE LOWEST PRICE FIELD

# HUDSON SIX · $670*

### MOST AMAZING LOWEST PRICED CAR EVER BUILT



*America's Safest Car Is Now America's Smartest! Car shown is new Hudson Six Touring Sedan, $763* (white sidewall tires extra)*

Every day, in every part of America, more and more automobile buyers are making a startling discovery . . . that they can buy a big, beautiful new Hudson *for a price that's right down among today's lowest.*

Besides the beauty and luxury which make the new Hudson Six a "standout" in any company, there are many other important reasons why owners of the "other three," in constantly increasing thousands, are changing to this Hudson:

**Greater Length** (182¼ inches from front of grille to rear of body) . . . more seat room all around, and biggest space for baggage!

**Greater Economy** than ever proved by any other full-sized car —a certified 1940 record. No need to sacrifice *room* for *economy.*

**America's Safest Car,** with Patented Double-Safe Brakes— "double-safe" because, should hydraulics fail (as they *can* in *any* car), you just push farther *on the same foot pedal* and stop. A *third* braking system is provided by the easy-action parking brake, up under the dash.

**More Power** . . . 7 more horsepower than the nearest of the "other three," and the *smoothest* of them all.

**Easier Riding,** with finest type Independent Front Wheel Coil Springing and true Center-Point Steering. Plus the steadiness and added safety of Auto-Poise Front Wheel Control.

**Greater Endurance** . . . 20,000 miles in 12 days, under official supervision! A torture test no other stock car *at any price* ever survived!

Will you accept our invitation to drive this Hudson Six, over the route you travel every day, where you can make a *direct comparison* with your present car and other cars? We promise you *the best 30 minutes you ever spent in an automobile.*

*Drive*
**WITHOUT A CLUTCH PEDAL!**
JUST

SHIFT AND ACCELERATE

**A "NEW IDEA" THAT'S OLD WITH HUDSON**

Hudson's Fluid-Cushioned Automatic Clutch, proved by 11 years and millions of miles of use.

**Only $20 Extra**

See your dealer for demonstration

* delivered in Detroit including Federal taxes, not including state and local taxes, if any. Low time p[illegible]ment terms. Prices subject to change without no[illegible]

**NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR THESE: Handy Shift at steering wheel; Dash-Locking Safety Hood, hinged at front so wind can't lift it; New Sealed Beam Headlamps; New Cushion-Action Door Latches. (And at small extra cost: Airfoam Seat Cushions, Overdrive and Weather-Master Fresh Air and Heat Control.)**

**Let us show you our latest. It's Hudson's New Country Club Custom Sedan . . . striking a new style note in exterior and interior color harmony; a luxury car in every sense of the word.**

---

**HUDSON OFFERS TODAY'S WIDEST CHOICE OF FINE AUTOMOBILES . . . In Every Popular Price Class *Beginning With the Lowest.* Sixes or Eights . . . Every Popular Body Type . . . Extra Wide Range of Colors and Upholstery. Whatever Price You Plan To Pay, See Your Hudson Dealer for MORE CAR FOR YOUR MONEY**

# THROW AWAY YOUR whisk broom

IT is only a feeble makeshift if you're troubled with a case of infectious dandruff, as so many people are. Dandruff, you know, is the most common scaly disease of the scalp and is often due to germs.

What you need for this condition is real medication that treats an infection in a sensible way—with antiseptic therapy. And if you're wise, you will start right now with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. It may achieve for you the same amazing results it achieved for so many others.

### *Let It Show You*

Just give Listerine Antiseptic a chance to show how helpful it can be . . . how quickly it combats those distressing flakes and scales . . . how fresh, clean, and invigorated it makes your scalp feel . . . how ruthlessly it attacks the germs accompanying the infectious dandruff condition.

The treatment is easy, delightful, and can be applied at home. Just douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp full strength morning and night. Massage hair and scalp vigorously and persistently. In clinical tests, infectious dandruff sufferers were delighted to find that this treatment brought rapid improvement in most cases.

### *Kills "Bottle Bacillus"*

Listerine Antiseptic is effective against so many cases of infectious dandruff because it gives the scalp and hair a cooling and invigorating antiseptic bath . . . kills millions of the germs associated with this dandruff condition, including Pityrosporum Ovale.

This strange "bottle bacillus" is recognized by outstanding dandruff specialists as a causative agent of infectious dandruff—a condition which is only too common.

### *Improvement in 76% of Test Cases*

Rabbits inoculated with Pityrosporum Ovale developed definite dandruff symptoms which disappeared shortly after being treated with Listerine Antiseptic daily.

And in a dandruff clinic, 76% of humans who used Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice a day showed complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff within 30 days.

### *Don't Delay. Use Listerine Now*

If you have any evidence of infectious dandruff . . . if your scalp itches and burns . . . start with Listerine Antiseptic and massage right now—neglect may aggravate the symptoms. It's the medical method that has demonstrated its usefulness in a substantial majority of test cases.

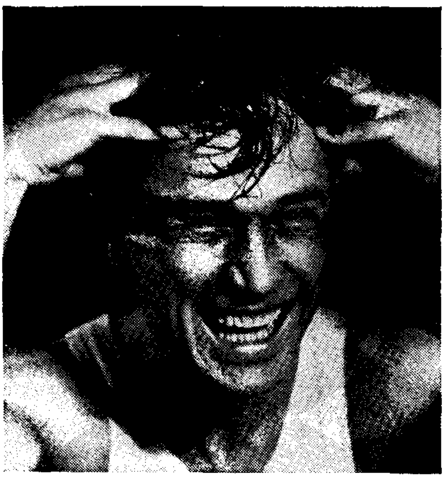
LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

### THE TREATMENT

**MEN:** Douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp morning and night. **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hair brush. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're free from dandruff, enjoy a Listerine massage once a week to guard against infection. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a mouth wash and gargle.

LISTERINE
Tested and Approved
Good Housekeeping Bureau



## LISTERINE

THE MEDICAL TREATMENT
FOR

## Infectious Dandruff

**WILLIAM L. CHENERY** Editor

**CHARLES COLEBAUGH**
Managing Editor

**THOMAS H. BECK**
Editorial Director

# Collier's

May 11, 1940

●

| | |
|---|---|
| WALTER DAVENPORT | Politics |
| AIMEE LARKIN | Distaff |
| QUENTIN REYNOLDS | Sports |
| KYLE CRICHTON | Screen and Theater |
| KENNETH LITTAUER | Fiction |
| JAMES N. YOUNG | Fiction |
| MAX WILKINSON | Fiction |
| GURNEY WILLIAMS | Humor |
| WM. O. CHESSMAN | Art |
| W. B. COURTNEY | Germany |
| FRANK GERVASI | Mediterranean |
| MARTHA GELLHORN | Scandinavia |
| JIM MARSHALL | The Orient |
| WM. HILLMAN | European Manager |
| ROBERT McCORMICK | Washington |
| DENVER LINDLEY | Articles |
| FRANK D. MORRIS | Articles |
| IFOR THOMAS | Photographs |
| JOHN T. FLYNN | Associate Editor |

## Next Week

EUROPE'S air ministries are seeking—and finding—some answers to military aviation's burning question: Is the giant bomber a self-reliant weapon or is it a sucker for enemy pursuit? They're getting answers—at a price in blood and ships.

Out in California, the Army is finding the answers for itself—and nobody's getting hurt. For the first time, simulated combat with full armament load has been added to routine testing of fighting planes. And from the nose of the bomber in this fight W. B. Courtney recorded his impressions. It wasn't fun: nothing as close to the real thing could possibly be. But it's an exciting account and it will give you a vivid idea of what a "Dogfight" is really like. And a safe landing guaranteed.

TOMASUCHI OKARA felt pleased and flattered when the wealthy Kini family invited him to their parties. For Tommy was a Hawaiian Japanese of poor family who had come to America for his education. He liked the Kinis, particularly Betty Kini, and he didn't realize that she hoped some day to be his bride. For Tommy had other plans: back in his native Lanai he had chosen "A Girl to Leave Behind." Jerome Weidman tells this intensely human story of a great loyalty that money and position could not buy.

TEN years ago Pop Jacoby became irritated because his son had bought an outboard motorboat hull that Pop knew wouldn't hold together. So he decided to build one himself, a good one. Now his hulls are raced in every port of the world. There'll be plenty of them in the annual Albany-New York outboard-motor race, which, as you probably know, will be run early this month. Stanley Ross and Avery Hale tell you the story of Pop and his famous hulls, "Made for Speed."

ROARK BRADFORD lets you in on a secret episode at Little Bee Bend plantation, one that even the wise Widow Duck doesn't know to this day. William MacHarg assigns Detective O'Malley to a murder mystery that's so simple it becomes difficult. For once O'Malley has "Too Much Proof." Henry L. Jackson introduces this season's summer straw hats for men, with a variety that almost rivals the turnout in women's hats. So "Pick Your Straw." Charlotte Hall writes the Short Short Story. Then there are contributions by Kyle Crichton, D. H. Dubrowsky, Ernest Haycox and other favorites. All headliners.

## This Week

### SHORT STORIES

**RICHARD ENGLISH**
**Man Meets Metronome.** Proving you can't jilt a man who plays a sousaphone. Page 9

**WILL F. JENKINS**
**Survival.** Lesson from a castaway dog. Page 13

**CHARLES ALEXANDER**
**Wild Pride.** The girl who came to Abel Chottaw's town. Page 14

**EDWARD L. McKENNA**
**Once a Champion.** A fighter with a million-dollar face. Page 20

**THE SHORT SHORT STORY**
**The Mirror,** by Margery Sharp. Page 12

### SERIAL STORIES

**LAWRENCE G. BLOCHMAN**
**Appointment in India. The ninth of ten parts.** All ready for riot. Page 18

**KATHLEEN NORRIS**
**The Secret of the Marshbanks. The fifth of twelve parts.** A will is read. Page 21

### ARTICLES

**D. H. DUBROWSKY**
**How Stalin Steals Our Money. The third of four parts.** There's profit in misery. Page 11

**QUENTIN REYNOLDS**
**Smoothie.** The return of Bill Powell, and a good thing, too. Page 15

**JIM MARSHALL**
**An Empire in Doubt.** Some dangerous thinking from Japan. Page 16

**FRANK CONDON**
**Purse Snatcher.** Biography of a miracle horse—Seabiscuit. Page 19

**KYLE CRICHTON**
**Whee-e-e-e! Pennsylvania builds a motorist's dream highway.** Page 22

●

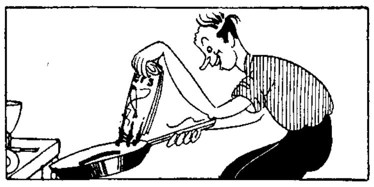
**FRELING FOSTER**
**Keep Up with the World.** Page 6

**EDITORIALS**
**Free Press and Your Food.**
**What is This "Union Now"?** Page 74

**COVER** BEN JORJ HARRIS

## Any Week

ALL we tried to do, and with what appears to be overwhelming success, was to show you where you could catch what. We're speaking of course of that fishing issue with the game-fish map. Thus far about fifty thousand of you have demanded and received that map and there are a number of mailbags we haven't got around to yet. Maybe we should have got one and gone fishing. We tried it once a few years ago and after several bewildered days amassed a catch of five or six beauties that looked something like smelt, but smaller. But that has nothing to do with our current situation.



AS YOU remember so vividly, that issue of Collier's contained a great deal about fish. It was, in the words of Mr. Richard E. Walsh of Black Creek, New York, "a speckled beauty." We thought so, too, but we didn't lose control of ourself as Mr. Walsh did. "After reading that fish issue," says he, "I rolled it in flour and bread crumbs, fried it in butter and ate it. I found it right tasty."

BUT that map and its text have cost us the friendship of Minnesota, badly damaging our chances for the presidential nomination. We said that Wisconsin has more lakes than any other state in the Union. Virtually everybody in Minnesota got sore. And they all wrote letters. Didn't we know that Minnesota is known to have ten thousand lakes, whereas Wisconsin has only a handful—twenty-five hundred? So we turned the whole question over to the United States Department of the Interior. Promptly we heard from Mr. J. G. Staack, the chief topographic engineer of the Geological Survey. We give you Mr. Staack's reply and hope, none too confidently, that it will end the brawl to the satisfaction of all. Says Mr. Staack: "There is no definite area accepted by the Geological Survey as designating a lake. In some localities very small areas of water are ponds, while in other localities they are known as lakes. In some areas the reverse is true."

DETERMINED to set us straight, Mr. Staack refers us to Lippincott's Gazetteer, which states plainly that Minnesota's lakes "are said to exceed seven thousand." He goes further and gives us a terrific volume called A Gazetteer of Meandered Lakes of Minnesota, which has it that that state has 5,480 named lakes and 1,009 unnamed lakes, some of which may be mere ponds to Wisconsin. "Anyway," soothes Mr. Staack, "there is no assurance that all the area in Wisconsin and Minnesota is mapped and there may be many lakes which have not yet been located."

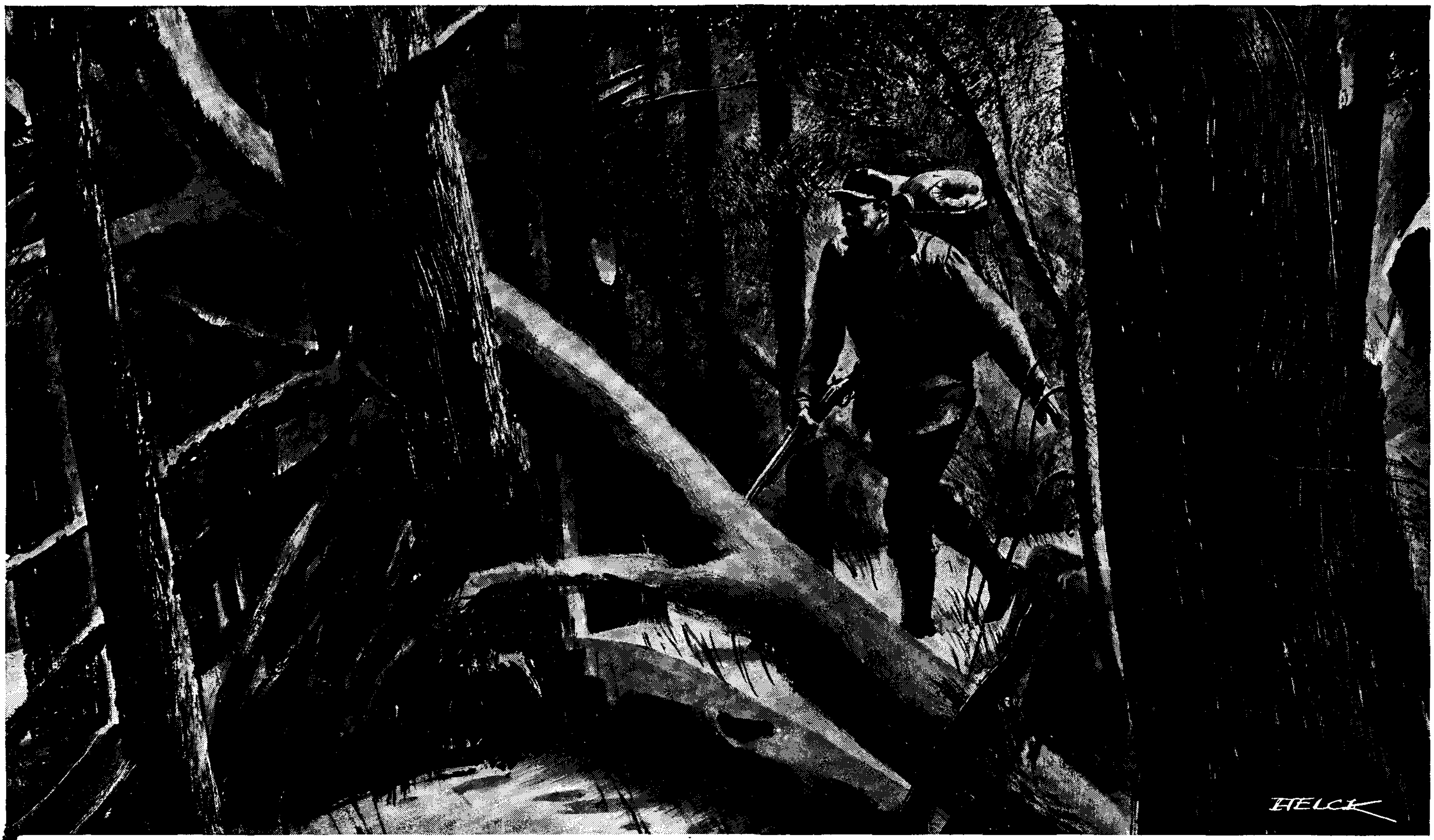
BUT this gives you an idea. We shall not tell you all that Mr. William G. Lippy of St. Louis, Missouri, said. Just a line: Mr. Lippy says that there have been no strawberry bream, goggle-eye and gaspergou in the waters of Illinois, Missouri, Arkansas and Kentucky since 1933. "And don't try to tell me that this is a coincidence either," says Mr. Lippy.

SO WE'RE thinking of escape. We'd like, for example, to take refuge in an area recently discovered and mapped by our West Coast scout, Mr. Richard English. This cozy hideaway is in Skid Row, Hollywood. Mr. English reports that whisky is twenty cents a slug "and the guy who buys the last drink in the bottle gets the privilege of hurling the empty against the wall." It sounds to us like pure serenity. They don't bother to sweep up the glass. If you have no money, postage stamps will be accepted—seven for a drink. And if you haven't any stamps you merely solicit the office buildings, saying that you want one to write to your mother. It has a soothing lotus-eater sound to us and Mr. English rightly calls it a thought for Mother's Day.

AND that's all except a note from Mr. Albert J. Rosenthal, Harvard Law School '41. "Not that we're boasting about it," writes Mr. Rosenthal, "but Senator Robert A. Taft was graduated from Harvard Law School and not, as you state in your 'Bashful Buckeye,' the Yale Law School. I can readily understand, however, how people may easily mistake him for a Yale Law School man."

SHOULD have gone fishing....W.D.

Vol. 105, No. 19. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1940, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, 5 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Balearic Islands, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $5.50 a year to all other countries.
Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.



*Late Spring Snow in the North Woods—by PETER HELCK*

# He knows the way out

When an inexperienced hunter gets into thick woods and strange country he may flounder in aimless circles for hours—even become hopelessly lost. Blazed tree trunks, marking the safe trail, mean nothing to him. In his bewilderment he passes them by.

A good woodsman, on the other hand, moves through the forest as safely as you walk down your own street. He *knows the signs* and how to follow them.

Out hunting for tire-values, you're likely to find yourself in "strange country." A tangle of wild claims, "bargain" inducements and fast selling-talk may confuse your judgment. And that's dangerous, because choosing tires involves not only your pocketbook but the safety of your friends and your family.

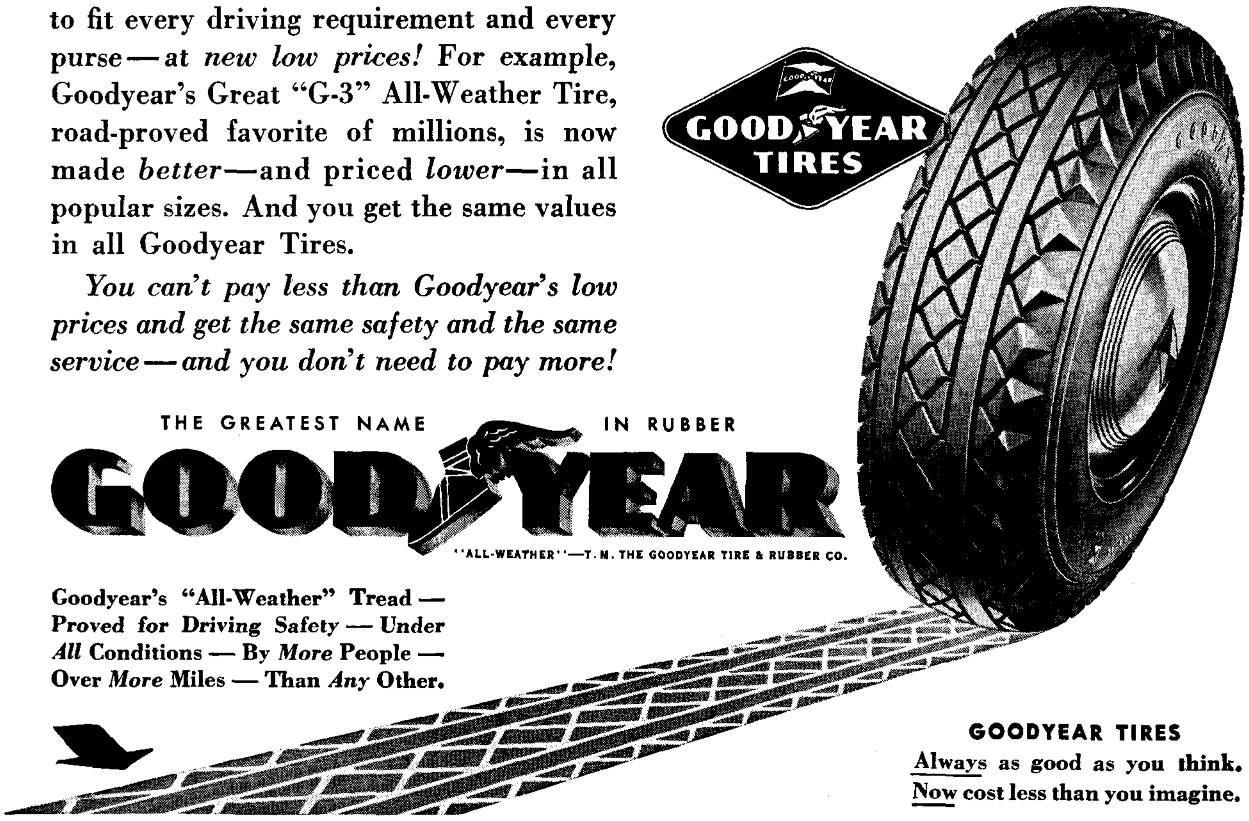
There *is* a way out—a trail blazed straight to safety and value in tire buying. If you want a tough tire, be a *tough buyer.* When you hear a claim for long mileage at a low price, just ask *"Who says so?"* Is the statement made by a reputable manufacturer, with *proof* to back it up?

In the past forty years more than 300 million Goodyear Tires have *proved* their safety and long-wearing qualities over countless billions of miles.

Goodyear makes a *complete line* of tires to fit every driving requirement and every purse—at *new low prices!* For example, Goodyear's Great "G-3" All-Weather Tire, road-proved favorite of millions, is now made *better*—and priced *lower*—in all popular sizes. And you get the same values in all Goodyear Tires.

*You can't pay less than Goodyear's low prices and get the same safety and the same service—and you don't need to pay more!*

More people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind. Are you one of them? Ask your nearby Goodyear Dealer about his "90-10" offer and his Easy-Pay Plan.



THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

**GOODYEAR**

"ALL-WEATHER"—T. M. THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO.

**Goodyear's "All-Weather" Tread — Proved for Driving Safety — Under *All* Conditions — By *More* People — Over *More* Miles — Than *Any* Other.**

**GOODYEAR TIRES**

**Always as good as you think.**
**Now cost less than you imagine.**

THE Florsheim SHOE

FLORSHEIM
Brown and White
A PERFECT COMBINATION

Florsheim takes genuine white buckskin and "does it up brown"—for the coolest, smartest Summer combination for town or country! By reducing the amount of white at the points of greatest wear, Florsheim makes them as practical as they are good looking . . . for they clean easier, stay clean longer, and cost less per day of service.

*Styles illustrated,* The COASTER, S-909 *and* The COLONEL, S-910

*Genuine White Buckskin Styles* $10 *and up* Most Styles $8.95 *and* $10

**THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • MANUFACTURERS • CHICAGO**
*Makers of Fine Shoes for Men and Women*

# KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

## By Freling Foster

*Despite* rationing, the food consumption of a country at war increases about twenty per cent, due principally to the fact that army recruits develop bigger appetites because of their increased physical activity.

*On* some German destroyers, torpedoes are fired with the mouth. With his eyes at the range finder and his hands on the tube-aiming controls, the gunner merely has to blow into a "peashooter" to actuate the trigger.—*By Rene De Meerleer, Marquette, Michigan.*

*A profitable* business is the buying and selling of "due bills," which are often issued by hotels, restaurants and theaters in lieu of payment for advertising space and which entitle the bearer to a specified amount of credit. In New York City, one of the fifty-odd "bankers," who deal in these bills on a discount basis, has been known to make as much as $1,000,000 a year.

*One* electrical accounting machine on the market today, only 47 inches long, 38 inches wide and 43 inches high, contains 55,000 parts and more than 75 miles of wire.—*By John Edward Travers, Washington, D. C.*

*Certain* transcontinental air liners now are equipped with master radio receiving units, with individual ear instruments at each seat. Through them the passengers may not only listen to near-by programs, but also to the conversations between the pilot and the operators in the ground stations. The pilot also "cuts in" when he wishes to tell his passengers about landmarks over which they are flying.

*Ninety* per cent of all children in the United States have chicken pox before the age of fifteen.

*During* the busiest hours at the New York Municipal Airport, scheduled planes arrive at or depart at the rate of one plane every two minutes.

*In* two low-cost housing projects in New York City, only about 220 of the 5,700 apartments have facilities for the installation of private telephones. Consequently, they have been reserved for "those families able to furnish a good reason for having a phone in the house."—*By Jack Richard, Brooklyn, New York.*

*During* some seasons, three quarters of all the brandy made in this country is used to fortify wine, and three quarters of all American-made rum goes into industrial processes, chiefly the flavoring of tobacco.—*By C. Joseph Doyle, Shrewsbury, Massachusetts.*

*Without* charge, one American company will prepare, for anyone planning a motor trip, a complete set of maps, bind them in a folder and print the motorist's name on the cover. Marked to show the best and shortest routes, the maps are large and detailed and sometimes number as many as a hundred in one "made-to-order" guide book.—*By George Henry Smith, Astoria, New York.*

*In* the United States Army, silver insignia ranks higher than gold. For instance, a first lieutenant wears a silver bar on his shoulder, while a second lieutenant wears a gold one.—*By R. A. Hoag, Fort Benning, Georgia.*

*A new* kind of Shinto mass has been established in Japan. After an airplane accident, Shinto priests fly over the spot and wave branches of sacred trees to put to flight the evil spirits responsible for the disaster.

*Of* the 152 Roman Catholic popes who reigned between 885 and 1939, only four have been made saints.—*By S. M. Ritter, New York, New York.*

**Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**

# "It Sure has Plenty on the Ball"

8A-800
NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR 1939

**Yes, De Soto has Plenty of Fresh New Style and Beauty—and Plenty More Besides... It's the One Car In 1940 Offering All 39 Important New Features Not Found in Your 1936-'37 or '38 Car!**

It's real worthwhile, it's part of what you pay for—*why not enjoy compliments about your new car* . . . And when you drive a De Soto there's an even bigger, down-to-earth reason for your satisfaction . . .

*Actually, you enjoy 39 great new improvements you are now missing in your 2- 3- or 4-year-old car!*

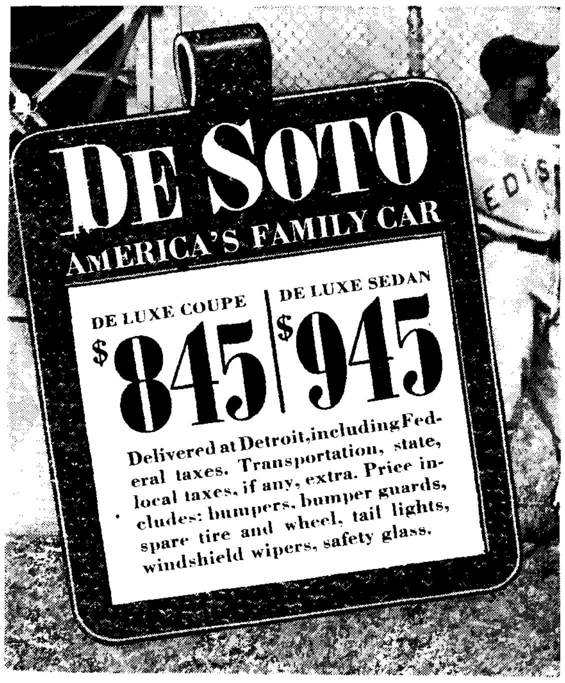
The seats, for example, are a full 51″ wide—as much as 8″ wider than your present car's . . . wheelbase is 7″ to 10″ longer . . . De Soto's engine delivers 100 horsepower—5 to 15 more than in most cars 2 years or more old.

There's a new Floating Ride—back-seat-bounce is gone. Handy-Shift, at your fingertips, means easier shifting, more room up front. There's greater glass area for a better view. Sealed Beam Headlights give you 50% better light. Safety Signal Speedometer warns you of high speed.

You owe it to yourself to investigate every one of the fascinating new features on this great car built by the Chrysler Corporation—priced $20 to $48 lower this year.

See your De Soto dealer now for a good deal on the one car that offers all 39 features you don't have now. De Soto Division of Chrysler Corporation, Detroit, Michigan.

Tune in Major Bowes' Hour, C.B.S., Thurs., 9 to 10 P.M., E.D.S.T.



**DE SOTO**
**AMERICA'S FAMILY CAR**

| DE LUXE COUPE | DE LUXE SEDAN |
|---|---|
| $845 | $945 |

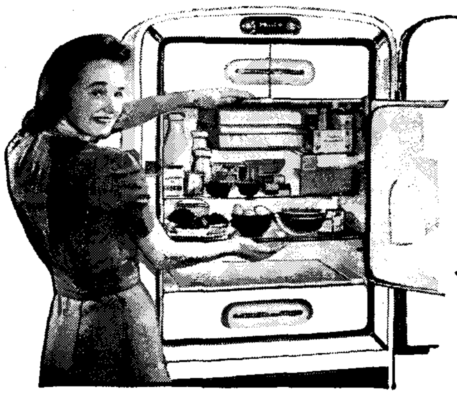
Delivered at Detroit, including Federal taxes. Transportation, state, local taxes, if any, extra. Price includes: bumpers, bumper guards, spare tire and wheel, tail lights, windshield wipers, safety glass.

# LOOK AT THIS AMAZING *NEW* KIND OF REFRIGERATOR

CREATED BY **PHILCO**

You have a separate space for frozen storage in this giant-size **FROZEN FOOD COMPARTMENT**

You don't have to fuss with covers to keep foods fresh in this **MOIST COLD COMPARTMENT**



Your perishable foods are safe in this **DRY COLD COMPARTMENT**

The foods you use most often are always at your fingertips in this shelf-lined inner door...the famous **CONSERVADOR**...

## *Only the* PHILCO *Refrigerator*

HAS THE CONSERVADOR . . . *plus* DRY, MOIST AND FROZEN FOOD COMPARTMENTS

Philco stands for *progress!* The thrills it has brought to your home through constant advances in research and invention has made it the most famous name in radio.

Now Philco stands for progress again . . . *in refrigeration!* New ideas and new inventions have produced a *new kind of refrigerator*. It not only looks different but it serves you in new and better ways . . . more completely than any refrigerator has ever attempted before!

The new Philco Refrigerator is far more than "last year's" old ideas made over to look new. It is built from the ground up to meet the new demands of the modern kitchen. *Advanced Design* gives you, for the first time, every service you need today for the purity, freshness, flavor and healthful preservation of foods.

And besides, the new conveniences and new economies of the Philco Refrigerator have set a new standard of what your dollar should buy in refrigeration. Whatever you pay, you get full value for your money only if you enjoy the exclusive advantages of a Philco, the *new kind* of refrigerator. Remember . . . with all its new ideas and Advanced Design, a Philco Refrigerator costs you no more than one of ordinary design.

**Investigate! See your nearest Philco dealer today. Among 14 gleaming models, you'll find just the one to suit your needs and purse.**

**From $119.95 to $257.50**

**F. O. B. FACTORIES, INCLUDING 5-YEAR PROTECTION PLAN**
**YOURS ON EASIEST MONTHLY PAYMENT TERMS**

**Collier's** The National Weekly for May 11, 1940

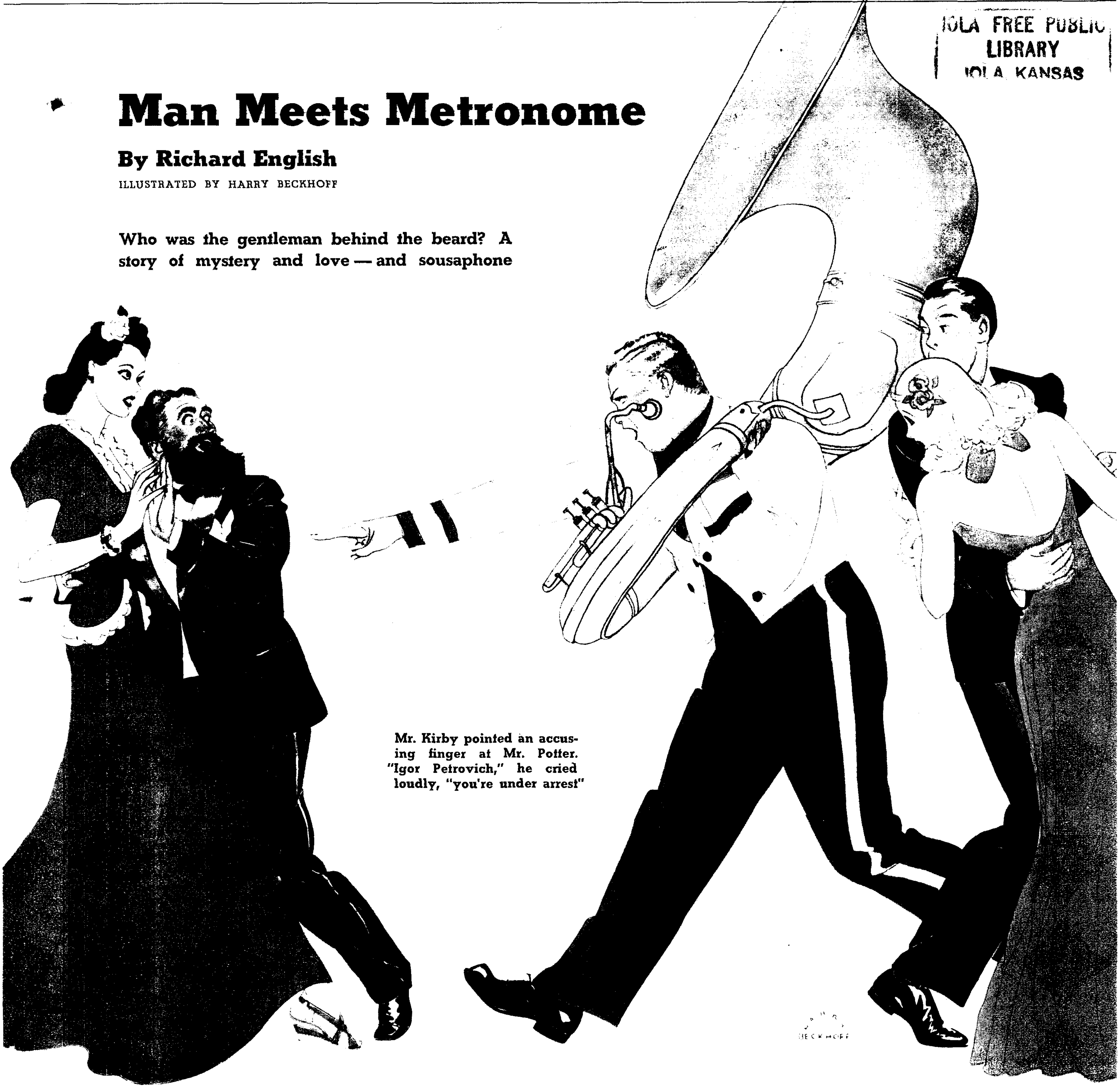
IOLA FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARY
IOLA KANSAS

# Man Meets Metronome

### By Richard English

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

**Who was the gentleman behind the beard? A story of mystery and love — and sousaphone**



**Mr. Kirby pointed an accusing finger at Mr. Potter. "Igor Petrovich," he cried loudly, "you're under arrest"**

THERE were times, Mr. Ben Kirby thought gloomily, when even a copper learns that honesty does not always pay. Mr. Kirby was a policeman by trade and had only recently been promoted to acting head of the subversive-elements squad. But tonight there was no pleasure in the thought of that hard-earned promotion. Instead there was only the dismal knowledge that it was very bad business to have fallen in love with a lady harp.

Miss Peggy Forbes, as became the harp department in Miss Dunham's Select School for Misses, was deeply in love with fine music, and Ben had planned this evening accordingly. The opening of the symphony season was always the city's outstanding social event and Mr. Kirby had put the lug on the impresario for two seats in the orchestra.

Now, fitted out in white tie and tails that he had thoughtfully placed on his expense account, he looked like anything in the world but a copper. He was a large, sandy-haired party with bland brown eyes and from coast to coast he was known among the comrades as a young gentleman who would as soon take a Communist apart as look at him.

Mr. Kirby had made his great mistake as they entered. The impresario was standing in the foyer and he had dismissed Ben's greeting with one frosty frown. Ben stared after him.

"Sometimes," he said bitterly, "sometimes I don't think the police are appreciated in this town."

Miss Peggy Forbes had stopped dead in mid-foyer at that. She was wearing a little red velvet cape over a silver-and-white evening dress and her chestnut-colored hair was peeking from the hood of her cape. Normally her soft blue eyes held that dreamy, faraway expression that is common to lady harps. Now, however, they were regarding him with sudden suspicion.

"Ben Kirby," she demanded, "did you *buy* these tickets?"

Her escort coughed. "Well," he admitted, "they were sort of donated. I just mentioned to the guy that what with things the way they are, you can never tell when you're going to run into Communists. He wouldn't want someone throwing a stink bomb in here, would he?"

"I knew it!" Miss Forbes exclaimed. "I just knew it! Any time we go some place besides a common dance hall it's because you figured some way to get in free!"

Mr. Kirby closed his eyes and counted to three. They were always having discussions over his fondness for clambake music and the discussions always ended in fights. On one occasion she had even accused him of being partial to the infamous melodies of Mr. Tic-Toc Kelly, the song writer who annually won the award for being the King of Corn. That hurt all the more because it was widely known that Mr. Kelly was a frustrated party with high-brow ideas—a man who came rushing home from a concert and then proceeded to write some dripper that only Swiss bell ringers could play.

Ben sighed. "Let's not argue," he said. "I did it for you, Peggy! I even paid for the orchid myself!"

Peggy relented slightly. After all, Ben was a nice boy even if he did care too much. She took his arm and accompanied him down the aisle. They had good seats, seventh row and over against the boxes. The first of the program was Wagnerian, and from time to time while Peggy was enchanted by the heavy brasses Ben glanced at her. When a girl decides you can never be her soul mate you may as well turn in the chips. What made it even more bitter was that she had already chosen his successor.

FOR the past two months her conversation had been filled with casual references to one Lucius Potter, who, it seemed, was an eminent music lover. According to Miss Forbes he was a man of all virtues and no vices, and as such Mr. Kirby had privately marked him down as a drip. He had even made a few discreet inquiries at headquarters and had learned only that he occupied a large suburban estate on which the rent was paid promptly on the first of each month. Ben was fretting over that undignified competition when he became aware that somebody was staring at him.

He turned suddenly and spotted the gazer. It was a stocky man of forty, sole occupant of the nearest box. There was an unruly mop of dark red hair, a strong Roman nose and a most remarkable beard. It was a very bushy job that was a neat match for his shaggy eyebrows and brooding frown. At Mr. Kirby's stare he became hurriedly interested in his program.

Ben was frowning himself when he turned back to his contemplation of the oboe section. He had a good memory for faces and he was certain he should recognize that puss. He had seen it before—since he was promoted to the Red squad. He sorted over the faces in his known-agitators file and nothing clicked. The bearded party was still an unknown when the intermission finally arrived.

Peggy said something about the powder room and Ben took advantage of her absence. Very casually he strolled up the aisle behind the boxes and when he came to the beaver's, quickly parted the curtains and peered in. There was an opera cape and silk hat on one of the chairs and there was also a box. A black, oblong box of rather suspicious dimensions.

THE bearded party looked around then and Ben tried to conceal his interest. "Sorry, mister," he said. "I was looking for the smoking room."

The man looked him up and down. "Indeed?" he asked icily. "Well, you can see it's not in here."

Ben tightened. "Yeah?" he said slowly. With an effort he reminded himself that this was his off night. "We all make mistakes, pal."

Peggy was already in her seat when he returned. She was all enthused over Arthur Frenicke, the new conductor, and Ben pretended to listen, nodding from time to time and morbidly eying the orchestra as they resumed their places. There was a trombone that looked a little like Tommy Dorsey and for a moment he thought wistfully of how a real clambake band would brighten things up.

The lights went down then and he closed his eyes in imitation of a true music lover. Presently he dozed.

It was during a dolcissimo wood-wind passage that his eyes suddenly opened. Somewhere near him there was a loud and ominous ticking. He came up slowly in his seat, ears straining to pick out the sound over that muted melody. There was a clocklike regularity, a steady, heavy ticking that could come only from a machine. Ben had heard that sound far too often in his work.

He could pick it out now and even as he whirled around he knew from whence it emanated—the box of the suspicious character with the beard. He'd been right the first time! He was pulling out his shield as he sprang to his feet. "Turn up the lights!" he roared. "Turn up the lights!"

THE music faltered and then stopped completely as he hurled himself into the box, coming down squarely astride the bearded party. There were shrieks and cries from the carriage trade and up in the balcony some little man cried, "Fire!" and was promptly trampled down in the rush for the exits. The house lights flared on. Ben rolled his customer over, bringing his arm up behind his back just as the white-faced impresario and several uniformed policemen came rushing into the box.

Ben shoved the man into the arms of the law and whirled around. "Stand back!" he bellowed. "I'll grab it!"

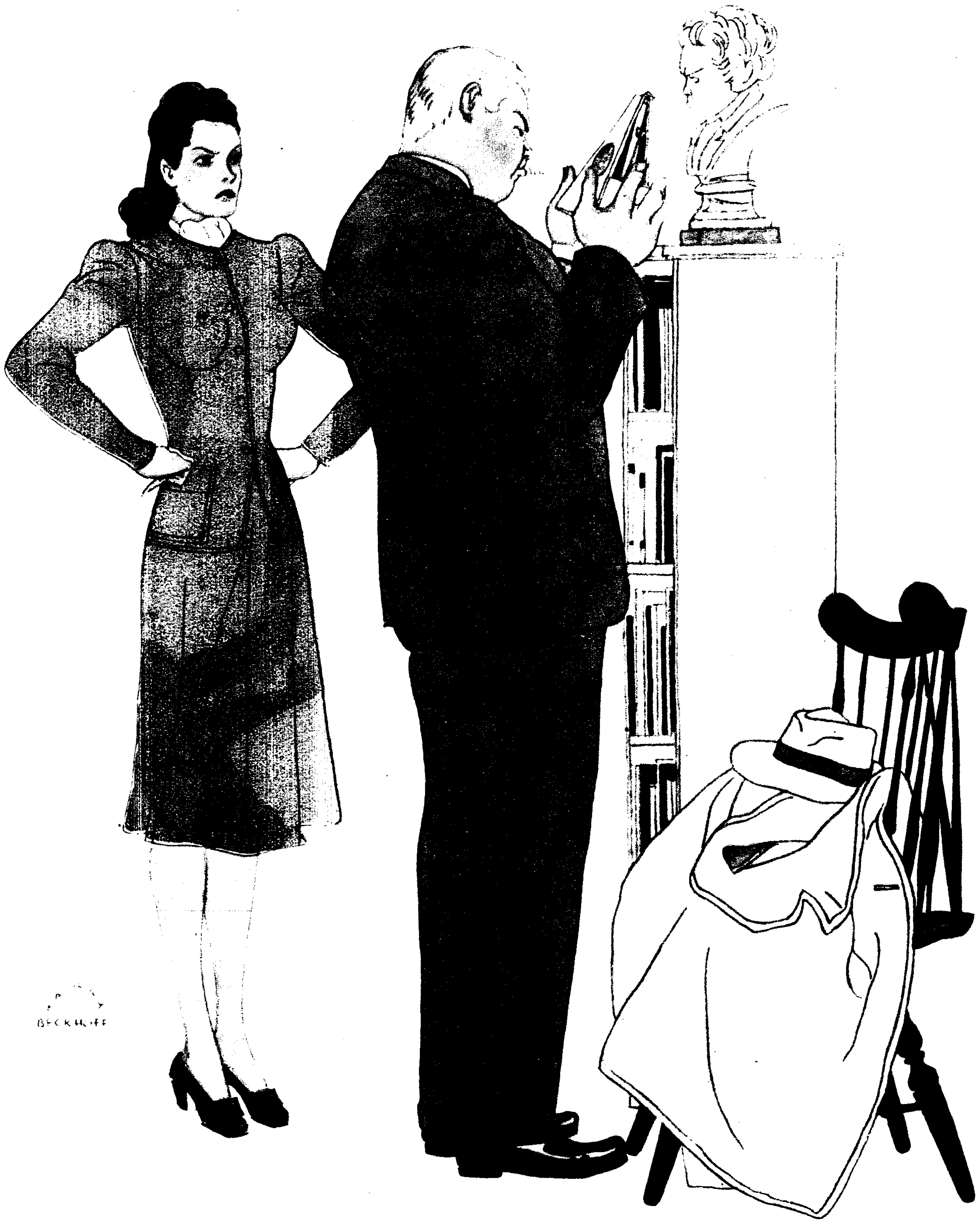
One of the men had recognized him. "It's Kirby!" he cried hoarsely. "Bombs! I'll call the fire department!"

He was already speeding out of the danger zone as the elderly lady in the next box screamed and fainted. They were still trying to revive her when Ben straightened up, holding the device [illegible] his hands.

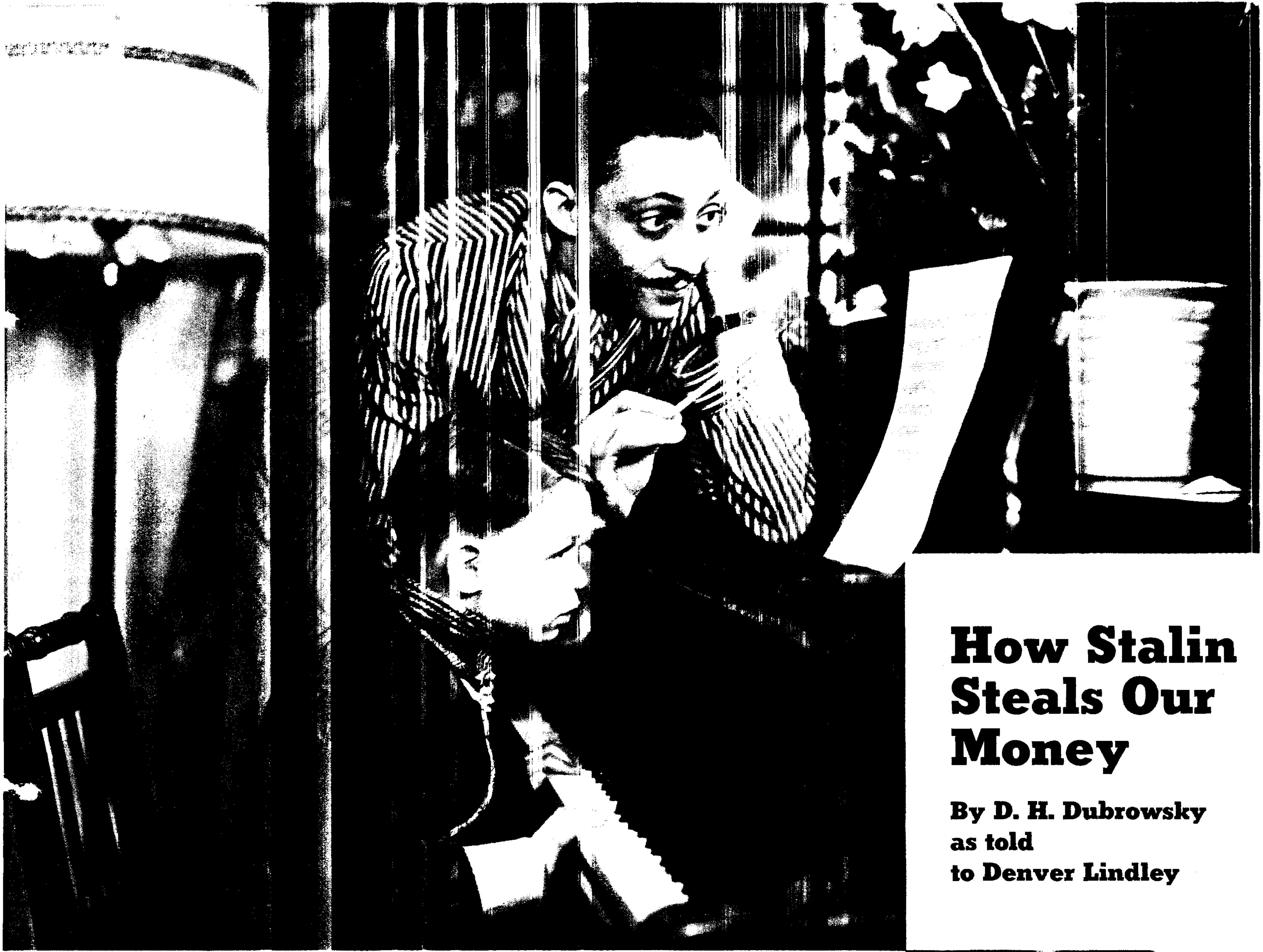
"An—an infernal machine?" the impresario gasped.

Ben turned slowly around and his face was an index of all the more bitter

*(Continued on page 67)*



**Peggy was standing there. "So?" she asked icily. "And may I ask just why you're snooping around my office?"**



RAY JONES

Living in America, Actor Mischa Auer, with his son above, got his full share of his father's estate, but the Soviet government got the bulk of that portion of it intended for other beneficiaries in Russia

# How Stalin Steals Our Money

### By D. H. Dubrowsky as told to Denver Lindley

**American money pours in a steady stream into Russia through the Soviet's well-oiled rackets. In the third article of his series, Dr. Dubrowsky shows you a government deliberately capitalizing on the misery and suffering of its citizens**

ONE day in 1928 an inquiry reached my Red Cross offices in New York from the Central Committee of the Red Cross in Moscow. It was about an ingenious scheme designed to turn the Red Cross into a kind of murder trust.

The plan was simple and quite logical. We were to arrange for the emigration to the United States of thousands of Soviet workmen. Once they were over here, we were to see that they secured employment in the most hazardous occupations we could find—after insuring them heavily with private companies. Inevitably there would be a large number of accidents. The resulting insurance plus the benefits accruing under the workmen's compensation acts would furnish a handsome bit of foreign exchange for the Soviet government.

This money would be pure profit. It would, in fact, never leave this country. The workmen's heirs, if they received anything at all, would be paid by the Stalin government in printing-press rubles. The dollars would stay here to be used as the government saw fit.

One interesting feature of the plan was that it had been thought up in my offices without my knowing anything about it. It was the brain child of Dr. Mark Sheftel, nominally my assistant but actually an agent of the OGPU, as I later discovered. Since the OGPU is the secret supergovernment of Soviet Russia, Dr. Sheftel owed his allegiance to it and not to his superiors in office. He reported his plan directly to Moscow, where it was approved and referred to me for execution.

Objections on humanitarian grounds would have been laughed out of court as "petty bourgeois sentimentality." Fortunately I was able to quote the United States Immigration Act and Quota Law—and the plan died.

The desperate need for foreign exchange, which had inspired Sheftel's scheme, was a result of the First Five-Year Plan. With the crushing of Trotsky, Zinoviev and Kamenev in 1927, the focus of attention in Moscow had shifted from world revolution to socialist construction at home. Under Stalin's ruthless direction an insanely ambitious program of industrialization was undertaken, with no thought of the cost. By comparison the loss of life in building St. Petersburg on the marshes of the Neva River under Peter the Great sinks into insignificance. Millions of Russian lives were exacted by Stalin in payment for the execution of the First Five-Year Plan; millions of miserable peasants were starved to death for the promise of an industrial paradise.

To carry out the plan it was absolutely necessary to purchase capital goods abroad. But the Soviet printing-press rubles were completely worthless in the markets of the world; they would purchase exactly nothing at all. And there were no bankers anywhere—much to Stalin's surprise—who were willing to finance the undertaking. The only way the Bolsheviks could get what they wanted was by obtaining foreign exchange. To do this they dumped soap and butter abroad and let their own people go unwashed and undernourished. They dumped millions of tons of wheat and let their grain producers, by the millions, starve to death.

*(Continued on page 64)*

Even the late Krupskaya, widow of Lenin, was cheated of her rights in an American estate

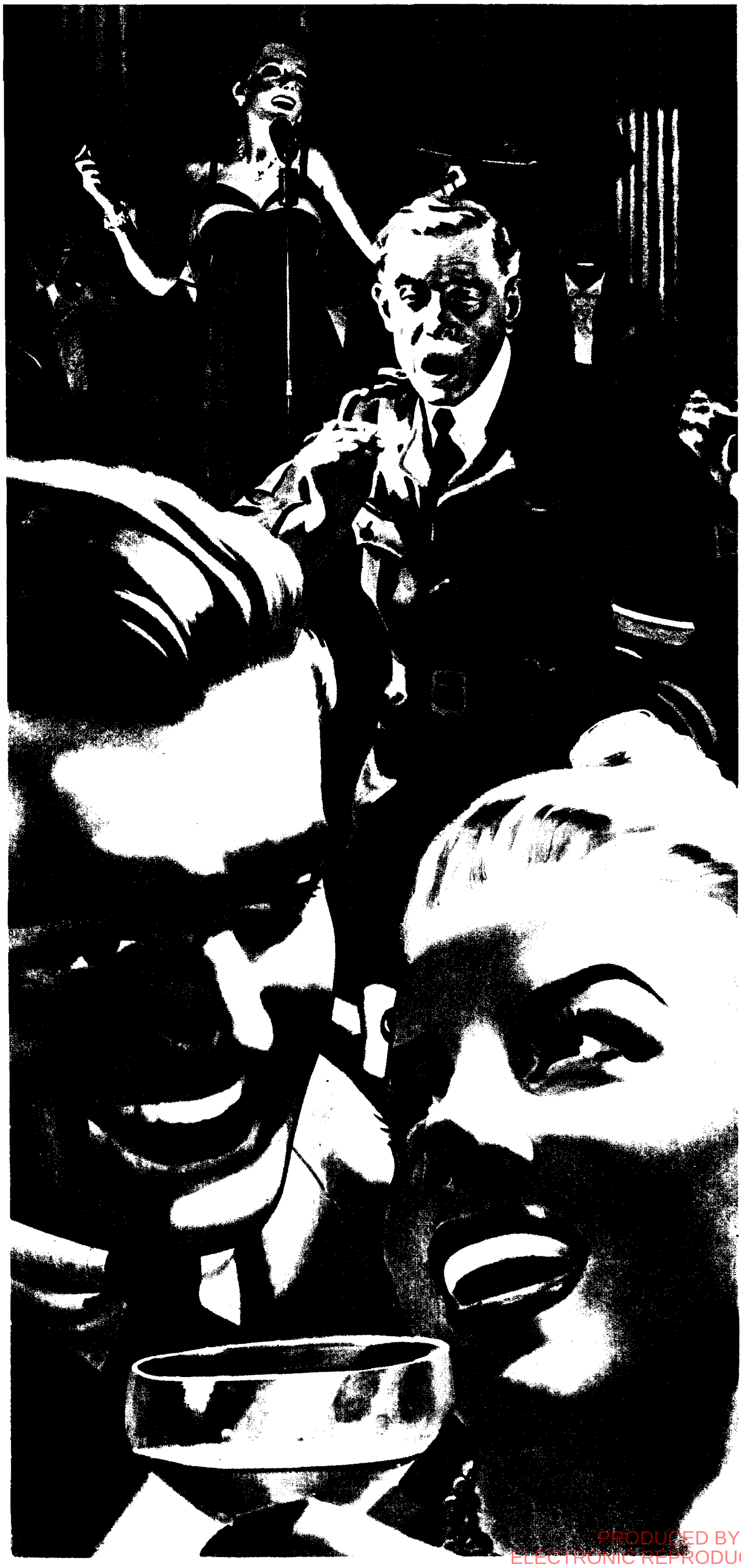
SOVFOTO

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

# The Mirror

## By Margery Sharp

ILLUSTRATED BY GEOFFREY BIGGS



**Brockhurst left Sylvia and walked over to his son's table. "Alan," he said. The boy looked up, startled**

AS BROCKHURST followed his lady companion into the restaurant he felt at least twenty years younger than his real age, which was fifty-two. For one thing, he was in uniform again; his job at the War Office, though purely secretarial, entitled him to the outward appearance of a major. He was also back in London after a long spell of rural life.

"This," said his companion, "is fun."

Brockhurst smiled back. He knew nothing about the lady except that she was extremely pretty, that her name was Sylvia and that she liked champagne cocktails. He had found her in the bar, sitting on a high stool and looking beautiful: sleek dark head above a red fox fur, long, slim legs in sheer stockings, ridiculous shoes with three-inch heels; and after two drinks apiece it seemed only natural that they should dine together.

Sylvia allowed Brockhurst to order their meal—she was too young to know anything about food, she only knew about champagne—and tapped her toes to the music until Brockhurst took her into his arms to dance. She danced beautifully, pressing close but lightly. The floor was very crowded; most of the men were in uniform, and a few of the women.

"Was it like this in the last war?" asked Sylvia.

Brockhurst, guiding her back to their table as the music stopped, hesitated.

"Not quite," he said at last. "I think we were gayer. More reckless. We didn't take things so much in earnest."

It was true. Looking around the room, one noticed on the faces of the boys, of the twenty-one-year-olds, a common expression of underlying gravity. It was only the older men whose heartiness had full rein and Brockhurst, observing this, felt a slight irritation, as though at an undeserved reproach. He had a son in France himself; the boy was miles behind the lines, safe as houses, but Brockhurst suddenly wondered whether Alan, too, wore that queer look of special responsibility. . . .

"Dance?" he said.

They danced again. Sylvia pressed closer still, and Brockhurst kissed her.

"And was it like *that* in the last war?" asked Sylvia impertinently.

Brockhurst grinned. His leaves in '14 and '15 and '16 had been reckless enough; in '17 he was married, and their character changed. But in the earlier days—how well he remembered the first few hours at home, then the telegram sent by a friend in London, and the joyful flight to Town! Sometimes he didn't go home at all; the quiet of his mother's house was too unbearable. And yet when he did go, there had been a peace and gentleness about the place that refreshed him.

THE tune quickened. They whirled, dipped, swung around the floor. And when the music at last ceased he knew what his desire was.

"We'll have another bottle of champagne," he directed, "and then we'll go."

Sylvia nodded. She took out a little puff and powdered her face, and Brockhurst looked around—and saw his son.

He saw his son Alan, who ought to have been in France, sitting at a table near the orchestra, opposite a blond young woman in a fox-fur cape. There was champagne between them, and a bouquet of roses. Brockhurst felt his heart thud: the boy had got leave after all, and hadn't told his parents. . . .

"Just as I used to do," thought Brockhurst. Just as so many of them had done. . . . Brockhurst shifted his chair a little so that he could glimpse the girl's face. What he saw was not reassuring: too much make-up, eyes that were too cool and steady, a greedy little mouth.

"Who," asked Sylvia playfully, "is my rival?"

Brockhurst turned back to her, and saw too much make-up, eyes that were too cool and steady, a greedy little mouth. The shock was indescribable; for a moment he seemed to see not only Sylvia, but himself also: a middle-aged man leaning flushed across the champagne glasses, his hands, like his son's, nervously atwitch with a false desire.

"What's happened?" asked Sylvia. "Has my face turned blue or something?"

"No," said Brockhurst. "No. It's just the same. . . ."

But it wasn't the same. Brockhurst was experiencing the sensations of the morning after on the night before.

"Then look at me nicely," ordered Sylvia.

BROCKHURST looked at her as nicely as he could. He bore her no animosity; she had found him fair game. His distaste was all for himself.

"You look charming," said Brockhurst politely. "Will you excuse me a moment?"

He rose and left her and walked over to his son's table.

"Alan," he said.

The boy looked up, startled, and grinned.

"Hello, Dad," he reported. "Didn't expect to see you here. This is—this is—"

"Vivien Kaye," supplied the lady.

"This is Miss Kaye, sir. Sit down and have one."

Brockhurst sat. The girl gave him one incautious, unfriendly glance, then smiled prettily.

"I'm so glad," she said, "to meet Alan's father. You're exactly alike, aren't you?"

"We are!" thought Brockhurst. He let Alan fill his glass—more to get rid of the wine than because he wanted it himself. Then he said abruptly, "I'm driving home. What about you? Are you coming with me?"

Alan shook his head, grinning again.

"Not for me, sir. I've got a date."

It was at this moment that Miss Kaye made her mistake. She glanced around, unerringly picked out Sylvia from the crowd, and smilingly caught Brockhurst's eye. Unfortunately she caught Alan's eye as well. He followed her glance and saw Sylvia also. He saw her as, five minutes earlier, Brockhurst had seen Miss Kaye.

"Dad," he murmured, "are you in a jam?"

Brockhurst nodded. The boy slewed his chair closer. "Can't you lose her?"

"Not without help," said Brockhurst.

All the altruism of youth looked out of the boy's eyes. They held also affection, rebuke and a very personal regret.

"Give me three minutes," he whispered, "and I'll come and say I've got to be driven down. D'you mind if I tell Vivien you're tight?"

"Not in the least," murmured Brockhurst.

He rose, artistically lurching a little and bowed to Miss Kaye. Then he returned to Sylvia, and paid their bill.

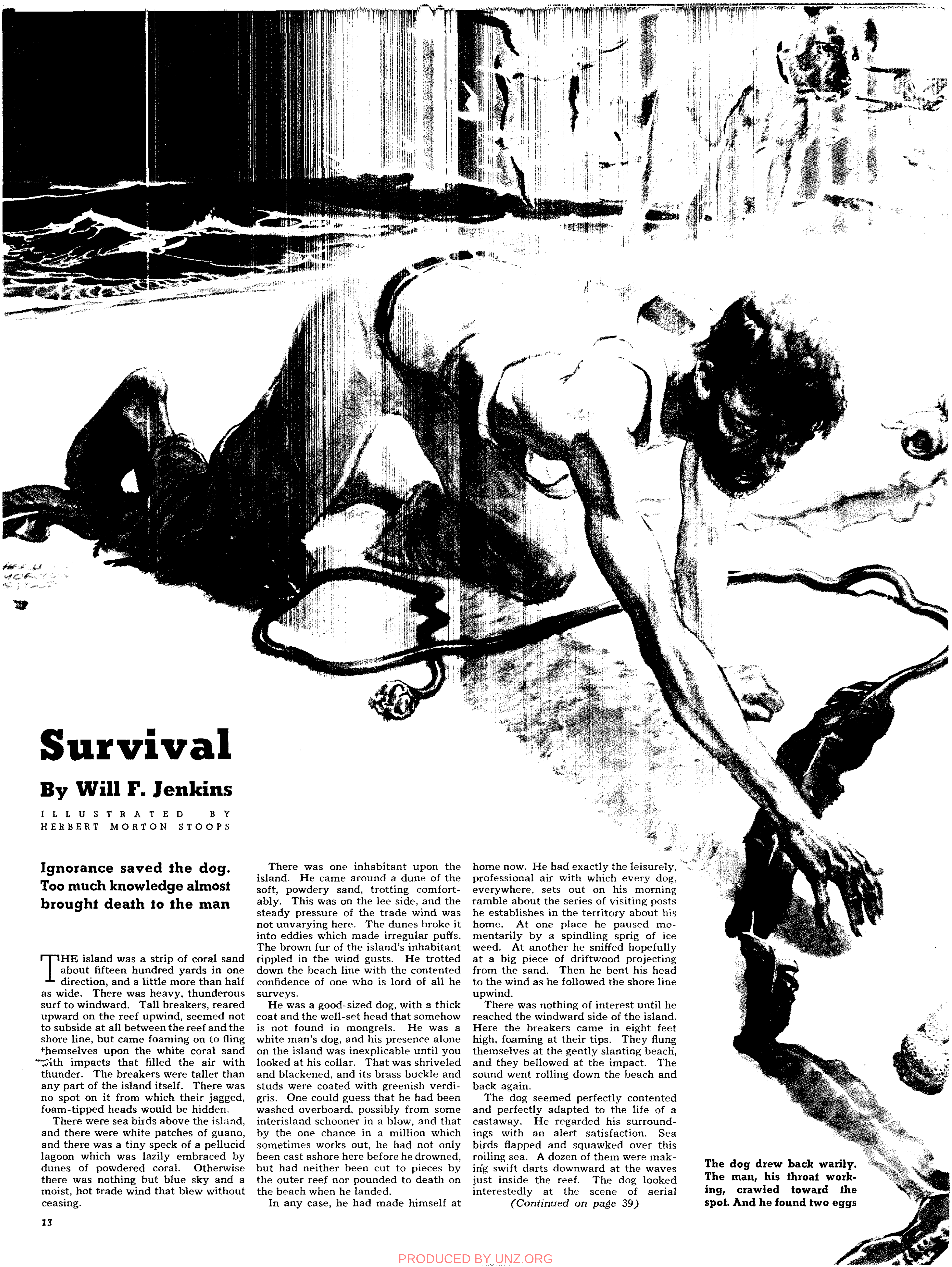
FIVE minutes later, after Alan's pathetic and successful appeal for transport, Brockhurst turned from collecting his hat to see the boy standing alone.

"Where are they?" he asked.

"I put 'em both in the same taxi," said Alan practically, "because they were going the same way. Do you really want to drive home, Dad?"

"Yes," said Brockhurst. "Don't you?"

"Yes," said Alan. "We'll go the same way too."



The dog drew back warily. The man, his throat working, crawled toward the spot. And he found two eggs

# Survival

## By Will F. Jenkins

ILLUSTRATED BY
HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

**Ignorance saved the dog. Too much knowledge almost brought death to the man**

THE island was a strip of coral sand about fifteen hundred yards in one direction, and a little more than half as wide. There was heavy, thunderous surf to windward. Tall breakers, reared upward on the reef upwind, seemed not to subside at all between the reef and the shore line, but came foaming on to fling themselves upon the white coral sand with impacts that filled the air with thunder. The breakers were taller than any part of the island itself. There was no spot on it from which their jagged, foam-tipped heads would be hidden.

There were sea birds above the island, and there were white patches of guano, and there was a tiny speck of a pellucid lagoon which was lazily embraced by dunes of powdered coral. Otherwise there was nothing but blue sky and a moist, hot trade wind that blew without ceasing.

There was one inhabitant upon the island. He came around a dune of the soft, powdery sand, trotting comfortably. This was on the lee side, and the steady pressure of the trade wind was not unvarying here. The dunes broke it into eddies which made irregular puffs. The brown fur of the island's inhabitant rippled in the wind gusts. He trotted down the beach line with the contented confidence of one who is lord of all he surveys.

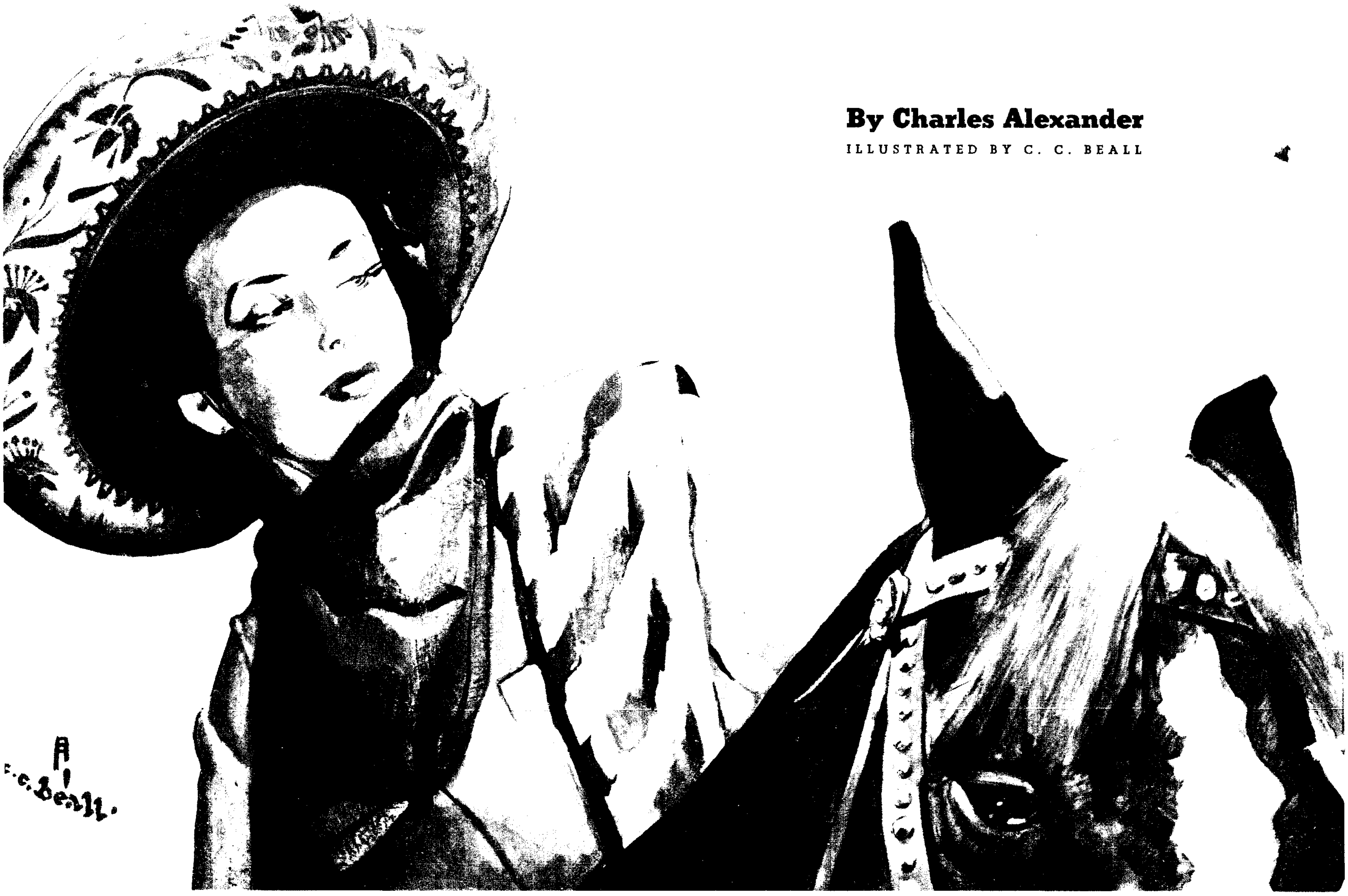
He was a good-sized dog, with a thick coat and the well-set head that somehow is not found in mongrels. He was a white man's dog, and his presence alone on the island was inexplicable until you looked at his collar. That was shriveled and blackened, and its brass buckle and studs were coated with greenish verdigris. One could guess that he had been washed overboard, possibly from some interisland schooner in a blow, and that by the one chance in a million which sometimes works out, he had not only been cast ashore here before he drowned, but had neither been cut to pieces by the outer reef nor pounded to death on the beach when he landed.

In any case, he had made himself at home now. He had exactly the leisurely, professional air with which every dog, everywhere, sets out on his morning ramble about the series of visiting posts he establishes in the territory about his home. At one place he paused momentarily by a spindling sprig of ice weed. At another he sniffed hopefully at a big piece of driftwood projecting from the sand. Then he bent his head to the wind as he followed the shore line upwind.

There was nothing of interest until he reached the windward side of the island. Here the breakers came in eight feet high, foaming at their tips. They flung themselves at the gently slanting beach, and they bellowed at the impact. The sound went rolling down the beach and back again.

The dog seemed perfectly contented and perfectly adapted to the life of a castaway. He regarded his surroundings with an alert satisfaction. Sea birds flapped and squawked over this roiling sea. A dozen of them were making swift darts downward at the waves just inside the reef. The dog looked interestedly at the scene of aerial

(Continued on page 39)



The woman spoke without moving. "Come here," she said. "Come close"

By Charles Alexander

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

### Pioneer days in the Umpqua Valley when Going to the River began many a romance

YOUNG Hannibal Wolf stayed on his narrow haunches when the word came along that the settlement was Going to the River. And would he be sure to go? Hannibal was squinting up the trunk of an old fir, its plumes lost in the sky, much as a mariner studies his spars. With mattock, shovel and ax he had grubbed around the six-foot stump and uncovered the roots and he studied the roots also before answering. The tree had sunk its roots with the cunning of an engineer, so they would withstand the strains and stresses of wind and weather. Hannibal figured he ought to be as smart as a tree.

"Begins tomorrow, the Going to the River?" asked Hannibal. "I'll be there. Thought I smelled blackberry pies on the wind all day."

The word had been brought by a handful of yipping lads straddling everything from heavy-hoofed plugs to wild ponies. Some of them had girls up before them. A hefty little woods girl shook the mass of yellow hair on her head and squealed, "Who you going to take, Hanny? Tezzie?"

The other girls squealed at that and the lads laughed. "Yeh," said Hannibal and suddenly stood up. "Tezzie for mine. I'm building our house right where this old John tree stands. And," said Hannibal, "in two shakes now I'm droppin' this ax bit on one little root here. And this John tree is comin' down where you set."

"Some fun you'll have, handling Tezzie," Yellowtop predicted. "No boy has laid a hand on her, the whole year she's been here." She nudged her heels into her pony's flanks and the youth up behind her swept his arms around her and hung on, yipping. The whole party whooped on along the river road, carrying the good word to lone bachelors, hermits or orphans like Hanny, who hadn't heard it before and wouldn't be expected to bring any cooked stuff. Hanny ran over his calculations again and then he struck the ax blade, surely, through the one small root.

He stood back, watched the high plumes begin to lean. On this spot he aimed to build his real house, his grown-up house, and move into it from the three-sided hencoop he now slept in. "The gal that keeps the boys' hands off her," he said for his own approving ears, "is the gal for me."

The tree's length fell against the tinted evening sky and boomed dully on the earth, with crackling branches flying.

HE SAW Tezzie next morning; he had come across hills instead of around, and he looked down from the wooded saddle, across Salmon Creek to the Fairs' new peeled-pole house. The Fair mother and all the Fair daughters were carrying hampers and baskets to the wagon. Mr. Fair and the boys were shining up the team, harness and wagon. It was July, but some dawn mist smoked above the Umpqua River down below and the straight-up hills had a sparkle.

He could see Tezzie, the oldest of the daughters, seventeen, and ready as she'd ever be to wed. There were more ribbons and wider ribbons on these girls than Hannibal ever had seen; how had women found a place in a wagon, rumbling all the way from Georgia, for so many fine feathers? Tezzie was shaping up fast; she was a slight creature, dark like her tall, quiet father, but red-lipped and on fire with youth.

MR. FAIR had driven into the Umpqua a year ago, as if this was the far end of the last road he would take. He wasn't quite like the other settlers. He was always neat. His thoughts were locked behind his seamed and longish face that never wore any expression, as if expression had been chipped away in the past. He was something like a John tree, and he had been uprooted.

The War between the States had uprooted him. Hannibal had heard the men talk of it and some of them call Mr. Fair a Johnny Reb. But Abel Chottaw, the leader of the settlement, said it took all kinds to make the United States and a little Rebel blood might keep the settlement from sinking to its ears in itself.

As Hannibal saw it, that left the gate open for him to go after Tezzie Fair. It gave Abel's blessing to his inner designs and Abel's blessing was the highest thing in the world. Hannibal watched the boys hitching the team down below. Without Abel's blessing he'd not be here, with Tezzie filling his eye. He'd be back along the Oregon Trail, with the wagons pounding dust over his grave, like his pa and ma. Abel, the captain of the wagon train, had taken up the orphan and brought him on.

His hencoop had been fine, when he had left old maid Aunt Molly's at fourteen and moved into it, squatting on a half section of river bottom. It had been snug enough till Tezzie came along. Now Hanny was nineteen. He was filled out across the shoulders and Tezzie was filling out, under her ribbons. If he had Tezzie, he'd have a wife different from the girls he'd grown up with. There wasn't any reason he couldn't have Tezzie. Abel said if he had a wife he could take up six hundred forty acres, a square mile—and a little more, fudging out his line fences as was the custom of the best people. There was room between the Pacific Sea and far St. Louis to fudge in.

Down below they were stepping into the wagon, babies and toddlers first.

FROM the wagon seat Mr. Fair said, "How are you, suh?" to Hannibal, and to Tezzie, who had run back into the house for something, "You coming with us, Tezra?"

Tezzie straightened a bow ribbon at her breast. "It's too nice a morning to ride."

Her gangling brothers snickered in the wagon and Mr. Fair lifted his hat, spoke to the shining team. Hannibal said, when the wagon was out of sight, "It's

(Continued on page 60)

# SMOOTHIE

## By Quentin Reynolds

**Bill Powell, the Thin Man of the films, has a new lease on life. He has recovered from a long illness, has a new wife and is all set to charm you with more of his sophisticated work**

CONNELL

**Bill Powell, Myrna Loy and Asta the dog are back together again making Thin Man pictures—good news for everyone and especially for the man in the box office**

ONE thing is true of Hollywood that is also true of New York and Duluth and London and, for all I know, of Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania. When one of the mob is in a jam, the rest of the mob feel bad about it. Well, Bill Powell had been operated on and was in a bad way, and there were a lot of glum faces in Dave Chasen's restaurant.

Ronald Colman came in, looking unhappy, and Jim Cagney said, "What do you hear?"

Colman shrugged and said, "They wouldn't let me see him. They said he was as well as could be expected."

People ordered drinks without enthusiasm and drank them without interest. Every now and then someone would phone the hospital and then report. It was always the same, "As well as could be expected," the hospital said. It went on like that for some days. It had been a tough operation. Then one day they let Colman in to see Powell and he came back to Chasen's with a good report. But it was an overoptimistic report. Powell wasn't out of the woods. He wasn't out for another three months.

M-G-M had the third Thin Man picture all set up to be shot. The script was ready and Myrna Loy and Asta were ready and Van Dyke was ready with his cameras. Powell came out of the hospital smiling a bit but looking drawn, and they thought they'd wait a while. Then he had a relapse. This went on for a year. He had another operation and a couple of months after that I saw him.

"By the time I'm ready for Another Thin Man," he said bitterly, "Myrna and I will be too old to play anything but character roles."

"You'll be all right soon," I told him.

"That's what the doctors say. They say I'm all right now. They show me X-rays and they beam all over and they tell me I'm feeling fine. So I get up and walk across the room and fall flat on my face. Is that being all right?"

He rested a few more months and then one day he got up, walked across the room and didn't fall flat on his face. They told him to swim every day.

"What that's for I don't know," Bill told me then. "I don't play Weismuller roles. But I swim every day. For hours I swim. It's supposed to strengthen something or other."

He kept on swimming and he noticed that he'd gained a few pounds. Finally the doctors told him he could go to work. He was absolutely cured. He'd heard that before, but now he half believed it. He took long walks and he didn't get too tired. He gained weight and the shadows went away from under his eyes. His cheeks filled out and one night he walked into Chasen's with Colman and it was just as it had been two years before. Powell was himself again. Powell had always played in a weekly poker game with Colman, Warner Baxter, Bill Hawks, Dick Barthelmess and a couple of others. One night he walked into the game and said, "Look out for me, suckers. I want some of your dough," and now everyone knew that Powell had come back.

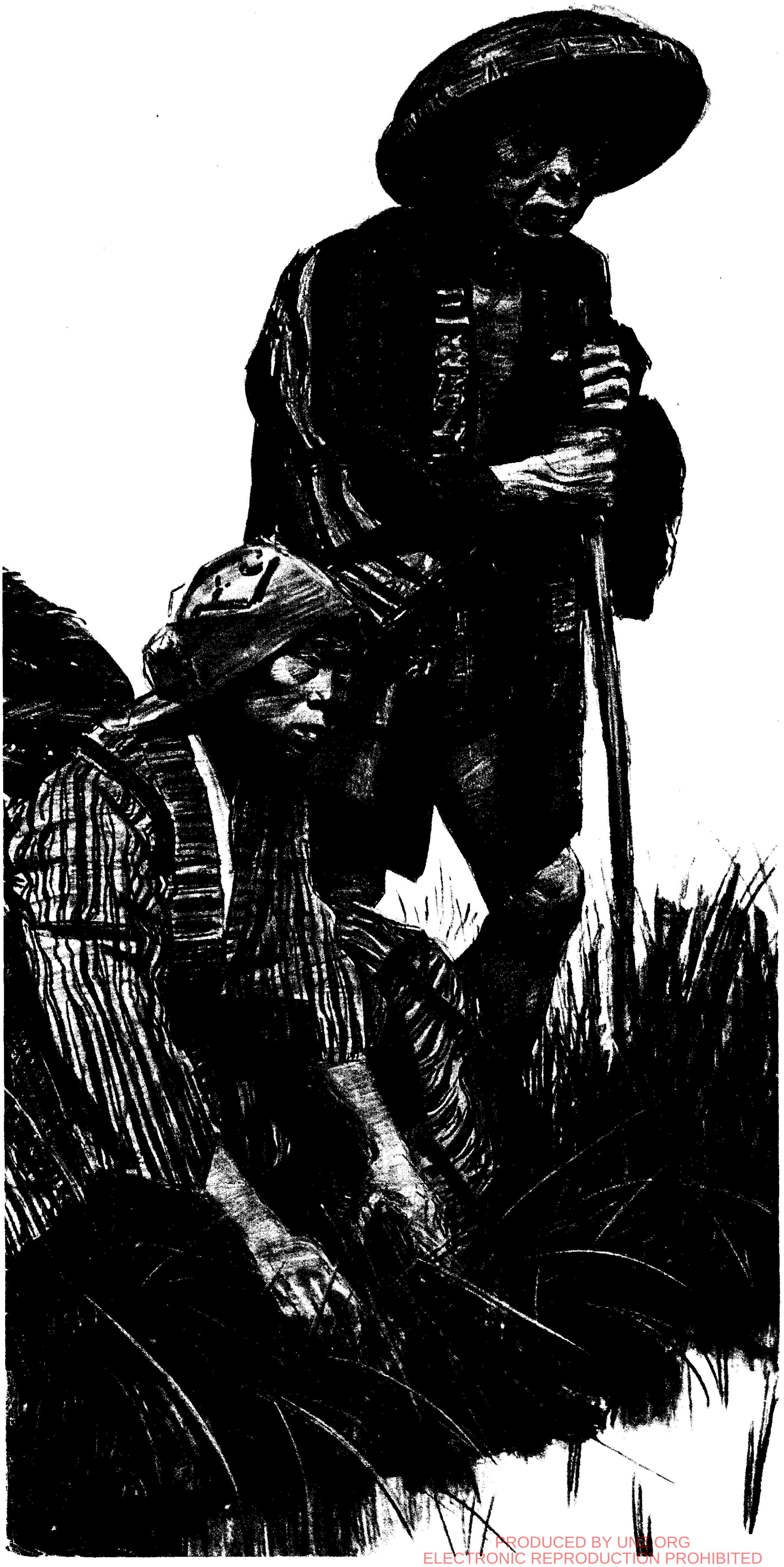
Once Powell wanted to be a lawyer. It began in Kansas City when a high-school teacher who knew that Bill wanted to be a lawyer said to him, "You should study elocution. You need a good delivery to be a lawyer."

So young Bill Powell went into the public-speaking class. It was boring listening to the other students declaim, but finally it was his turn. He walked up to the front of the class and began. He looked at the rapt faces of his fellow students. They were really listening to him. He had memorized his piece well.

"At that moment," Bill Powell says now, "a ham was born. You know there's plenty of ham in all of us. It just needs to be brought out. I had never thought of being an actor. Since I was a child it had been planned that I was to be a lawyer. But I hadn't spoken twenty words in that public-speaking class before I knew that the law was not for me. I was going to be an actor. And in time I became one."

And he became a good actor. Today he's as good an actor as you'll find

*(Continued on page 55)*



SHINTARO OMORI was beginning to doubt. He sat on the boat deck of the Nagasaki Maru, pitching and heaving along on the twenty-four-hour run from Nagasaki to Shanghai. In the East China Sea high-pooped Chinese junks bobbed about and Japanese fishing sampans um-chugg-um-chugged across the swells and let one another alone. Life is hard and food is food and men and women must work and shiver and sweat to eat, though their governments, far away in Chungking and Tokyo, hurl lies and defiance at each other.

Shintaro was beginning to doubt because what he knew was going on in China seemed to be unknown to most of his countrymen in Japan. He was one of the thousands of enterprisers who, during the past two years, have descended on China, backed by Japanese bombs, bayonets and heroin, to help loot the dreary remains of the Middle Kingdom. After thirty months of slow and sudden death, of fire and flood and terror and sadistic brutality, the Chinese still referred to Shintaro and his people as the Dwarf Slave Persons. Even after the heaven-born Japanese had shown plainly, by machine-gunning a British ambassador and sinking the Panay, that the Foreign White Devils were afraid to fight, white prestige still remained dominant in the Orient. It was not as potent, perhaps, as in the old, bold days—but still it was there.

And as long as white supremacy remained, there was little ultimate hope for the triumph of the emperor's soldiers and sailors and salesmen and engineers and dope peddlers and gunmen.

Shintaro was returning to Shanghai after a business trip to Tokyo and Osaka. The people he had met in the cities, he reflected, just didn't seem to understand. They lived on the printed victories in Nichi Nichi and Asahi, the great newspapers; they believed the shouted propaganda from JOAK, the Tokyo radio. In Japan, taxes went skyrocketing, inflation proceeded steadily, food and clothing, power and gasoline grew scarcer and costlier, but still the people believed in victory—still held fast to the great legend that all was well in the crusade to "save Asia from Communism" and win the co-operation of the Chinese.

All the editors in Japan, all the radio shouters, all the public speakers and army spokesmen and Diet members—they all wrote and spoke of the heaven-blessed crusade, undertaken in brotherly love and affection, in which scores of thousands of women and babies had been bombed, starved, burned, tortured and shelled to death, and in which a million coolies had been slaughtered out of hand. It was regrettable, said the speakers and wrote the editors, that the stiff-necked Chinese would not respond to all this sweetness and light and brotherhood.

This was what the Japanese people believed. But Shintaro Omori had no such illusions. He knew what it was all about. In China, he had seen how each new bombing had merely drawn the survivors closer together; how each new battle had, somehow or other, built up a little more Chinese nationalism; how each new slaughtering had only stirred a little more iron into the Chinese spirit. Maybe Japan might win in the end, thought Shintaro, sitting there on the boat deck—but what would she win—and was it worth the price? Mr. Omori found a cloud of gray doubt drifting across the sunshine.

William A. Judson was beginning to doubt, too. He was from Seattle and during the past few years had become wealthy shipping scrap iron to the furnaces in Osaka and Yokohama and Shimonoseki and Nagasaki. Mr. Judson had always considered the Japanese bound to win, but now, streaking from

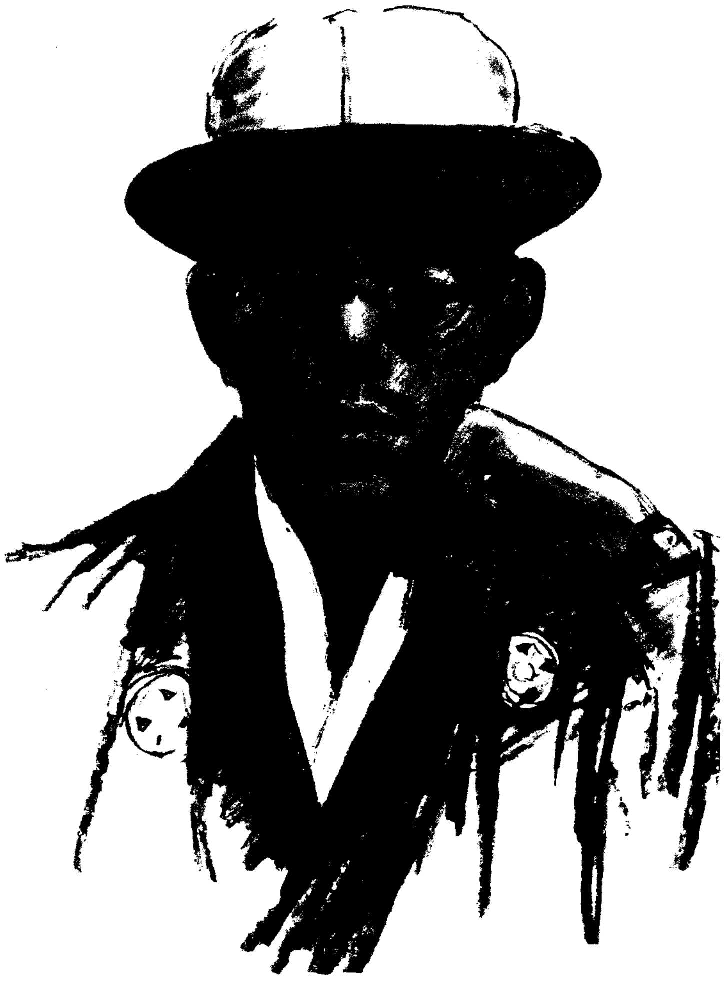
**Old Katsuji Watanabe and his wife believe —and as long as they have faith, as long as their masters can keep dangerous thoughts out of their heads, the war may go on**

# An Empire in Doubt

## By Jim Marshall

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

**War-weary Japan, feeling the pinch of poverty, begins to wonder if she can win over China—and whether the victory will be worth the cost**



**Doubtful indeed is Tadao Sumida—Stanford graduate and a news-propaganda worker in Shanghai**

Tokyo to Kobe on the Fuji Limited, he wasn't so sure.

Like other American visitors—they were few and far between this spring of 1940—Mr. Judson had been deluged with Japanese propaganda. But still, you could see things with your own eyes. You could buy Japanese yen at seven and eight for a dollar right in the lobby of the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo, although the official rate was little better than four. The Japanese were that anxious to get good American paper dollars. In Shanghai you could buy yen at fifteen for the dollar. A couple of years back a yen had cost twenty-nine cents. People were making money buying yen in Shanghai, smuggling them into Japan and selling them in Tokyo—in spite of harsh laws and strict searches.

Then there were the war bonds Japan was issuing by the bale and forcing into the banks and homes. Down in the Marunouchi financial district you could get about a thousand yen for a thousand-yen bond—but you could buy the same bond almost anywhere else on earth for less than half that. It was all slightly cockeyed. Somebody was taking the loss on the yen and the war bonds and it wasn't the Chinese, either. A great many Chinese still lived in Japan and sold at par the bonds their brother Chinese, all over the world, bought at cut rates. Business is business.

Up at the Gaimusho, the Japanese foreign office, the statisticians got out their facts and figures and showed William A. Judson, and any other foreigners willing to listen. They showed him—if you read between the lines—that war was absorbing three quarters of the Japanese national income, that the war in China, alone, was costing a billion dollars a year, which was a third of the income. The rest went to maintain a huge army, navy and air force, in Formosa and Manchukuo and Japan proper.

The home armament was kept at concert pitch against the time Russia might look eastward again. What the Finns had done to Stalin's soldiers last winter had eased the tension a bit, but there still were those bombers and submarines at Vladivostok. Vladivostok is only three hours, by bomber, from Tokyo and Osaka and Dairen and the crowded industrial cities of the empire.

### Where Japan Feels the Pressure

Almost all Japan's war costs have to be met by the hundred million desperately poor, hard-driven people within the empire. Foreign nations, unsympathetic with Nippon's holy crusade of loving kindness, won't lend Japan money; foreign bankers doubt Japan's capacity to repay, despite a spotless debt-payment record. In a few years, Japan's business and income taxes have more than doubled. Customs duties have gone up sixty-five per cent.

Yet, with all this, Japanese taxation is lower than ours. Early in 1940, Nippon still took only fifteen per cent of her nationals' income in direct taxes; our government was taking twenty per cent. In Japan, income taxes started on salaries of $250 a year—and yet millions paid nothing, directly.

Under war pressure, William A. Judson noticed, sugar and salt, matches and gasoline, oil and paper, rubber and wood, tools and clothing, all had become scarce. There were plenty for the tourists, for tourists took back home stories about "conditions." But still the Japanese people, millions of them, lived on a dime a day—a little fish, a little rice, a gulp of weak tea. Cigarettes and beer, for the middle classes, were hard to get, and expensive, although shiploads of beer went out from a dozen ports to China and Hawaii and Manila and the South Seas.

You made your old clothes do, or bought new ones of substitute materials that fell apart in the washing, clothes made of vegetable fiber that ants and other insects fed on, if you didn't watch out, clothes that didn't keep out the chill dampness of the Japanese climate as silk and wool and cotton used to.

Last winter, to add to the suffering, drought dried up the short, swift rivers, reservoirs emptied, power plants shut down. Trees died, the rice crop shriveled. Factories ran two days a week, elevators stopped running, lights glowed dimly. In a Ginza bar, where he choked on Japanese "Scotch," Mr. Judson listened wearily to an electric phonograph turning so slowly that an American swing record sounded like the Dead March in Saul.

Mr. Judson took himself out of the bar and went back to the hotel lobby. The foreigners, British and American and German and Italian, sat around on the gold-and-black chairs and said very little. You never could tell who was listening; if you said the wrong thing, the cops came around and you went away with them. If you talked about Japan, you used code words for the emperor and the prime minister and Stalin or Mussolini or Roosevelt. The code had been invented years ago by the newspaper boys up in the Dentsu Building where the press association offices are.

In the restaurants and geisha houses and the immense beer halls of the cities, people were spending money feverishly. There seemed an urge to get something for one's yen, before it lost some more of its shrinking value. Maybe, thought William A. Judson, looking over the place, maybe everything was all right. All right now. But how about this fall, and next year?

Mr. Judson permitted himself a slight feeling of doubt.

### What Happens After the War Ends?

Tadao Sumida, driving down through Yangtzepoo past the rows of brightly lighted textile mills, listened to the stream of propaganda from the uniformed figure in the corner of the speeding army car. Tadao—he was a Stanford graduate—worked for Domei, the Japanese news and propaganda service. Now he was looking at Yangtzepoo and Hongkew, which are riverside districts along the Whangpoo, north of the International Settlement at Shanghai. The districts were seized by the Japanese in 1937 and are now part of the empire, running on Tokyo time, trading in yen.

Onto the wharves of Hongkew and Yangtzepoo are dumped raw cotton, coal, anything the Japanese want. There are no customs duties. The cotton goes into the mills—some new, some rebuilt since the shelling and bombing—and cheap Chinese labor turns it into miles and miles of textiles.

These mills are quota-cheaters. Many nations now let in only so much textile products from Japan. But these mills, financed by Japanese capital, stuffed with Japanese looms, are technically in China. So the goods they produce come under no foreign quota.

Tadao had heard, in Japan, how great new markets in China were to open up, providing jobs for thousands of Japanese workmen. The army had told that story about Korea and Manchukuo, too. But what had happened was that the Japanese capitalists merely exported factories and capital to the conquered lands, employed native labor at starvation wages even lower than in Japan. Now the same thing was taking place in China. Of course, Tadao thought, this will work as long as the war absorbs surplus labor in Japan. But some day the war will be over; a million soldiers will be dumped on the labor market; the munitions factories will taper off. And then . . . ?

Well, the Koreans and the Manchukuoans and the Chinese would have jobs, of a sort, and the textile millionaires would have profits. But for the higher-priced goods, made in Japan by Japanese labor—would there be any market for them in a world busily barring doors against Nippon's products? Of course, Japanese labor, unorganized, suppressed, half starved, trained to servile obedience—well, it might not revolt, at first.

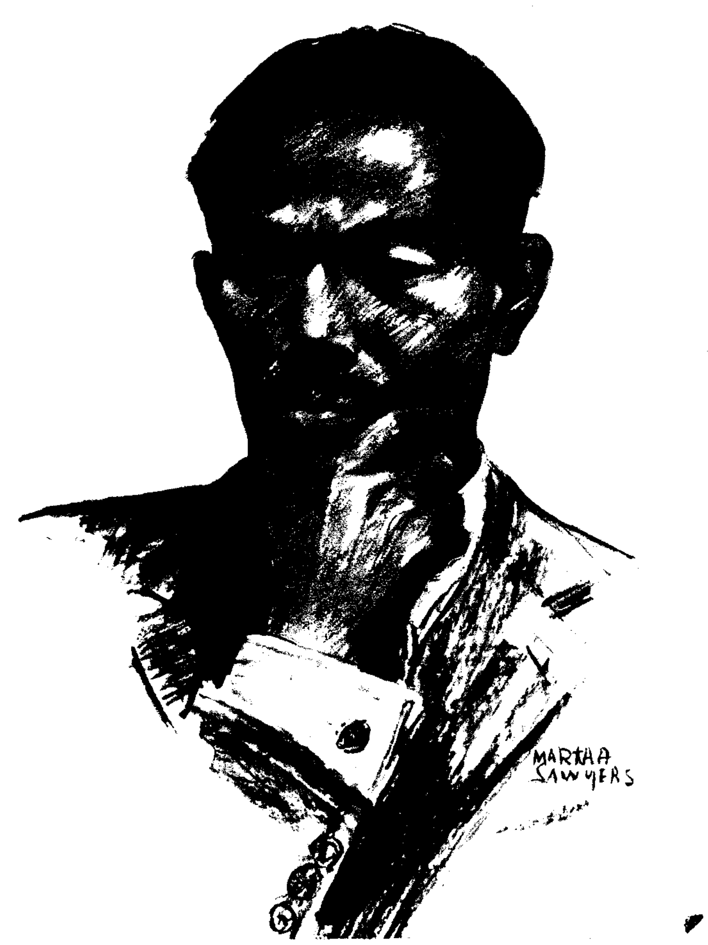
The khaki-clad officer beside Tadao Sumida chattered away about military conquests. He was proud that in Japan zealots were going around the streets making people take off their overcoats in the spring chill so that civilians might suffer as the troops suffered in China. He was proud because the emperor now ate only half-polished rice and, last winter, almost froze to death in the imperial palace to set a coal-saving example to his people.

Tadao heard it all and thought of the nightly guerrilla attacks that picked off half a dozen, a dozen, a score of Japanese soldiers, and wore thin the nerves of the rest, right in the Shanghai suburbs every night. He remembered the unrecorded defeats; thought of the thin lines, desperately holding those parts of China so extravagantly paid for in blood and treasure.

Tadao heard it all and still doubted a little.

Isoshi Saito, traveling down from Tokyo by slow train (most of the expresses had been abandoned long ago) found a trifle of doubt creeping into his mind as the train neared *(Continued on page 58)*

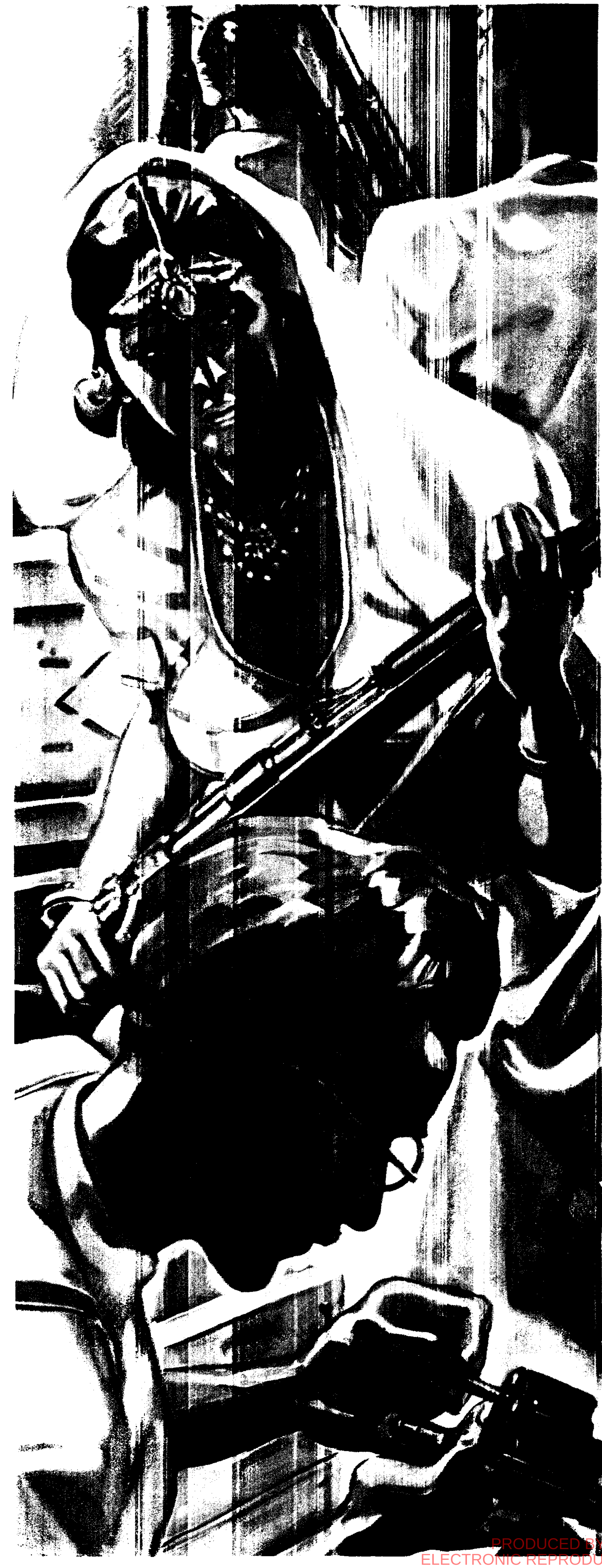
**Isoshi Saito, research chemist—gets his detached, realistic view from his secret short-wave radio**



# Appointment in India

## By Lawrence G. Blochman

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS



**"The dynamite is in Hajji Ahmed's chambers," said Ganeshi. "Tonight, at nine o'clock, it will blow up"**

*The Story Thus Far:*

AT GERMAN instigation, Fred Oaks, an American soldier of fortune, is sent to Shakkarpur, India, with orders to foment trouble among the natives. Arrived, he takes a room at Seaside House, owned and run by an eccentric old woman, Gwendolyn Small. He is soon seeing much of two women—Virginia Hatton, whose brother is the district officer, and Rhoda Curring, wife of James Curring, a plantation manager. And both women fall in love with him. . . .

Employed in San Francisco by a girl—Lucy Steel—to find Oaks (whose wealthy father has just died) Bill Gabriel, a private detective, arrives in Shakkarpur. The girl (who follows him) goes to Seaside House, where, a few hours later, she is murdered—*apparently* shot to death in Fred Oaks' room!

Gabriel is now confronted with a really serious problem. While following a number of tenuous clues, he finds the body of Gwendolyn Small hanging from a rope in the attic of Seaside House. But he does not believe that she has committed suicide; nor does the physician who is summoned—Dr. Zachary Forsythe. Forsythe is certain that Gwendolyn Small (whom he had loved, and who had left him her entire estate) had been the victim of a killer. The doctor tells him furthermore that he had found the body of Lucy Steel in Miss Small's bathroom, and that, to protect her, he had tried to conceal all evidence of violence. He does not know how the body was transported to Oaks' room.

Meanwhile, Oaks (an obvious suspect) has gone into hiding. Finding him, Virginia Hatton tells him that she loves him. Whereupon, Oaks tells her that his father—who had a large fortune—had disinherited him; and that he, Fred, had married Lucy Steel, in New Orleans, and divorced her. . . .

Alvin Brinker, manager of the Bank of Shakkarpur, and Gabriel have a talk. Brinker astounds the detective by telling him that Fred Oaks' father, George Francis Oaks, had given Seaside House to Gwendolyn Small, and, later, had created a trust fund (of forty thousand pounds) for her! Then he shows Gabriel a trunk that had once been Miss Small's. He opens it. It is full of love letters—written by Gwendolyn, addressed to George Francis Oaks, *and never mailed!* . . . Preparing to make his getaway, Fred Oaks hides near the Shakkarpur railway station. Before a train pulls in, he sends a note to Rhoda Curring—a note in which he suggests that she run away with him. He feels fairly certain that Rhoda will not fail him.

### IX

DURING the course of the morning Hindu crowds set fire to four Mohammedan butcher shops rumored to be selling beef. Moslems retaliated by wrecking six Hindu shops in the cotton bazaar as a starter. A Hindu mob caught a Mohammedan elder and pulled his beard out in handfuls—a humiliating experience for one of the Faith. The police and Dr. Forsythe's clinic were never busier. And through it all, at irregular intervals, the bullock carts which had rolled away from the railway station just after the arrival of the Mail from Madras, returned to Chunder Bose's godown, their large packing cases now hidden under loads of sugar cane or millet or sacks of *dal*.

Ganeshi Lal, the sleeves of his gaudy silk shirt rolled up, was himself directing the unpacking and the storing of the rifles. His wife, her dainty hands and bright *sari* smeared with gun grease, was taking an active part in helping him.

The actual work of unpacking was being performed by the pseudo drivers of bullock carts, and those principals of the railway station riot who were not in jail. They were husky Orientals, exsepoys and Calcutta Pahari wallahs, most of them, and they could all handle a rifle. They constituted Ganeshi Lal's army of liberty—a small army, to be sure, but large enough to take over the railway station, the telegraph office, the bank, the district officer's headquarters and the police station with its miniature arsenal. Troops would probably be dispatched from Andherabad, the nearest cantonment, and that would be the signal for an uprising at Andherabad. Young Lal had been in communication with a militant Swarajist there. First, however, the possibility of opposition from the local Moslems must be removed. The Moslems had dynamite. It must be destroyed—tonight.

Early in the afternoon, Shivaji Lal came in. The old Brahman squatted on his haunches, watching in detached silence as his son bustled officiously about, gesturing ostentatiously with a .38 revolver, a little souvenir from America that the younger Lal had smuggled past the customs on his return to India. As the afternoon wore on, the old man's solemn expression grew more and more wistful. At last he spoke to his son's wife.

"Those are Mauser rifles," the Brahman said.

"What difference as long as they shoot straight?" said Ahalya Bai.

"How can you fight for freedom with the weapons of oppression?" the Brahman protested. "How can you expect to secure liberty with the weapons that are designed to enslave Europe? What good will come of fighting an old imperialism with the help of a new imperialism?"

"You must take the long view, Father," said Ahalya Bai. "We accept whatever means will accomplish our end. Look at China. Chiang Kai-shek accepted Communist aid to unite China. He will use the Communists as long as he needs them. Then he will liquidate them. We accept German or Italian or Japanese aid in the same spirit."

The Brahman shook his head sadly. "And I suppose," he said, "that you will liquidate Fred Oaks when he has served you."

"Oaks is no real friend of ours," said Ahalya Bai.

"He is a friend of mine," the Brahman declared.

"He's a double-crosser," said Ganeshi Lal, "but he hasn't fooled me. Unless he comes through with more rifles and more ammunition, I'm going to let the *raj* get rid of him."

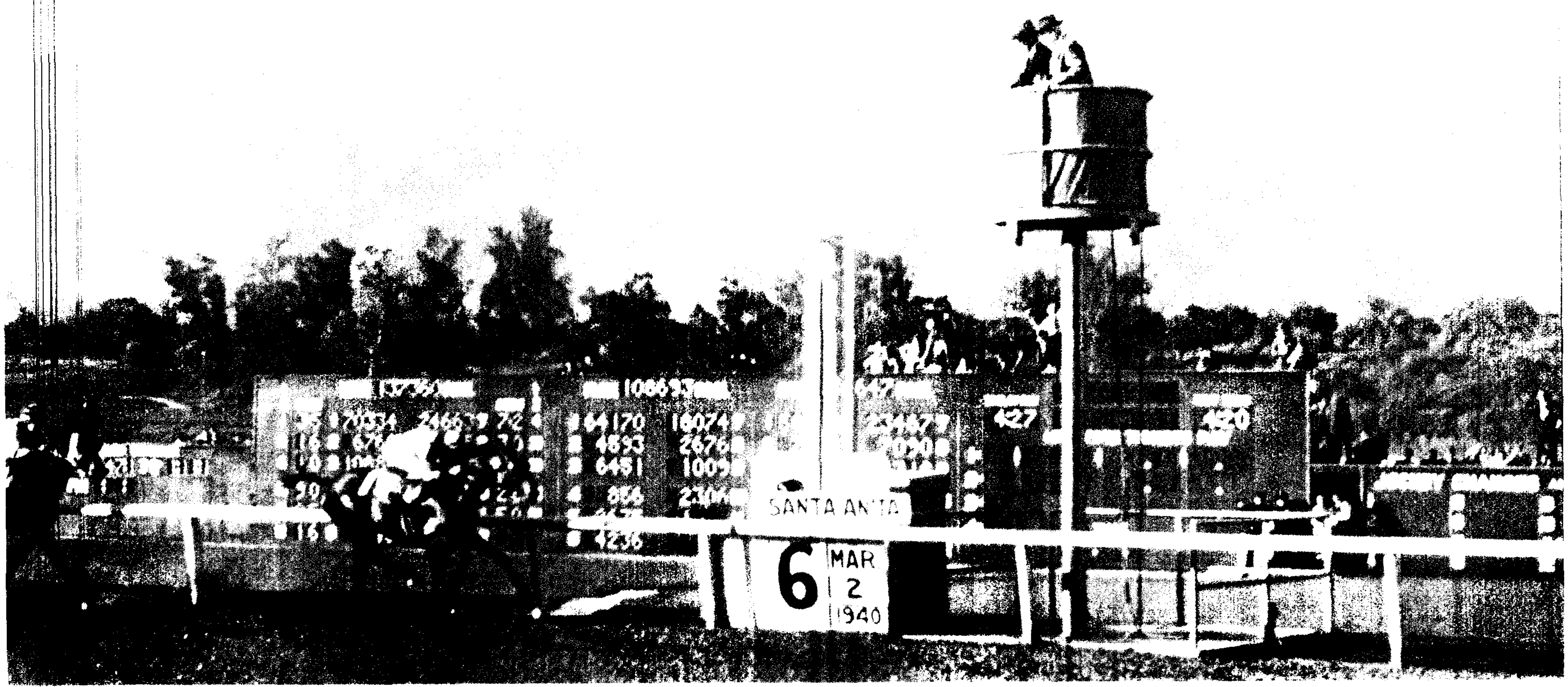
"Why?" asked the Brahman.

"Because he doesn't give a damn for our cause. All he wants is to see the *raj* embarrassed and the British discredited with Islam."

"How do you know that?"

"Because Oaks has furnished the Moslems of Shakkarpur with dynamite. He's let Hajji Ahmed think that the

*(Continued on page 32)*



PHILIP H. BAILEY

C. S. Howard's Seabiscuit winning the 1940 Santa Anita and the $88,000 purse that made him the greatest money winner in turf history

# Purse Snatcher

## By Frank Condon

**Mrs. Astor's fabulous horse hasn't got anything on Seabiscuit, who probably wouldn't speak to him. In fact, he needn't even speak to Mrs. Astor if he doesn't feel like it. Seabiscuit has $437,730 in the bank, and that isn't merely hay**

The men who made Seabiscuit—Owner Howard, Jockey Red Pollard and Trainer Tom Smith, in the winner's circle after the Santa Anita

PHILIP H. BAILEY

IT WAS a dismal, drizzly day and a lone motorcycle officer straddled his machine on Huntington Drive, near Gate Five of the Santa Anita Race Track. In the racing season, this spot is a seething mass of motorcars, but now nothing was moving, except a motor van coming slowly toward the street. I hauled up beside the cop.

"What's this coming?" I asked him.

"Don't you know?" he answered with a grin. "That's Seabiscuit."

"Where's he going?"

"He's heading over to Hollywood Park to unwind."

Unwind is a racing term, meaning that when a horse is in training a long time, and they desire to untrain him and let him relax and grow soft, they unwind him. The van came out and started west, running with care as befits a conveyance bearing a royal burden, for here was the champion of champions, now the greatest money winner in history, a little brown horse with a choppy stride and weak legs and the beloved idol of America—all right, of California.

Here was Seabiscuit, leaving Santa Anita and racing in utter quiet, leaving the scene of his final triumph and starting for Hollywood Park and the pleasant retirement he had earned. No more racing for him. No more yelling fans hanging to the rail, or ladies weeping with joy. Just a rich old gentleman horse, retiring in dignity to the lush green fields of Mendocino County, there to dawdle about and grow plump and old in peace, like that other rich old rascal, Man O' War, his own grandpappy. Only Man O' War never hauled down any such sum as $437,730.

Every year from now on, we shall be seeing photographs in newspapers showing the Biscuit on successive birthdays, his roly-poly stomach a mite plumper each year. This very year he will become a papa five times and one of these colts will be a Seabiscuit II, with ordinary luck, and may even win great stakes and become renowned, but he'll probably never pass that $437,730.

Only a few days before the solitary van slipped away from the track, I was among the 78,000 customers—record racing crowd for America—who watched the Biscuit win the Santa Anita Handicap for C. S. Howard, who already has a dollar for every germ in Russia. After the race was ended, Biscuit first, Kayak II second, the stewards broke out the inquiry sign, meaning a complaint of foul, and the 78,000 fell into grim silence. The inquiry sign was up in lights for about two minutes. Were they going to disqualify the Biscuit after all his fearful luck in the past? They were not, and that's a good thing, for if they had set the Biscuit down it is my firm belief that those 78,000 would have instantly set fire to the stands, blown up the infield flower garden, assassinated the stewards and gone home drunk.

Soon the lights said "Official" and everybody howled anew and tore up tickets on other horses such as Whichcee, Viscounty, Heelfly, Don Mike and Can't Wait. The Biscuit had finally done the job, after chucking it twice, and now he topped the great money winners of racing—Seabiscuit, $437,730, Sun Beau, $376,744, Equipoise, $338,610, Phar Lap, $332,250 and Gallant Fox, $328,165.

The lad who was driving the van in the rain has often before trucked the Biscuit here and there, and on Santa Anita Handicap day he paid Seabiscuit's groom the honest sum of five dollars for the privilege of leading the horse from the judges' stand back to his stable. He led him carefully and got his own picture into all the Sunday papers, although this was not in his mind.

Seabiscuit has retired from the wars and so has Jockey Red Pollard, a thin young man with a red face, blue eyes and red hair. At the age of thirty-one, Red announces he will ride no more and thereby avoid the broken bones of the last few years. Red is now a married man. He married his nurse.

Thus horse and man go off the stage together, both pretty well heeled. After the unwinding process at Hollywood, the Biscuit will browse eventually at Ridgewood Park and that's the end of his run, unless C. S. Howard changes his mind, puts the champion back in training and runs him against Challedon or some other leader.

It's a four-way affair, this saga of Seabiscuit, and includes the horse; Red Pollard, the jock; Tom Smith, the trainer, and Owner Howard, and probably nothing just like this will happen again in the bright annals of racing. How could it? Never will you find all the Cinderella, storybook elements that festoon this weak-kneed horse—a horse people begged Howard to retire before

*(Continued on page 56)*

# Once a Champion

### By Edward L. McKenna

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

**The public and Francie Gallegher, whom the fans despised. The story of a great profile in the balance**

GALLEGHER lay in his dressing room, catching a little rest before his last fight. The ring was half a mile away, almost, and all the rows of seats were full. In here, you could hear the muffled prelude to battle, the voices, high or hoarse, vibrant with excitement and expectation; and hearing them, Gallegher smiled. Little he cared for them, but, ah, how they cared for him—with what a lusty hate!

His body was cool and dry under the shirt; there was no sweat of nervousness on him. Borka? He knew Borka. He thought he knew more about Joe Borka than Joe knew himself. Joe was the gashouse plug-ugly, the slugger who knew nothing but to swing and swing again and keep on swinging and coming in no matter if he'd been chopped to ribbons. That was how Joe won his fights.

Between Joe Borka and Francis X. Gallegher there might have been a hundred thousand years, with Joe at the far end, just learning to stand erect, and Gallegher at this end—Gallegher, with the fine, cool, careful brain, the weight of arm and body poised delicately, the quick, clear eyes—and the clean face. The unmarked face; the face unscarred by ten years of battles as bitter and bloody as most, but always for the other man.

Now the knob of the dressing-room door turned, and Tim Maguire came in. His hand was soft on Gallegher's shoulder. "All right, kid," he said. "What do you say?"

Gallegher stirred and smiled. "Time to go?" he said.

"Time to go," Maguire said. There wasn't much difference in the old man's voice; it was his face that showed it. It was his face that showed what lay underneath the old words, the old accustomed ritual.

"Here," he said. "Here's your belt. Here's your trunks. Get moving, now. Now, kid, you're going to show him something, huh? You're going to show that big bum something. You're going to paste him one for old Maguire, huh?"

"Sure," said Gallegher, still smiling.

"Sure," Maguire said. "Sure you are. You're going to teach him a little something he forgot to learn."

There was a dead cigar between Maguire's lips; he bit it now, as if to stop from saying more, and Gallegher looked up at him as if in surprise, as if he didn't know.

But he was a cool man, Francis X. Gallegher. He'd trained himself that way. He was a little unusual, all right, for a fighter.

HE DIDN'T like the name. Boxing, that's what he preferred to call it. He liked the classic style, two men standing up straight and sparring, a tap as light as a butterfly's wing counting a point. Oh, he'd knocked out plenty of them since he'd first put on the leather, but it wasn't what he enjoyed. What he enjoyed was to stand blocking and ducking under a barrage of blows, slipping away like a hot knife out of butter, leaving the wild roundhouse slugger smiting the air foolishly in search of a Gallegher who wasn't there, showing the crowd what an art it could be in the hands of the master stylist that he was.

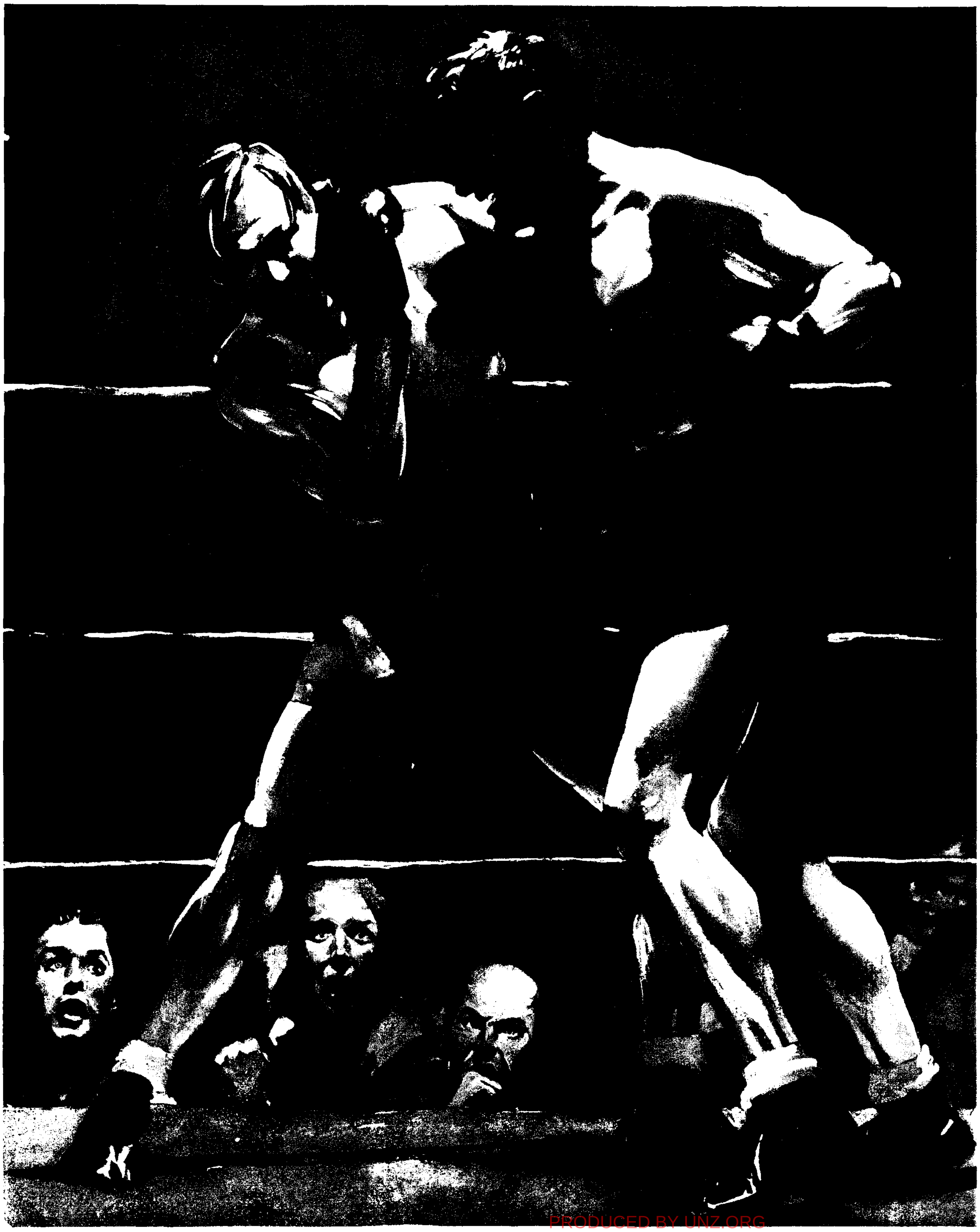
He didn't care for the crowd, though; to him they were the rabble over the lion pits, without eyes to see the fine skill of the rapier. He'd had only contempt for them for years. As for them, they showed in what esteem they held him by the name they called him. Francie—Francie, the pretty boy. That was the crowd's name for the light-heavyweight champion of the world.

It had puzzled Gallegher at first. Here was a man who gave his best, who barred nobody, white or black; who fought fair, dropping his hands when he felt the referee's slap on his bare back, breaking clean, never taking advantage outside the rules, never coming into the ring out of condition, never dogging a fight—yet they didn't like it. They called him Francie, and they said he was scared stiff of spoiling his pretty face.

It hurt, of course it hurt—because it was partly true. But was it his fault that he had a clean, smooth face? Was he crazy for wanting it the way it was and not scarred and swollen and battered out of shape? Was there something wrong in developing so perfect a boxer's skill that the others couldn't touch it?

Was it his fault, was he to blame for

(*Continued on page 44*)



**Now it isn't the classic style, the waltz-me-around-again style. It's Pretty Boy Francie turned slugger**

# The Secret of the Marshbanks

## By Kathleen Norris

COPYRIGHT, 1940, BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

*The Story Thus Far:*

AFTER thirteen years at Saint Dorothea's, a school for underprivileged girls, Charlotte ("Cherry") Rawlings knows very little concerning her past. Then a prominent San Franciscan — Judge Judson Marshbanks — comes to the school and informs her that he and "Emma," her mother's nurse during her last illness, are her guardians; and that Emma —now the housekeeper for old Mrs. Porteous Porter, in San Francisco—wishes her to be Mrs. Porter's secretary.

A few days later—following a brief visit at the Marshbanks home (with the judge; his gay young wife, Fran; and Amy, the debutante daughter of the judge's dead brother)—Cherry is ensconced in Mrs. Porter's beautiful home. As she learns very soon, the old lady is a demanding taskmaster. Emma and Cherry have very little time they can call their own. Nevertheless, Cherry meets and sees something of a young artist—Kelly Coates, a friend of Judge Marshbanks. And soon she is in love with him.

But no sooner has she realized how she feels about Kelly than she makes a shocking discovery: Kelly and Fran are in love! They are meeting surreptitiously—and cleverly hoodwinking the judge! . . . Then she gets another surprise: Emma, in a confidential moment, informs Cherry that her mother had been Emma's sister. Concerning her father (of whom Cherry knows nothing) Emma will say nothing. . . .

Mrs. Clay Judson Marshbanks, the judge's mother—a dictatorial old dowager—arrives from Florida. She is, quite naturally, the judge's guest. While in the judge's home, one day, Cherry is introduced to her. Then, a few moments later, she hears the old lady say to Fran (acid in her voice): "Of course I know who she is! I knew the moment I saw her! And I won't have Amy know her; I won't have her in this house!"

At the time Cherry attaches no significance to the words. But, later, when she is preparing to retire in her room at Mrs. Porter's, she wonders—vaguely—if, by any chance, Mrs. Marshbanks could have been speaking of her, Cherry Rawlings! Puzzled, perplexed, she thinks the matter over. No, she finally decides, the old martinet must have been referring to some girl, some debutante, whom Fran had chanced to mention.

### V

IN THE morning, old Mrs. Porter had a serious setback and was dangerously ill.

A few strange days—a week went by; doctors came and went; lawyers came and went. Judge Marshbanks came on a hot, still, spring afternoon and had a long talk with Emma. Maids gathered in the halls and waited and whispered; the telephone and the doorbell, both muffled, were constantly in action. All the world wanted to know how old Dovey Porter was faring.

Just two weeks from the rainy day when Cherry and Fran had come home truants from Topcote, the old lady quietly passed away into a world to which she could not take the bronzes, the onyx clocks and marble statues, the rugs and curtains, the car with its driver, the banks where so much money had always been piling up for Henry T. Glashell's only child. The pink-and-blue boudoir was tenantless; the little cushions lay plump and unpressed; the small dog whined with loneliness. Everything was queer and unnatural; Cherry, merely a spectator, felt as if she were watching something unreal.

The old house was suddenly filled with flowers. Thousands of dollars' worth of flowers to lay around the stately old shell of a woman in the magnificent shell of a coffin. They banked them about her, and set them against the walls, and still they came. Presently vans arrived to carry all the flowers, wreaths and crosses, sprays and sheaves, off to the cathedral where they must be arranged on either side of the altar, along the chancel rail and down the aisles.

The judge and Amy and Fran came to the funeral with hundreds of other black-clad folks. There were twenty pallbearers, who marched up the cathedral steps and down the cathedral steps in formation.

Cherry and Emma with the entire domestic staff were modestly placed at the side of the church. There was heartbreaking organ music; the flowers filled the place with their mournful scent.

EMMA was going to the cemetery; Cherry was going back to the empty house. She came out of the big hilltop church with the other mourners, and found herself close to the Marshbankses, who were waiting for Rousseau to bring up their car. Old Mrs. Marshbanks was in low-voiced conversation in a group of elderly men and women, but presently got into a friend's big limousine. Fran looked pale and nervous, Cherry thought, and kept saying impatiently, "Oh, where *is* he? We'll have to stand here and talk to half the city at this rate!" Amy seized a chance to whisper to Cherry, "Relic of barbarism!" as comment upon the funeral rituals, and the judge, announcing that he was going to walk down for an hour's work at his office, stood for a moment, when the others had gone, in the grateful shade of the high stone walls, chatting with Cherry.

He had no sooner left her, to disappear into the thinning crowd, than Cherry saw what she instantly concluded was the reason for Fran's uneasiness. Across the street, standing quite still beside a battered bit of stone fence that remained as a memorial of the great earthquake more than thirty years earlier, was Kelly Coates. Cherry smiled at him, and he crossed the street and joined her and they walked away together.

"There was something I wanted to talk to you about," he said. Cherry turned upon him surprised eyes.

"You weren't waiting to see *me?*"

"Why wasn't I?" he asked moodily after an oblique glance.

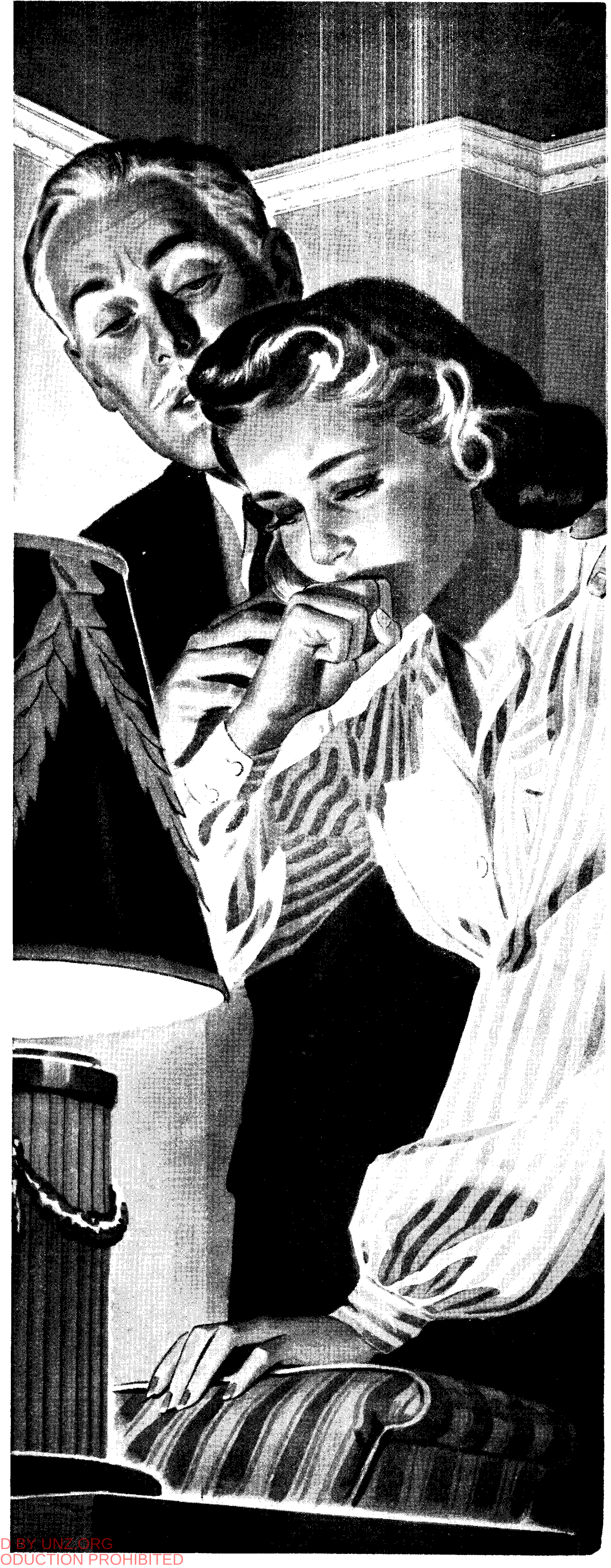
"Because I supposed you were waiting to see *her,*" Cherry said.

To this the man made no direct answer, muttering after a moment, "God, she's beautiful!"

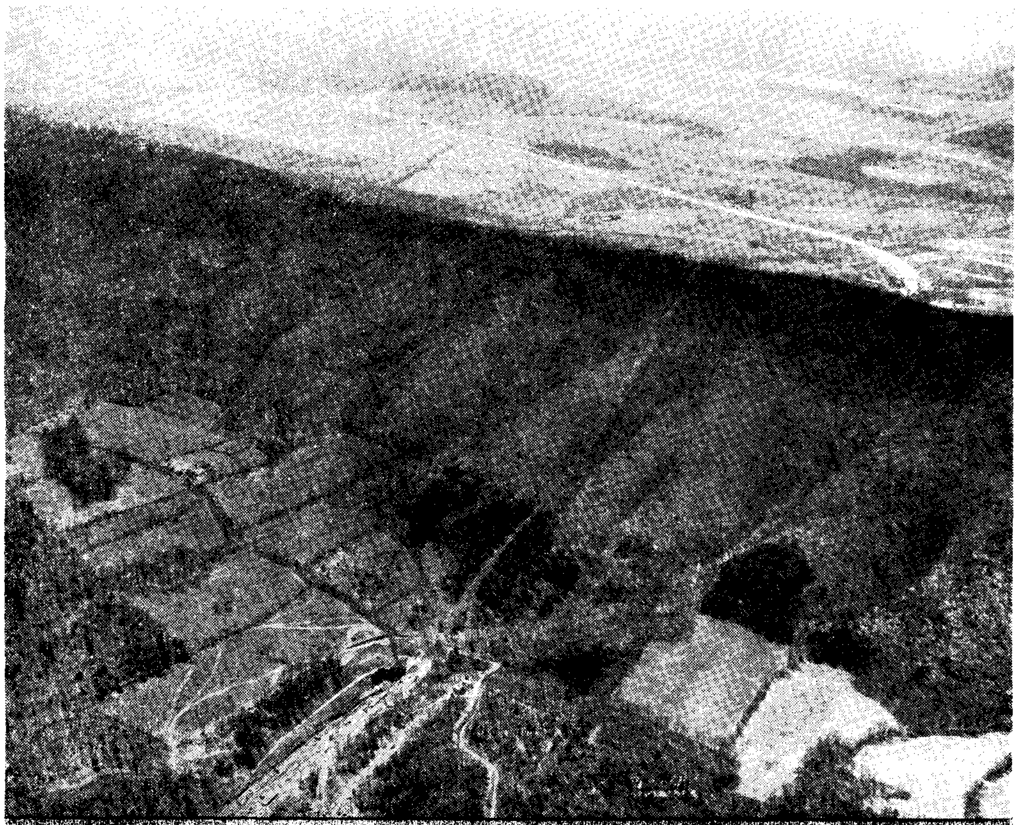
"I thought she looked rather tired this morning," Cherry observed somewhat timidly.

Kelly was silent as they walked along. Then he asked a few perfunctory questions as to the change Mrs. Porter's death might make in Cherry's situation. The girl answered cheerfully that she and Emma had discussed that, and inasmuch as there would be a tremendous amount of work in the sorting of the old lady's possessions and the settling

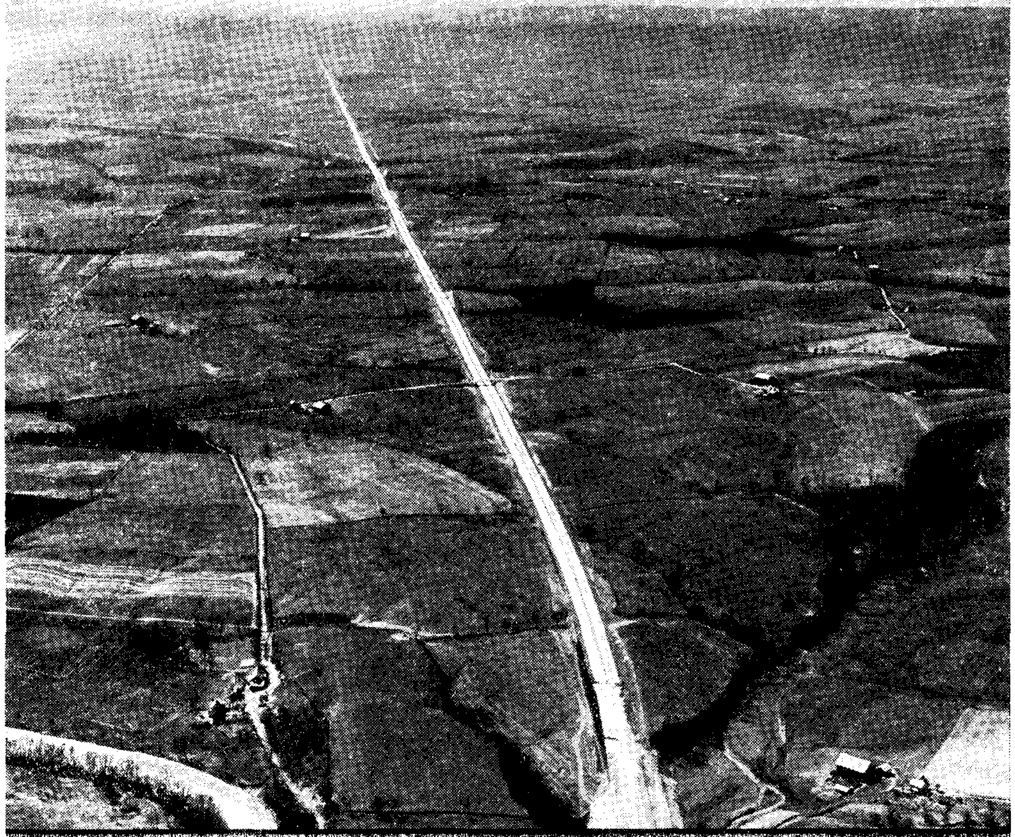
*(Continued on page 49)*



"Cherry! Sit down and talk with me a moment," he said. "You mustn't take it this way"



Here the Superhighway drives through instead of over Tuscarora mountain. This tunnel is one of seven that total over six miles in length.



Like a line ruled on a map, this air view shows one of the straightaways, of which there are more than 100 miles in the 160-mile length of the highway. Note bridges that carry all crossroads safely overhead.

No crossroads
No red lights
No steep grades
No sharp curves
No speed limit

# Whee-e-e-e!

### By Kyle Crichton

THIS story starts back more than fifty-five years ago—1885, to be exact—when a Scotchman named Andrew Carnegie and a Dutchman named Vanderbilt decided to abandon an almost completed railroad in Pennsylvania called the South Penn. It ran from Harrisburg to Pittsburgh and was destined to be a great rival to the Pennsylvania and Baltimore & Ohio system and there was a terrific ruckus about it in Wall Street.

That abandoned railroad roadbed has been an obsession with engineers ever since, something of a standing insult to their profession. At intervals somebody would stop resenting it long enough to say that something should be done about that roadbed and those old tunnels through the Allegheny Mountains. This is to report that something remarkable has been done—no less, in truth, than the Great Pennsylvania Turnpike, the Dream Highway, the first Express Superhighway in America, the Road of the Present, the Road of the Future, the only highway that even begins to keep step with the modern motor vehicle.

Unless international affairs prevent, President Roosevelt will open the highway on July Fourth and shortly thereafter any motorist who can afford the fee will be able to step on the gas, clamp the accelerator to the floor and hit the ball through Pennsylvania at a sustained speed never before heard of on American highways. For this is something that the harassed motorist has been moaning about in his sleep for years.

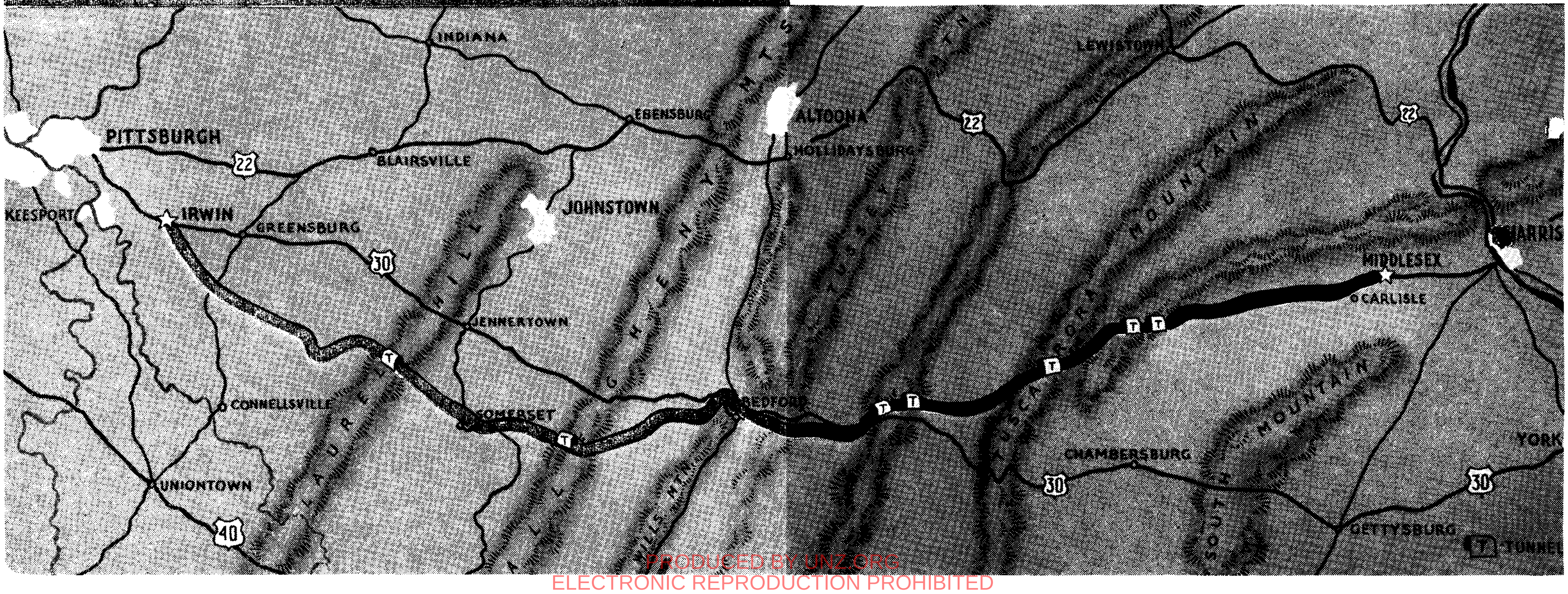
It runs for 160 miles between Middlesex, sixteen miles from Harrisburg, to Irwin, twenty-one miles from downtown Pittsburgh. There are two westbound lanes and two eastbound lanes (each twenty-four feet wide) and never the twain shall meet, because there is a ten-foot park in the middle separating them. When you come to a mountain, you don't go over it; you go through it. There are seven tunnels on the route, each of them over half a mile long, and the longest is approximately one mile and a quarter. The tunnels narrow down to two lanes but aside from that the road is a driver's dream. You can come on either at Irwin or Middlesex or at one of the nine interchanges that lead in the north and south traffic, buy your ticket and then settle down to driving. There is not one single thing to stop you in all that distance!

"We used to have twenty-mile roads, forty-mile drivers and eighty-mile cars," say the Turnpike engineers. "Well, we have a road now that will keep the cars stepping." They push out their chests about a foot at this, because already they are being besieged by highway commissions finding out what this Pennsylvania hubbub is all about.

The modern phase started in 1935 when the state was full of unemployed engineers. Desperate for some way to give them relief, Warren Van Dyke of the highway commission thought of the old South Penn. The legislature appropriated $50,000 and soon the Blue Ridge Mountains were being swarmed over by transitmen locating the old holes in the hills that had been deserted by Andy Carnegie. Learned folk now pretend that somebody had a blinding vision at that time which was to result in the present miracle but the hard-boiled politicians around Harrisburg know what it was.

"Just a way of keeping a lot of guys from starving to death," they say, with some degree of authenticity.

When they once got at it, however, the South Penn began to exercise its old fascination over the engineers. The survey went on and eventually the state put $700,000 into it. By this time it took



The first Express Superhighway in America stretches its 160-mile length through rugged country from Middlesex, 16 miles from Harrisburg, to Irwin, 21 miles east of Pittsburgh. Route now most used is No. 30, the Lincoln Highway

DRAWING BY ROLF KLEP FROM MAP © BY GENERAL DRAFTING CO., INC.

Whitman's
Sampler
For Mother
Chocolates and Confections
Whitman's
FAIRHILL
Chocolates
for Mother

# THERE'S NO HURT LIKE FORGETTING

## ...THERE'S NO JOY LIKE BEING REMEMBERED

MOTHER'S
DAY
SUNDAY
MAY 12TH

Mother dear—
Today is Mother's Day
to the world, but
every day is that to me
And here's a token
from your little boy
who grew up—
but didn't forget
that big Sampler
that you always
liked so much.
Bob

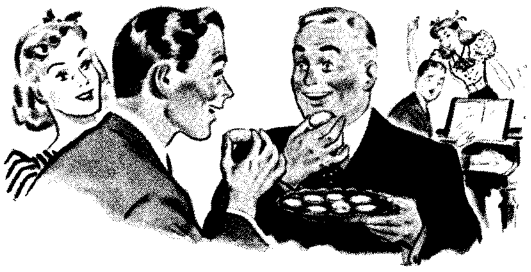
Sons and daughters everywhere know that remembrance is a *must* for Mother's Day. *There is no hurt like forgetting.* And there is no reason for forgetting when nearby dealers are ready with beautifully decorated Mother's Day packages of Whitman's, ready to send to your order *anywhere.*

Make your selection today. And have *your* children remember *their* mother, too!

*The* **SAMPLER, 17-oz., $1.50**
World-famous box of favorite confections—100 enticing pieces, 35 different kinds. Specially decorated for Mother's Day as above. Also 2, 3 and 5-lb. Samplers.

*The* **FAIRHILL, 1 lb., $1.00**
Outstanding box of candy at its price. A delightful variety. Richly decorated for Mother's Day, as at right. Also 2, 3 and 5-lb. Fairhills.

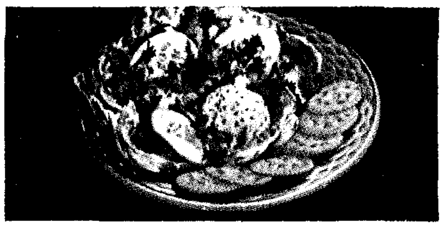
COPYRIGHT 1940, STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, INC., PHILADELPHIA



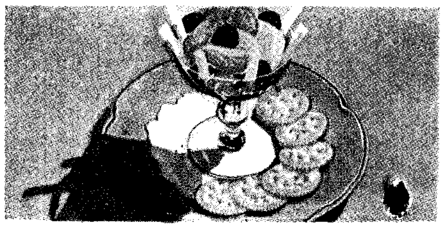
# It takes the special flavor of RITZ crackers to bring out the best in cheese!

N B C
TRADE MARK
RITZ
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

**GO ADVENTURING** when you buy cheese — try all kinds from homely American to sophisticated Roquefort — *but* when you choose the cracker to serve with them, *play safe with Ritz!* For Ritz will *do more* to bring out the full, rich flavor of cheese than any cracker you ever tasted. You see, Ritz is a very *special* kind of cracker, made in a *special* way. It has a glorious flavor all its own. A marvelous baking process seals in its crisp freshness. That's why it became America's largest selling cracker — and why it *continues* to hold first place in popularity.



**MAN'S SALAD** of greens, cottage cheese rolled in chives and Ritz. How they'll love it — and *you* for serving their favorite cracker. Every one prefers crunchy, golden Ritz — with meals, beverages, and right out of the package. Be sure to order Ritz from your food dealer today!



**FRIVOLOUS FRUIT CUP** with pineapple sticks, grapefruit and oranges (such a pleasant way to get vitamins!) given a final touch of perfection with Ritz. Don't confuse other crackers that may look similar with the *genuine* Ritz. Ritz is *unique and different.* Ask for it by name.

IT'S AMERICA'S FAVORITE CRACKER — A PRODUCT OF NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY on an air of political importance. Everybody agreed that a highway using the roadbed of the old South Penn would be a dandy thing. So the legislature in 1937 proceeded to form the Pennsylvania Turnpike Commission. The Commission was given all the power in the world to build a superhighway along the old abandoned railroad. However, there was one small ingredient lacking. The legislature failed to give the Commission a cent in cash! It was exactly as if the Commission had been formed to conduct a flying expedition to Mars, provided the members knew how to get there and could raise the necessary money for the trip.

The next step in this odyssey is a phone call received in Washington by Walter A. Jones, Pittsburgh oil man, who was well known as one of the angels of the Democratic party. It was one o'clock in the morning and Mr. Jones was routed out of bed and scarcely had his faculties about him. The voice at the other end was that of Governor Earle, calling from Harrisburg.

"Great news for you, Walter," said the governor. "I'm naming you chairman of the new Turnpike Commission. Will that be all right?"

Jones, still sleepy, agreed it would be all right. Next morning when he woke up and thought over the matter for a minute, he uttered a shrill cry and rushed to the phone. He informed Mr. Earle that he had reconsidered the affair and it most definitely would *not* be all right. He didn't want the job under any condition. Mr. Earle said Oops, sorry; but the Senate had already confirmed the nomination and Mr. Jones was elected.

The Commission was organized as a private corporation, with authority to design, construct and finance a highway. It could also charge tolls and pay off the debt. The only thing it couldn't do was ask the state of Pennsylvania to contribute a cent. Jones first tried the New York and Philadelphia bankers for financing and was laughed at for his pains. Next he began on Jesse Jones of RFC and Harold Ickes of PWA. Jones said he might be interested if Ickes would help.

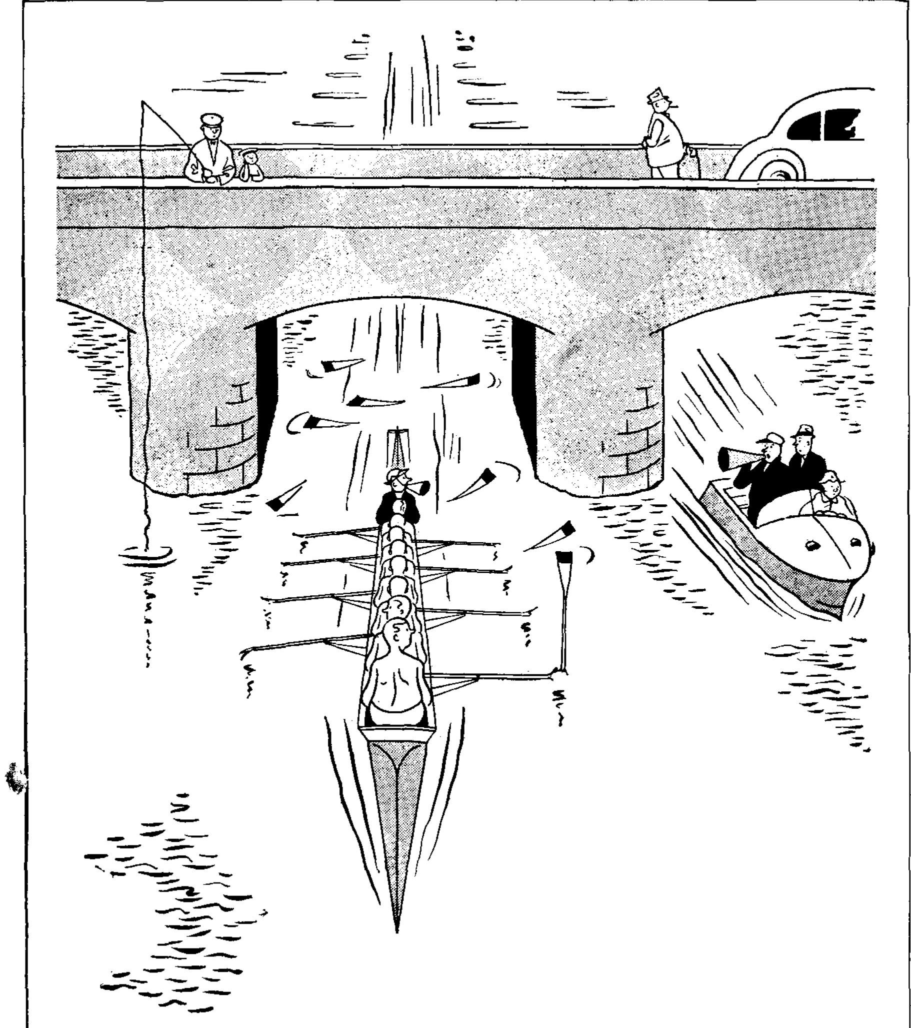
In the end—and after seventeen months of effort—the PWA offered an outright grant of $29,250,000 and Jesse Jones agreed that the RFC would purchase Commission bonds in the amount of $40,800,000, making a total for the highway of $70,050,000.

### It Had to Be Done Fast

But then they found themselves up against something real. The PWA money was available only if the road was finished before June 29, 1940 which was when the life of PWA itself ended. That meant that a highway that ordinarily would have taken three or four years to build had to be done in twenty months. The engineers, thoroughly demented by this time, said grab the money and we'll do it. A staff was thrown together overnight. The grant was made on October 10, 1938. Bids on a thirteen-mile section of grading and paving were advertised on October 14th. The contract was awarded on October 26th and the contractor started work on the project next day.

"Those were the days when men went nuts overnight," says Bill Staats, assistant to Mr. Jones, and his right-hand man on the construction. "I had to go out on the line and order engineers to bed after they'd been on the job for fifty-six hours at a stretch."

The Turnpike is one of the great construction jobs of the world. In quantities of materials it is as great as the Maginot Line, which took ten years to build. It used as much concrete as Boulder Dam. Not only was the engineering force harassed by lack of time but the highway goes through some of the most rugged territory in the eastern United States. The magnitude of the



"Nice steering, Hopkins—"

DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Williamson

**Mrs.:** But George! No magazine would buy that!

**Mrs.:** It hasn't any "oomph"—any pep appeal. And neither have *you!* I know what's the matter. You haven't been eating right. You're not getting all your *vitamins.* And we're turning over a new leaf this very minute!

Kellogg's
PEP
VITAMIN-ENRICHED

**Mrs.:** Lesson No. 1, my languid maestro! Right in that crunchy cereal you're tasting—appropriately called KELLOGG'S PEP—are extra-rich sources of *two* of the most important vitamins, $B_1$ and D.

**Mr.:** Say! Why don't people *tell* me about these things? PEP is delicious!

**Mr.:** And now, my dear, that I'm on the road to vitamins—just watch me become the "pep appeal" boy! Why, I'll put girls on the magazine covers the like of which have never been seen in this or any other age!

**Mrs.:** Well—where there's pep there's hope!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

*Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin $B_1$, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.*

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK COPYRIGHT, 1940, BY KELLOGG COMPANY

"MUM'S a paying habit
*even if you are selling steel girders!*"

**"I use Mum," says Mr. Charles McCrory of the David Smith Steel Co. "Socially or in business there's just no excuse for perspiration odor."**

"SURE, I use Mum! Selling steel girders is a highly specialized job! It's entirely different from selling diamond solitaires or first editions. But there's one thing we salesmen have in common—we meet people. And the quickest way to freeze a prospect is to be careless about perspiration odor.

"No man can afford to offend that way and no man gets very far who does. And because you can offend with perspiration odor *and never know you're guilty*—I play safe and use Mum."

* * *

That's good advice—and thousands of men are following it. Play safe—use Mum. A dab of Mum under each arm after your shower takes only 30 seconds, and you veto perspiration odor for hours. Remember—a bath only cares for *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of odor to come—makes your bath last longer!

Mum can't harm your shirts... won't irritate your skin... prevents underarm odor without attempting to stop the perspiration itself.

The chances are your wife, your sister or your mother is using Mum right now as the safe, sure way of guarding against perspiration odor. Don't borrow—get Mum at your drug store today. Carry into all of your contacts, business or social, the confidence that you won't offend.

**MUM**
***takes the Odor out of Perspiration***

**[ Socially or in business — Play safe with Mum! ]**

That glorious morning shower takes care of *yesterday's* perspiration—but Mum prevents odor to come—carries on where your bath leaves off.

MUM
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Family, friends, people you meet in business like you better when you avoid risk of underarm odor with Mum. You even *like yourself* better!

project can be shown by a few figures:

25½ million cubic yards of earth and rock had to be moved.

4,300,000 square yards of pavement.

600,000 square yards of concrete placed.

35,000 tons of steel used.

2,700,000 barrels of cement.

1,500,000 cubic yards of crushed stone.

750,000 cubic yards of sand.

312 bridges and viaducts—steel and concrete.

Seven two-lane tunnels—six and three-quarters miles total length.

The project was a madhouse from start to finish. The staff, working under the guidance of Samuel W. Marshall and Roger B. Stone, worked desperately and was able to get only thirty-six miles under contract by March, 1939. In the meantime, the engineers in the field worked frantically, making surveys, getting additional right of ways, formulating specifications. During the summer of 1939 there were 18,000 men at work on the road. When it was being driven to completion this spring 25,000 laborers and specialists worked day and night. At one time there were over 2,000 electricians completing the lighting in the tunnels and at the interchanges. In three months last year the engineering staff designed 130 bridges, a tremendous feat.

"Nothing like it ever before, anywhere," says Bill Staats proudly.

At the height of the work last fall the scene was something like a drama played by giants. Steam shovels were tearing away a mountain at Bedford under the glare of floodlights, the shovels roaring in the night, the trucks endlessly bearing away the earth and stone. The tunnels at Blue Mountain, Kittatinny, Tuscarora, Sideling Hill, Ray's Hill, Allegheny and Laurel Hill were being holed through at a demoniacal pace by the hard-rock men under Richard M. Merriman. When the snows set in, the tunnel work went blasting ahead, not stopping even for the midwinter blizzard which found the engineers sleeping on the desks in the office when they were marooned on the job.

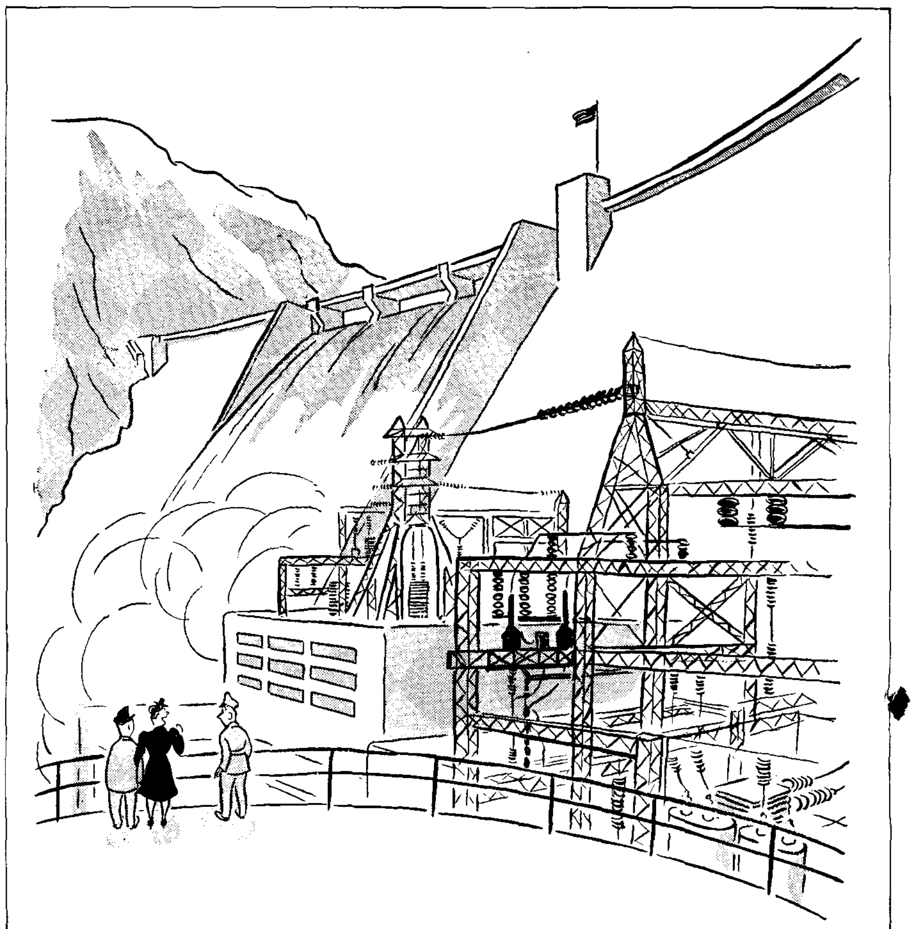
In making the original surveys, the entire emphasis was placed on what was safe for the motorist. Because of the separation strip between the two roadways, the danger of collisions has been practically eliminated. There are 109 miles of absolutely straight road. Each curve is placed so that there is 600-foot visibility at all times. Most curves can be taken at a speed of 90 m.p.h. and test cars have already done 105 miles per hour on the highway with no feeling of extreme speed. The stiffest grade is three per cent, which is so moderate that most drivers won't know they are climbing.

"Almost literally," says Staats, "we feel that this highway is foolproof except for mechanical accidents in the cars themselves or blowouts. Our special Commission highway police will be not so much speed cops as traffic advisers."

Just what legal provision will be needed for eliminating jallopies and obviously ill-equipped vehicles has not been determined but the Commission authorities believe that it can be handled under the heading of public safety.

### A Battle Every Minute

But the job of building the highway has been a battle from the first minute. Although speed of construction meant everything, the Commission was required to have approval for every step by the PWA, the RFC and later by the representatives of the private bondholders who not only took the Commission bonds off the hands of the RFC as soon as they were turned over but clamored for more. Most ticklish of all, however, was the political situation in Pennsylvania. The uproar became so great from hotel men and filling-station operators who felt that business would be ruined on the regular roads, Routes 22 and 30, that the highway became an issue in the campaign when Republican Governor James was elected. There were rumors that Governor James was going to hamstring the whole thing and stop the construction on the highway, even though the contracts with RFC and PWA had already been signed and work had started. As one Welshman to



"It's beautiful! Does it work on A.C. or D.C.?"

The Special De Luxe Town Sedan, $761*

# "GOING GREAT GUNS!"

## ...that's the only way to describe this dynamic new Chevrolet's road action . . . and its popularity, too. . . . It's 'way out in front, where the leader belongs!

**Eye it..** You'll get a real *"bang"* out of the new size and spaciousness, the swank "Royal Clipper" Styling, the luxurious Fisher Body of this *longest* of all lowest-priced cars—this streamlined "Beauty Leader" of the 1940 parade!

**Try it..** You'll revel in its thrilling power and pace, its ability to *out-accelerate* and *out-climb* all other low-priced cars, its 80% automatic *Vacuum-Power* Gearshifting and its "Ride Royal★"—for it's the greatest action car you've ever driven!

**Buy it!** And then you'll understand why Chevrolet has out-sold all other cars during eight out of the last nine years! *The 1940 Chevrolet gives higher quality at low cost!—Low Prices—Low Operating Costs—Low Upkeep.*

**$659**

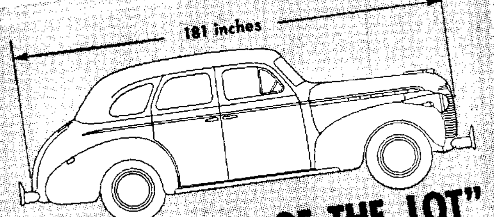
**MASTER 85 BUSINESS COUPE**

**Other models slightly higher**

*All models priced at Flint, Michigan. Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice.

CHEVROLET

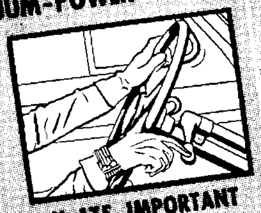
CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Sales Corporation*, DETROIT, MICHIGAN



### "THE LONGEST OF THE LOT"

From front of grille to rear of body—for length where length counts—Chevrolet for 1940 is the longest of all lowest-priced cars! Big outside, big inside, big in value!

### NEW EXCLUSIVE VACUUM-POWER SHIFT



The only steering column gearshift that does 80% of the work for you and requires only 20% driver effort!

### CHEVROLET HAS MORE THAN 175 IMPORTANT MODERN FEATURES, INCLUDING:

THE "RIDE ROYAL"—WITH CHEVROLET'S PERFECTED KNEE-ACTION RIDING SYSTEM★ • NEW "ROYAL CLIPPER" STYLING • BIGGER INSIDE AND OUTSIDE • NEW FULL-VISION BODIES BY FISHER • NEW SEALED BEAM HEADLIGHTS WITH SEPARATE PARKING LIGHTS • SUPER-SILENT VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE • PERFECTED HYDRAULIC BRAKES

★On Special De Luxe and Master De Luxe Series.

# "CHEVROLET'S FIRST AGAIN!"

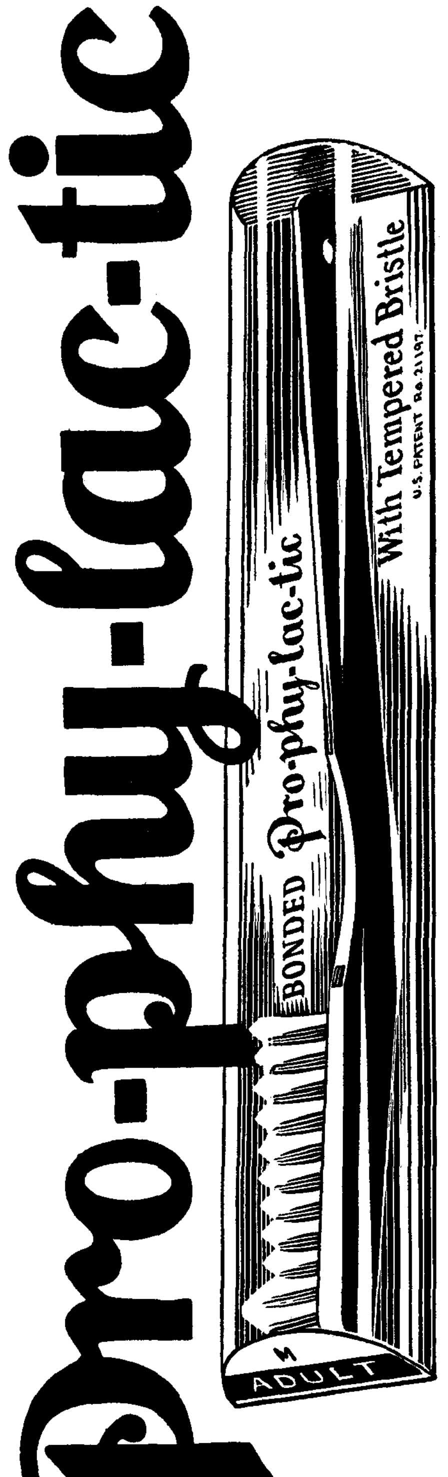
Never before!

The first tooth brush ever GUARANTEED 6 MONTHS

It took a revolutionary development . . . Pro-phy-lac-tic's new tempering process *U. S. Pat. Re. 21,197* . . . to produce the New Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush—with bristles so enormously improved that we dare to guarantee it unconditionally for 6 full months! There are no strings to the offer . . . no "buts" or "ifs." Use this new brush as many times a day as you like. If it doesn't give you complete satisfaction throughout the entire six months' period, we will gladly replace it!

Ask at any drug counter for this finer quality tooth brush with the famous Pro-phy-lac-tic tuft. You'll recognize it instantly in the new crystal-clear, sanitary container, which is sealed at the factory for your protection.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., *Florence, Mass.*



another, Walter Jones went up to the state capitol and talked with Arthur James. When he came away it was all solved.

"We'll say it was solved," say the skeptics. "Pennsylvania was getting seventy millions laid right in the old lap. Not a cent put up by the state—and the region along the new highway booming like gold-mining towns in the old West. You don't toss off gifts like that while you're still in your right mind."

What everybody worried about originally was how the highway could pay itself out. You don't mention the word "toll" around the Commission offices because that is a naughty word with very bad connotations for people who remember the old toll bridges and tollgates. They prefer to speak of tickets and fares. The price for a passenger car will be between one dollar and one dollar and fifty cents for the full trip, with stopover privileges anywhere the motorist wants to stop. The price for trucks will be around three dollars for a small truck; from four dollars to ten dollars for large trucks. You get a ticket when you come on the highway and pay when you get off, according to the distance traveled.

"What you have to compare this highway with are the extra-fare trains on the railroads," says Mr. Jones. "There are plenty of other trains, for example, going between New York and Chicago, but the extra-fare trains are filled with people willing to pay for that service and the saving of time. This road is the same thing."

### Faster Than Airplane Travel

Before the highway was even considered as a practical venture, extensive surveys of traffic conditions were made. It was found that the larger trucking firms resolutely stayed off the Pennsylvania highways between November and March because of the mountain climbs and the bad weather, taking instead longer routes through Maryland and New York. They estimate now that one of the huge trailer trucks traveling from Pittsburgh to Harrisburg will save between $25 and $27 on the trip. That is made up of savings in gas, oil, insurance, depreciation and the fact that because of the faster speed only one driver will be needed instead of two. The trip formerly required between ten and eleven hours on the Lincoln Highway. On the superhighway they feel it can be done easily between four and a half and five hours.

They contend that motorists in passenger cars will actually be able to beat the fastest express trains between Harrisburg and Pittsburgh, making the journey in three or three and a half hours. Moreover, the road enthusiasts will prove to you that a motorist will be able to beat airplane time between the two cities, because of the loss of time in getting from the airport to downtown destinations at either end. Because of that they expect approximately 1,300,000 vehicles to gallop over the landscape in that part of Pennsylvania in the coming year. If that estimate holds up and the expected increases of traffic are forthcoming, the road will pay itself out in sixteen years, although the bonds are sold on an amortization basis of twenty years. After that the highway will revert to the state—a very wonderful gift.

"But don't worry," say the engineers. "It'll cost them plenty, anyhow. When that traffic starts pouring into Pittsburgh trying to get to the entrance of the Dream Highway at Irwin, they'll either build a by-pass road of their own to take care of it or the town will be tied up so tight with trucks that nothing will get through there for years."

In fact, the whole tone has changed now that the Turnpike is nearing completion. Where formerly there was criticism, there is nothing now but one long howl from other communities wanting a similar road to come by their way. Philadelphia is standing around with her tongue out, trying to get the highway extended that far, Pittsburgh wants it to come through that city (at federal expense, naturally); and cities like Reading, Allentown and Bethlehem are frantic with desire for a Harrisburg-New York extension which will pass near them.

In those moments when Walter A. Jones was not engaged in running the Turnpike Commission and worrying about his campaign for U. S. Senator against Joe Guffey, he had ideas about a national system of superhighways. Mr. Roosevelt called him in once and asked him to see what could be done about an express highway between Washington and Boston. Mr. Jones replied that, in the first place, the road should be between Richmond and Boston because most of the Southern trucking traffic "originates" at Richmond and, in the second place, that, under the present way of building roads, nothing could be done about it.

"How could it be done with the political struggles of seven states mixed up in it?" he asks and adds, "There is only one possible way: Give the Bureau of Federal Roads power to create a commission like the Pennsylvania Turnpike Commission and give it the right to design, construct and sell bonds to amortize the cost by fares. The way to do that would be to allow the Bureau to take *all* the funds that come in from gas and other taxes and make that the security for the interest on the bonds. It would mean that those road moneys wouldn't be doled out at random all over the country as is done now and there would be a great outcry over that, but the other way would make express highways possible."

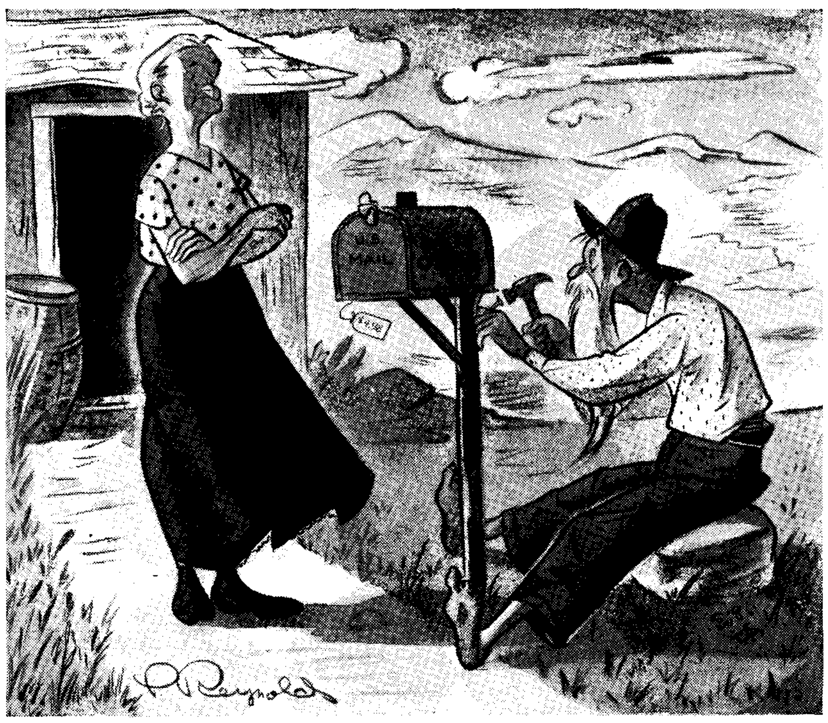
But that is all in the future and has nothing to do with the Dream Highway of Pennsylvania (the "Penn Pike," the farmers around Somerset call it). When the time limit for building it became close this spring, the activity reached a new peak. The struggle to finish on time afforded as dramatic a spectacle as was ever witnessed. The tunnels were finally holed through and lined and the electricians were laboring hectically to complete the ventilating plants for them. The highway was using the largest forced-draft fans ever made, capacity 139,000 cubic feet a minute, greater than anything used in the New York tunnels under the Hudson. Along the road workmen were putting up the fences, 320 miles of border which must be built according to Pennsylvania law "horse-high, bull-strong and hog-tight."

### A Colossal Job

The great job, however, was pouring the concrete for the roadway. That was done as soon as the frost was out of the ground and the final grading and lining could be finished. In the end it was a question of pouring almost the whole stretch of highway simultaneously. Every contractor—one hundred and ninety in all—had his crews primed for a final effort. Some of the great mixers could do a mile of single-lane highway in a day. It was a fabulous record on all counts. Every day from the time the pouring started until it was finished, the highway used one hundred railroad cars of cement; 1,400 cars of sand; 18,000 tons of sand and gravel; ten tons of steel. The countryside rang with the wails and clamor of the machines, with the cries of men, with the exhortations of the engineers and inspectors. It was a colossal task and it meant torn nerves and exhausted men but it had to be done.

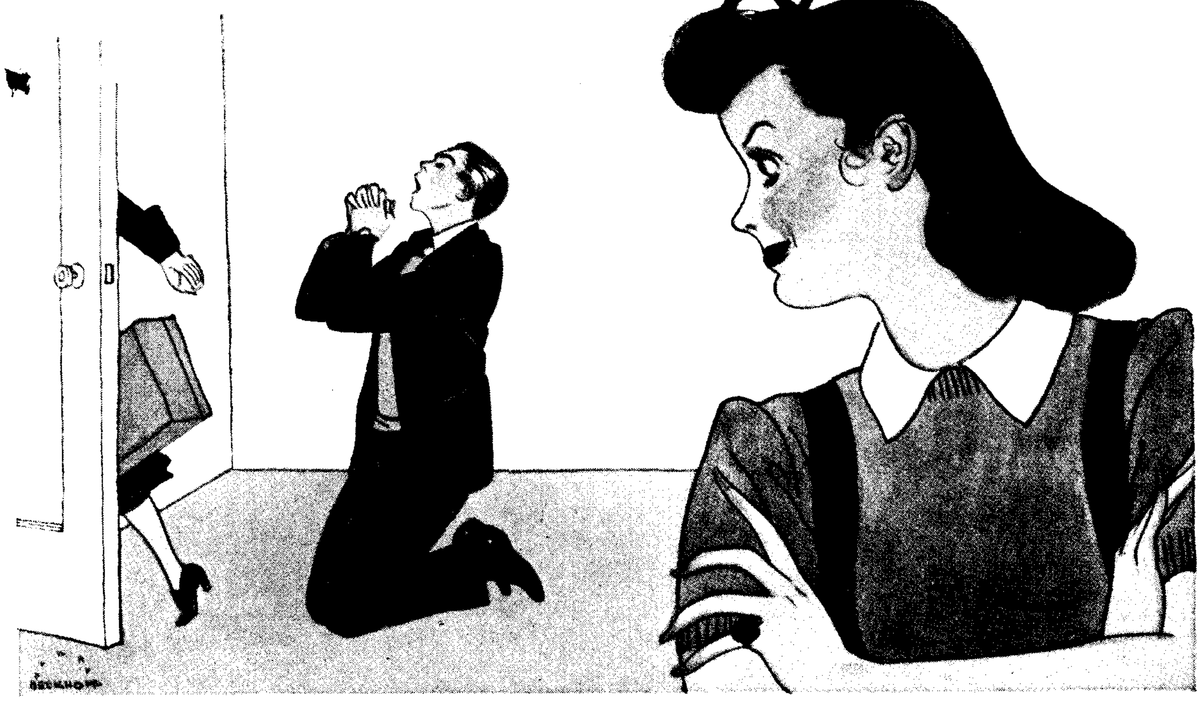
That's how it's going to be if you're driving through Pennsylvania and want to do it in a hurry. Make sure first that your tires are good and your car is in shape—and then prepare to travel!

If you want to go off at one of the intersections, that's up to you. The roads taking you off are so planned that they do it gradually and without stopping the flow of traffic. They circle you about so that you pass the sole fare booth at the interchange. If you want gasoline or a bite to eat, that also has been taken care of by special road stands operated under stiff Commission restrictions. It has all been taken care of—a road for people who want to travel in a hurry. If you've ever wondered why the manufacturers build cars with so much speed when the cops won't let you use it, this may be the answer. At any rate, you can go as fast as you want. History will report rather soon whether you really wanted it or not.

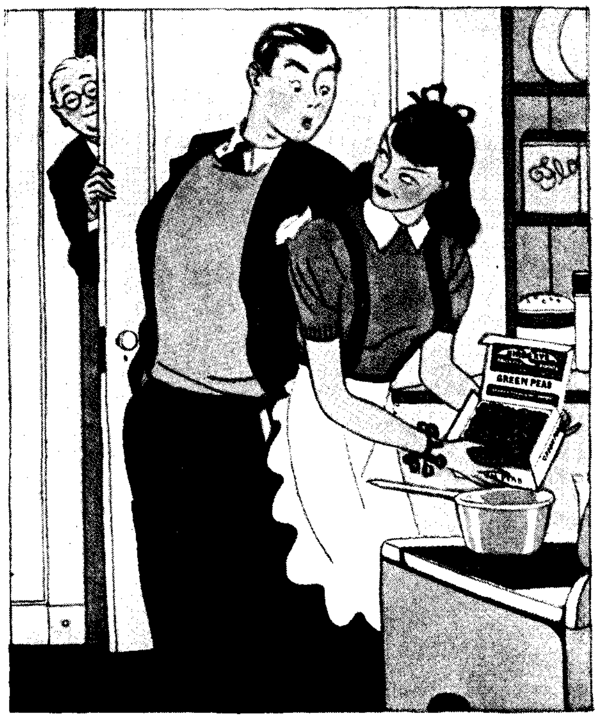


"It's purty, Lem, but we'uns'll never get $4.98 worth of mail in our endurin' lives" LAURENCE REYNOLDS

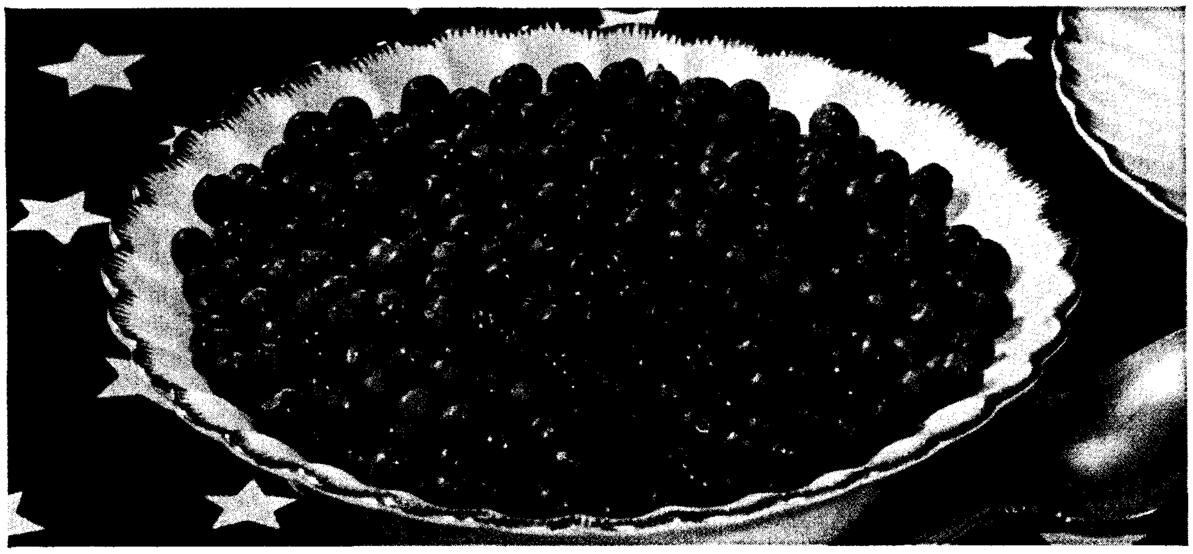
# The Miracle Happened This Way...



**1. Mother gets called away** for two weeks. Who will do the cooking? . . . "Sis—it's high time she learned," Mother says, and shoves off. Bud predicts late meals—burnt meals—dyspepsia—ultimate starvation.

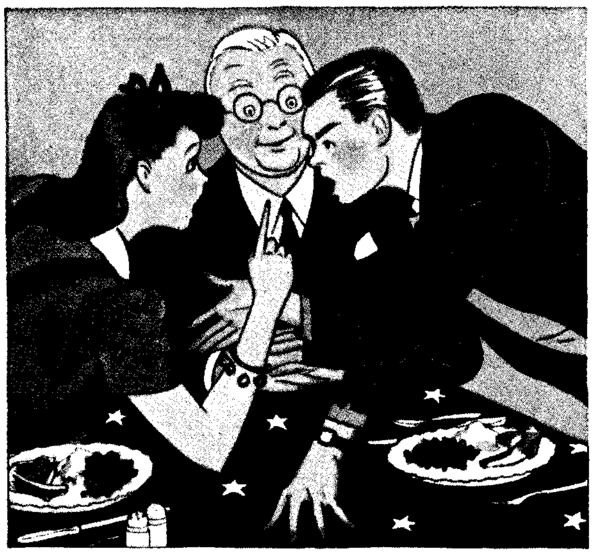


**2. That evening** Bud watches dourly while Sis unwraps her loot from the grocer's. Peas! Tender dewy little fellows, brightly green as if they had just jumped out of the pod. Where, Bud wants to know, did she get peas like that this time of year? And all shelled!

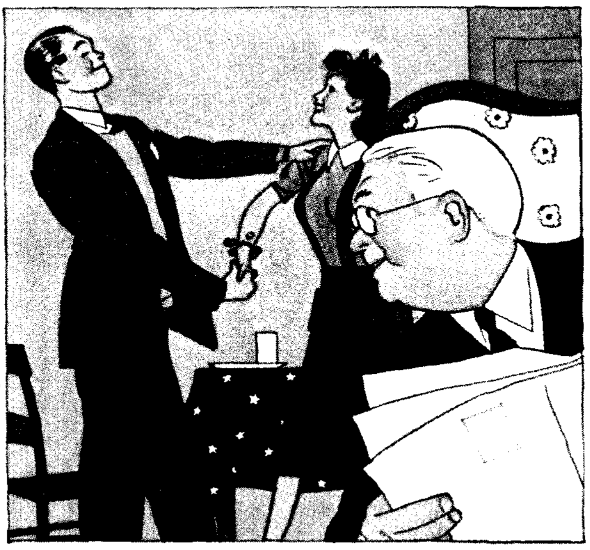


**3. Sis lifts an eyebrow**—hasn't he heard of Birds Eye Quick-Frozen Peas! Where's he been? Why, it's the news of the century in foods. Quick-Freezing seals in freshness right at the farm. And nobody does it like Birds Eye—they're the world's experts.

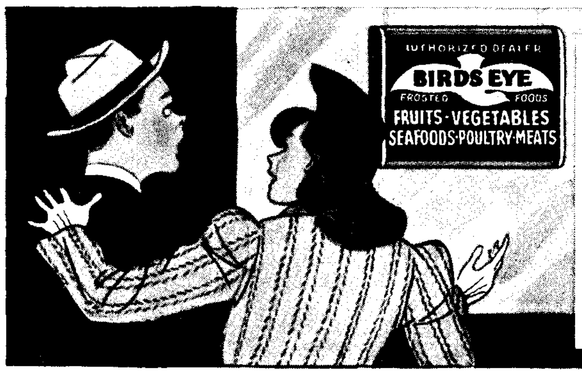
**4. Bud gets told** to hurry and wash . . . the peas are done. Yes—done. They're so tender they cook in 7 minutes—about twice as fast. Add that to no-shelling and Sis figures she saved 22 minutes. Dad tries them—swears they're even better than peas in season!



**5. "Naturally they're better,"** Sis says. "Ordinary peas take 12 to 72 hours to reach us—losing freshness all the way. Birds Eye Peas are quick-frozen less than four hours after picking. Flavor and vitamins are sealed in!" Bud has one last card—he bets they're high-priced.



**6. "No sirree," says Sis.** "It takes *two pounds* of unshelled peas to equal one box of Birds Eye. And right now they *cost less* than market peas. Fact is, I save money on most Birds Eye Foods." Bud throws in the towel, says Ma will have something to learn when she gets back.



*Here are a few of these wonderful foods:*

**Bush-ripened Blueberries**
**Plump Bluepoint Oysters**
**Peas & Carrots—Garden-fresh**
**Pot Roast—boned, rolled**
**Red Perch Fillets**

**Garden-fresh Wax Beans**
**Leg of Spring Lamb**
**Rhubarb—cut ready to cook**
**Fowl for Fricassee**
**Ocean-fresh Shrimp**

*And there are more than 50 others—all cleaned, trimmed, ready to cook or serve. Get a box today! Guaranteed.*

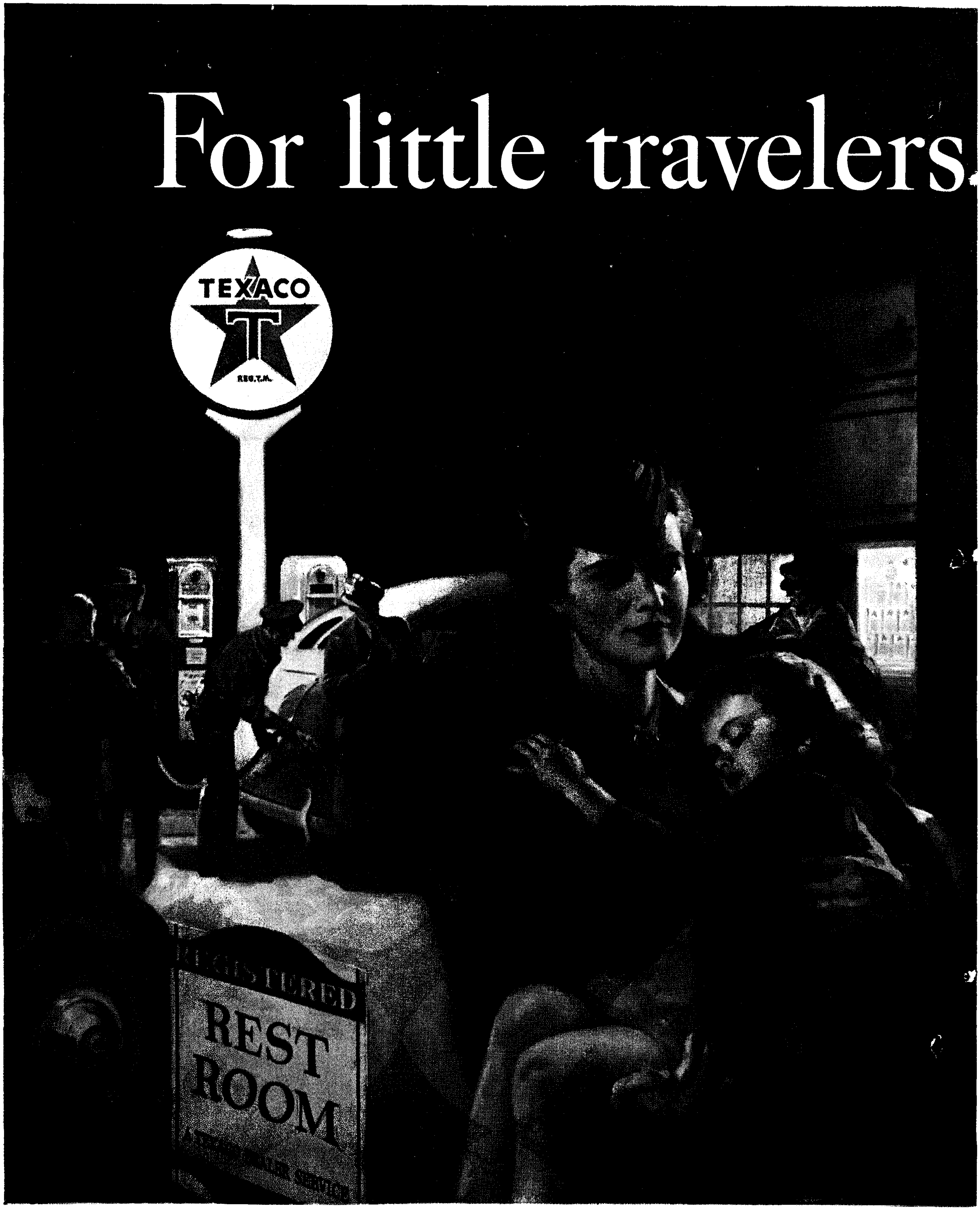
**FARM-FRESH FOODS—IN PACKAGES**

*For more information, write Frosted Foods Sales Corp., 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.*

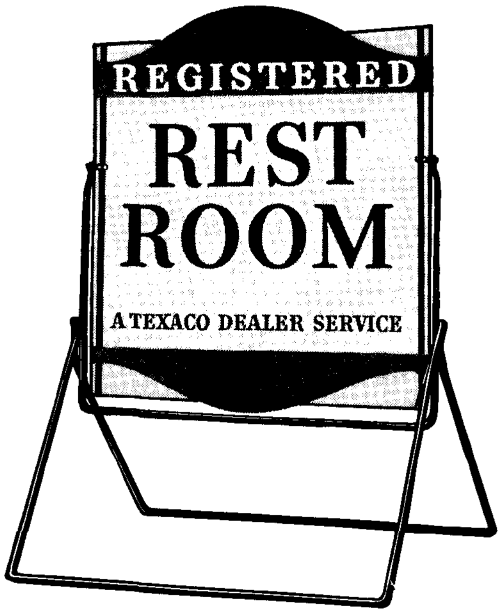
**7. Where can you buy these delicious foods?** . . . You may not always find a Birds Eye dealer right around the corner. For all stores do not yet have these grand foods. But it will be worth your while to look for one. Finding it can bring you the food thrill of your life. Remember, Birds Eye represents only the *top* quality in quick-frozen foods. Therefore, be *sure* you look for the Birds Eye in the window, and the Birds Eye on the package.

Copyright 1940, General Foods Corp.

BIRDS EYE
BRAND
FROSTED FOODS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.


For little travelers
TEXACO
REG. T.M.
REGISTERED
REST ROOM
A TEXACO DEALER SERVICE

# on Big Trips...



*"Clean across the country"*

*Little travelers on big trips* get *so* restless, tired and dusty. It's such a comfort, when children are along, to pause and refresh at a Texaco *Registered* Rest Room.

Refresh yourself, too, at clean, spic-and-span *Registered* Rest Rooms wherever you drive.

You'll find them in all 48 States . . . completely equipped with running water, soap, towels, mirror for your convenience.

Every *Registered* Rest Room sign is backed by the Texaco Dealer's signed pledge; while the famous "White Patrol" inspection cars help to keep that rest room fully equipped and everlastingly clean.

And don't forget that the Texaco Dealer also offers you . . . Circle Service . . . stepped-up Fire-Chief gasoline and the luxury motor fuel, *SKY CHIEF for those who want the best* . . . *Insulated* Havoline and Texaco Motor Oils. The best way to enjoy your next long trip is to stop first at a Texaco Dealer.

## TEXACO DEALERS

Originators of *REGISTERED* REST ROOMS

**Texaco Dealers invite you to tune in The Texaco Star Theatre—a full hour of all-star entertainment—Every Wed. Night—Columbia Network—9:00 E. D.T., 8:00 E. S.T., 8:00 C. D.T., 7:00 C. S.T., 6:00 M. S.T., 5:00 P. S.T.**

Copyright 1940, by The Texas Company

SISTER CALLS ME CUPID!
ON ACCOUNT OF A WHILE AGO...
LOOKIT, SIS! WHAT YOU WANT TO GO AND HANG ICICLES ON A GOOD GUY LIKE GEORGE FOR?
TOMMIE, CUPID HASN'T GOT A CHANCE AGAINST BAD BREATH!
COUPLE OF HOURS LATER...
I GOT THE DOPE ALL RIGHT, GEORGE-- AND IT'S A CINCH! ALL YOU GOTTA DO TO RATE WITH SIS IS SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!
MY BREATH!
GEORGE SEES HIS DENTIST
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ... MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!
AND THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM...
BOY! FROM NOW ON, YOUR NAME WILL BE THE SAME AS GEORGE'S, WON'T IT, SIS?
YES, AND FROM NOW ON YOUR NAME IS GOING TO BE...CUPID!
NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM, TWICE A DAY WILL HELP YOU KEEP BAD BREATH AWAY!
20¢ LARGE SIZE
35¢ GIANT SIZE OVER TWICE AS MUCH
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth...helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

# Appointment in India

Continued from page 18

movement of liberation will be a Mohammedan movement, that Mohammedans will rule when India is free. But Hajji Ahmed will never get to use that dynamite. Not against us. We are exploding it tonight," said Ganeshi Lal, with smug satisfaction.

"What is all this talk of dynamite?"

"Ahalya Bai knows where it is stored," said Ganeshi. "She is friendly with one of the young men who brought it down from Curring's plantations. The dynamite is in Hajji Ahmed's chambers in the north minaret of the mosque. We have verified this. And tonight, at nine o'clock, the dynamite will blow up."

"Why must you fight the Moslems?" asked the Brahman. "How can you have a free India, if you do not have a united India? Why must you be such an easy prey to the tyrant's device—divide and rule?"

"If we do not destroy the dynamite," Ganeshi declared, "the Moslems will use it against us. Tonight at nine o'clock, during the procession of the Tazia, there will be no one near the north minaret of the mosque; they will all be marching with their papier-mâché biers to the river. Oh, there may be a sentry or two, but nothing to stop a man firing a rifle bullet into the dynamite. I know where it is. It is in a corner of Hajji Ahmed's chambers, covered with prayer rugs. One explosive bullet will detonate the lot. Don't go near the mosque at nine o'clock tonight, Father."

The old Brahman went out quickly. Just outside the door of the godown he saw Rhoda Curring. She moved away rather awkwardly, made futile little gestures with her lipstick, as though to cover her embarrassment at being caught eavesdropping.

VIRGINIA HATTON spent a miserable day. She had been so certain that she would find Fred Oaks at the station after the Mail came in from Madras that the disappointment was doubly bitter. At least she had expected to claim the "invalid chairs" and to make contact with Fred that way. The device of the riot in front of the station had come with such suddenness that she did not realize its import until the last of the bullock carts was far down the road.

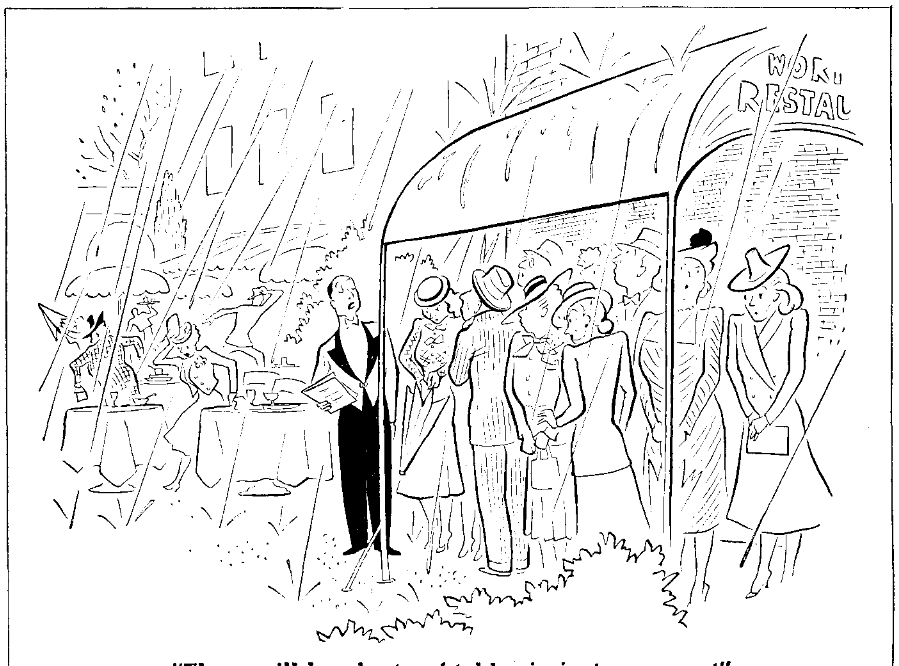
By this time the subahdar of police was by her side, insisting that he would be held responsible if she were injured. She was afraid of attracting his attention to the carts. If she set out in pursuit, the subahdar would follow—and Fred would again accuse her of having betrayed him to the authorities. By the time she could get rid of the subahdar, she had lost the bullocks—slow as they were—and an hour's effort to find them proved in vain.

She called on the Brahman, but there was no response to her repeated rapping on the door or the closed wooden shutters. The house of Ganeshi, his son, was also deserted.

She went to Dr. Forsythe's clinic. There was no sign of Fred, but there was work to be done. Until long past noon she helped bandage cracked heads and disinfect knife wounds—the result of the fighting in the cotton bazaar. It kept her from thinking too much. She went home for tiffin.

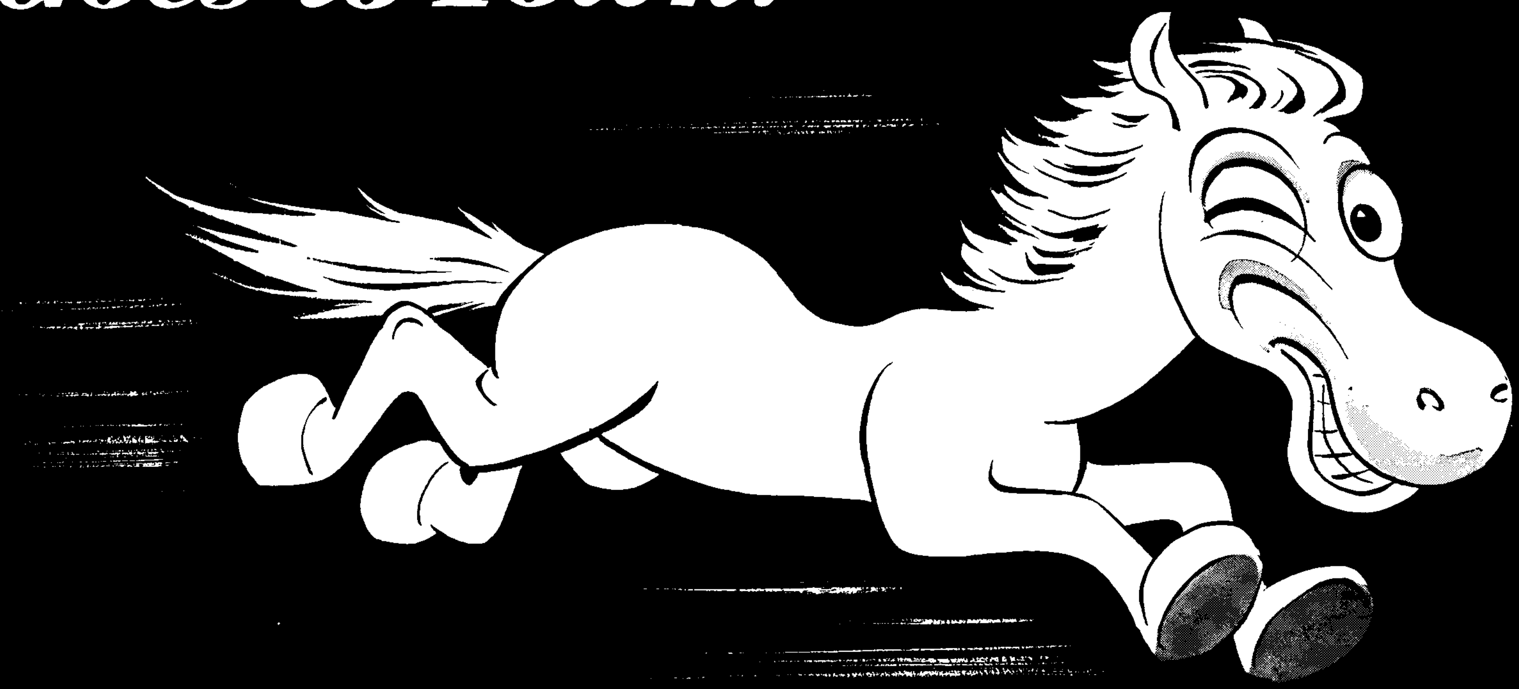
HER brother was so busy that he scarcely noticed her presence at the family table. He was sending and receiving messages, consulting with the subahdar of police, arguing with William Shakespeare Gabriel. The American detective ate heartily, in contrast to the nervous gulping of an occasional spoonful of curried *dal* by the district officer, and said little. He seemed to avoid Virginia's eyes, every time she tried to look at him across the table. He had no comment on her brother's latest theory of the Lucy Steel murder. James Curring was obviously the culprit. Curring had spoken to Lucy Steel when she arrived; he had not been seen since the death of Gwendolyn Small; he was therefore guilty. Fred Oaks was of no further interest to the district officer. Fred had fled the country, now that he realized that his game was up. He was fleeing charges of inciting to sedition, rather than charges of murder. Good riddance.

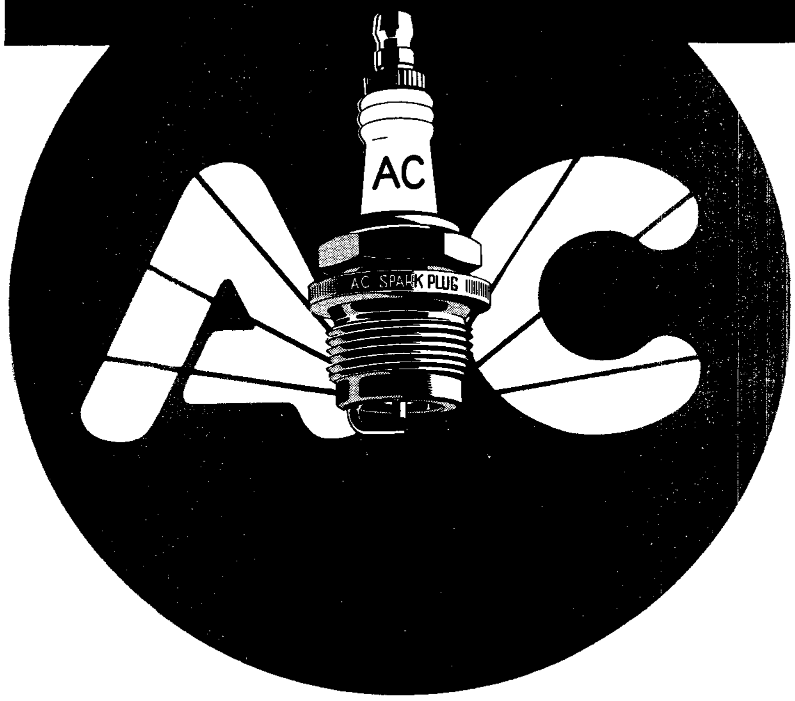
Alvin Brinker came in while they were eating dessert. He, too, was full of questions. No, there had been no troops sent for, and there would be none, said the D. O. No need for troops. The police were taking care of everything quite efficiently. They had kept order without firing a shot. They would not have to fire a shot. There hadn't been one life lost and there wouldn't be. A few bloodied noses and bruised heads were nothing. A D. O. who couldn't manage without the aid of the military wasn't worth his salt. A Hatton could



"There will be plenty of tables in just a moment" A. ALAIN

# Mr. CLEENIE
## *Goes to Town!*

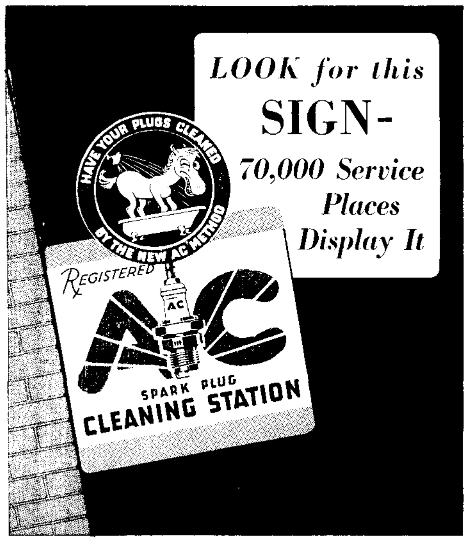




## —and America goes for SPARK PLUG CLEANING
### *to save gas and improve performance*

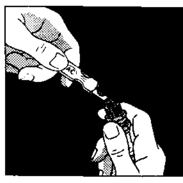
Plug cleaning and regapping, every 4,000 miles, are relied upon by millions of car and truck owners to help loss of power and pep, and waste of gasoline. Motoring Americans now know that the service rendered by Registered AC Cleaning Stations gives more value for a nickel than they ever got before.

### Here's how to get your PLUGS CLEANED

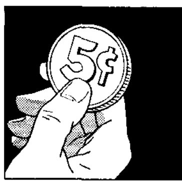

HAVE YOUR PLUGS CLEANED BY THE NEW AC METHOD
REGISTERED
AC
SPARK PLUG CLEANING STATION

*LOOK for this*
SIGN-
*70,000 Service Places Display It*

*Have Plugs*
CLEANED
*by the*
AC METHOD



*Cleaning Includes*
REGAPPING
*to the*
*Engineers' Standards*



*The Cost is only*
5c EACH
*the biggest nickel's worth you ever got*

**SPARK PLUGS NEED CLEANING, TOO**

***Replace worn plugs with new AC's for best engine performance***

## *For More Than 31 Years*
## THE QUALITY SPARK PLUG

Buick, Cadillac, Chevrolet, La Salle, Nash, Oldsmobile, and Pontiac motor cars; Chevrolet, Diamond-T, Federal, GMC, and International Trucks; Allis-Chalmers, Cletrac and International Harvester Tractors . . . these are some of the well-known cars, trucks, and tractors which use AC Quality Spark Plugs. Trust your spark plug requirements to the same brand of spark plugs which the leading, big-volume manufacturers select.

***Get a Set — and Get the difference***

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • *General Motors Corporation*
FLINT, MICHIGAN

4 OUT OF 5
BEWARE OF
GINGIVITIS

BLEEDING GUMS
SORE GUMS
INFLAMED GUMS
TENDER GUMS

EVEN YOUNG FOLKS MAY BE VICTIMS!

Gingivitis is attacking *thousands* thruout the nation. Watch out if *your* gums bleed and are tender, sore or irritated. These may be signs of Gingivitis, an inflammation where gums join the teeth which, IF NEGLECTED, often forewarns of ravaging Pyorrhea. *Only your dentist* can help Pyorrhea and it's wise to see him every 3 months for tooth and gum inspection. THEN—

At home you can help guard against Gingivitis the following easy way:

How 95% Cases Improved in 30 Days

Recent Clinical Investigation showed over 95% of Gingivitis patients wonderfully improved in just 30 days—simply by brushing their teeth and massaging their gums twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste—the ORIGINAL toothpaste for massaging gums.

And Forhan's—the effective formula of Dr. R. J. Forhan for cleaning teeth and massaging gums—not only cleans dingy teeth to their "natural" brilliance but ALSO *helps remove acid film that so often starts tooth decay.* Start using Forhan's Toothpaste to-day—note the difference! 39¢ and 19¢ at drug and department stores. Week-end size at 10¢ stores.

FREE →
50¢ GUM MASSAGER
Send empty carton from 39¢ size tube Forhan's Toothpaste to Forhan's, Dept. B-7, New Brunswick, N.J., and receive this wonderful 50¢ Gum Massager FREE.

always run his own show without outside help, and the people of Shakkarpur knew it. There was no danger. There would be no serious uprising. After the final procession of the Muharram holiday tonight, everything would quiet down. . . .

After tiffin Virginia got Gabriel alone for a moment on the veranda. Before she could say anything he shook his head.

"What happened?" he asked.

"He woke up just after you left," the girl replied.

"You were going to take care of him for me until I got back."

"Yes, I know. I tried."

"And he wouldn't stay?"

"He wouldn't listen to me."

The detective made a small noise with his tongue.

"Funny how many bad guesses I make these days," he said. "I would have sworn he'd listen to you. Did you—talk to him right?"

"I did the best I could."

"Look, sister." Gabriel lit a cigarette. "Why don't you just forget about him." He blew a thin funnel of smoke in the general direction of a shaft of sunlight slanting in through bamboo blinds, and watched the swirling eddies turn blue and golden brown in the hot brilliance.

"Mr. Gabriel! You haven't changed your mind? You don't think he's guilty after all?"

"I don't know, sister. I got a cable from San Francisco this morning. My office sent me the high lights of his old man's will. It's a funny document. The old man seemed to have a fit of remorse just before he died and is taking it out on Fred. The boy gets all the money on condition he locates every woman he ever walked out on or lied to, and makes proper financial retribution. Do you happen to know if Fred ever walked out on Lucy Steel?"

"Fred told me he divorced her in Yucatan."

"Without her knowledge, wasn't it?"

"Fred doesn't know whether she was informed of the divorce or not."

"THAT'S the angle, then," Gabriel said. "Lucy came to India because she had a two-way claim on some of the Oaks money. Either she was going to insist that she was still Fred's wife—those Yucatan divorces don't always hold up in American courts, you know—or she was going to cut herself in for a big slice as a poor, abandoned woman who'd been treacherously ditched in the Caribbean."

"Are you sure that Lucy Steel knew the terms of this new will?" the girl asked.

"Sure I'm sure," Gabriel replied. "My San Francisco office has been digging into the case. According to my cable, Lucy had been snooping around the offices of old man Oaks' attorneys and made friends with a young law clerk who gave her the inside dope. Lucy had a way with young law clerks. . . .

"And here's another point. Do you know who the Oaks will named as judge to decide whether Fred had done right by the women in his past? Gwendolyn Small—as long as she was alive. In case of her death, the Oaks attorneys were to decide when, if and how much of the money was to go to Fred. It seems to me, if I were in Fred's shoes, I'd rather take a chance on the tolerant masculine viewpoint of a firm of attorneys than on the judgment of a woman who'd been jilted herself!"

Gabriel blew a huge smoke ring to punctuate his declaration.

The girl looked at him blankly for a moment. When the significance of Gabriel's report dawned upon her, she said:

"But Fred couldn't have killed Miss Small. He was unconscious—in your room."

"That's what I thought. But apparently he was conscious when I left him with you—and was playing possum. Maybe he wrote that note about barbiturates himself."

"And is that why you say I should forget him?"

"That's part of it. Do you know where he's hiding?"

"No. Do you?"

Gabriel shook his head.

"What's the other part, Mr. Gabriel?"

"Well," the detective began. He stopped, smoked for a moment, then resumed: "When a man makes up his mind . . . or when he makes up his mind *not* to make up his mind . . . there's nothing much to do but let him fry in his own fatheadedness."

"What about the other side of it, Mr. Gabriel? When a woman makes up *her* mind?"

"That's another reason you ought to forget about him," he said. He started away, then came back, taking a deck of cards from his pocket. "By the way," he said, "do you recognize these?"

"Should I?"

"I don't know. I found them on the floor of Gwendolyn Small's rooms."

"Then they're probably Gwendolyn's. They're dog-eared enough to be hers, poor thing."

"Funny thing," the detective said, "but I could have sworn the ones she was telling fortunes with last night were different."

"In what way?"

"They were foreign-looking. The spots were funny-shaped, and the kings and queens didn't look much like kings and queens."

"Oh, those. They were Continental cards."

"You remember them?" Gabriel asked eagerly.

"I gave them to Gwendolyn. They were sent to me by my . . . my brother. Oh, not Reggie. I used to have another brother, although we're not supposed to talk about him. He was a little like me—not quite a Hatton. He volunteered to fight for the Loyalists in Spain. He was killed on the Ebro."

"What about the cards? What were they like?"

"They were proletarian cards. I'm not sure they were Spanish; perhaps Russian. My brother sent them to me because he thought I'd be amused by the way the ultrademocratic card designers had done away with kings and queens, even in pasteboard. The kings were all workers or farmers. Instead of scepters, they held hammers in their hands, or sickles."

"Hammers, eh? And what did the jacks hold?"

"The jacks? Oh, the knaves. I don't remember exactly. I think one was a fisherman, and one a shepherd. . . . Why don't you look at Gwendolyn's deck?"

"That's just the point," Gabriel said. "It's gone."

"Gone?"

"I've been over those rooms again with a fine-tooth comb. There's no trace of any cards but the ones I found scattered on the floor—the ones I just showed you."

"Why should anyone want to steal cards, I wonder?"

"I don't know—yet. You haven't another deck somewhere about, have you? The funny ones?"

"Yes, I think I have," Virginia said. "I'm not sure where it is, but I could probably find it for you."

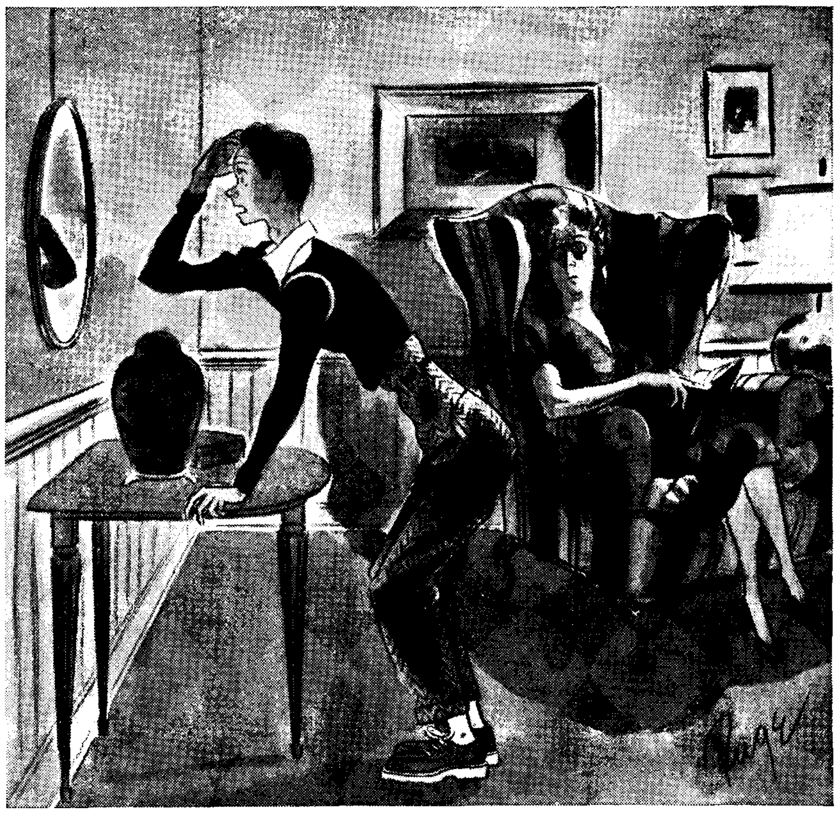
"I wish you'd look when you get a chance," Gabriel said, "I'll see you later. I got to go now. I got work to do."

He went down the veranda steps three at a time.

VIRGINIA returned to Dr. Forsythe's clinic. There was a lull in the emergency cases, however, because Shakkarpur had actually quieted down, as Reggie had said. Or perhaps it was just too hot to fight. In any event, she had plenty of time to think. And at the end of the afternoon she realized what Bill Gabriel had been trying to say to her. *"When a woman makes up her mind . . ." "That's another reason you ought to forget about him . . ."*

She had really known what woman Gabriel was talking about, almost immediately, but it had taken most of the afternoon to get herself to admit as much. Strange, how the mind could shut out unpleasant facts. . . .

Virginia had a peculiarly empty feeling as she knocked at Rhoda Curring's door. There seemed to be nothing inside her but a great, uncertain, tremulous coldness. She was foolish to come, she knew. She had no claim on Fred, really



"Hey, Mom. Am I getting bald? Huh, Mom?" JOHN A. RUGE

ANNOUNCING
LOWER LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE RATES

## Effective May 1st on all transcontinental calls and most other calls over 420 miles

Long Distance rate reductions, effective May 1st, apply to all transcontinental calls and to most other calls of more than 420 airline miles.

For example, a 3-minute, station-to-station, daytime call between San Francisco and New York formerly cost $6.50. It now costs $4, and after 7 P.M., and all day Sunday, only $3.

The same kind of call between Minneapolis and New Orleans has been reduced from $3 to $2.50.

The new low rates bring distant friends or customers much nearer by telephone.

Just glance over the rate table at the right. Your Long Distance operator will be glad to give you the *new* rates to other far-away points.

| | | 3 MINUTES, DAYTIME, STATION-TO-STATION★ | | 3 MINUTES, DAYTIME, PERSON-TO-PERSON★ | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| FROM | TO | OLD RATE | NEW RATE | OLD RATE | NEW RATE |
| San Francisco | New York | $6.50 | $4.00 | $8.75 | $5.00 |
| Philadelphia | Seattle | 6.25 | 4.00 | 8.50 | 5.00 |
| Salt Lake City | Washington, D.C. | 5.00 | 3.50 | 6.75 | 4.50 |
| Chicago | Los Angeles | 4.75 | 3.50 | 6.25 | 4.50 |
| Portland, Me. | Memphis | 3.50 | 2.70 | 4.50 | 3.60 |
| Miami | New York | 3.25 | 2.50 | 4.25 | 3.35 |
| Minneapolis | New Orleans | 3.00 | 2.50 | 4.00 | 3.35 |
| Dallas | St. Louis | 1.70 | 1.55 | 2.25 | 2.05 |
| Cleveland | Atlanta | 1.65 | 1.55 | 2.20 | 2.05 |
| New York | Detroit | 1.55 | 1.50 | 2.05 | 2.00 |

★*Rates are lower still after 7 P. M. and all day Sunday.*

Why *Smart* Car Owners Insist On

Motorola
PUSH-BUTTON
Auto Radio

"IT FITS AND MATCHES MY INSTRUMENT PANEL EXACTLY"
"IT HAS RICHER TONE-GREATER VOLUME"
"...AND IT COSTS NO MORE THAN ORDINARY RADIO"
1ST for 10 Straight years

ASK YOUR DEALER TO INSTALL A GENUINE Motorola Radio

No matter what make or model car you're driving it can be fitted perfectly with Motorola—America's Finest Auto Radio. And the push-button control head will exactly fit and match your instrument panel! Be smart—Don't take *"no"* for an answer! Insist on a genuine Motorola!

3 BIG REASONS WHY

**1.** **Richer, Radiant Tone:** Acclaimed "tops" by musical experts and authorities from coast to coast. Your ear will know!

**2.** **More Power, Greater Volume:** Brings in those far distant stations without blurring or fading. Gets more stations—easier—clearer.

**3.** **More Value Per Dollar:** In streamlined beauty . . . in performance . . . in tested superiority. America's finest auto radio.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET
Know how to measure and judge good car radio performance.

GALVIN MFG. CORPORATION
4541 Augusta Blvd. Chicago, Ill.

Motorola Radio
AMERICA'S FINEST
FOR YOUR CAR AND HOME

—no more than Rhoda, except that Rhoda was already married. Yet she could not have stopped herself from coming. It was her last chance, and she was driven to it by the knowledge that Fred Oaks was the one man in the world she wanted, a knowledge that had come to her painfully, in spite of everything she had believed in before. She had told him so, shamelessly, and she supposed she should feel humiliated because he had spurned her, run away when he knew he could have taken her for the asking. But she didn't. It was because he had run away that she was here now. He still had a spark of something fine left in him, something noble, even. That was why he had run away. . . .

"Come in, my dear. Do come in and have a cup of tea with me. The water must be boiling now."

Rhoda Curring was very gracious and very lovely in a fluttery green negligee. She held the door open with such a gesture of welcome that one would have thought that Virginia was a very old and dear friend. And Virginia knew that she detested all women on general principles.

"Thank you," said Virginia. "I won't stay but a moment."

SHE sat down in a fan-backed chair while Rhoda stretched herself languidly on a chaise longue and called for the *khansamah* to bring the hot water. She directed the making of the tea and the serving of it with almost imperceptible movements of her slim white hands, and a few lazy words of Hindustani to the servant.

"It's been a trying day, hasn't it, dear?" said Rhoda when the tea had been poured and they were alone.

"Rather," said Virginia. "Any news of Mr. Curring?"

"Not a word," said Rhoda. "But I'm not worried. Jim's no doubt in the plantations again. He's been very busy these days."

"Yes, of course." No, naturally Rhoda Curring wasn't worried about her husband. She wasn't even thinking of him, unless it was to rejoice in his absence. Because she was certainly rejoicing. There was a triumphant glow about her, a happy radiance of a great, turbulent joy that must be temporarily suppressed —the complete, self-contained happiness of a woman in love, a willful woman who has at last got what she wants. As she looked at the shapely, feline loveliness of Rhoda stretched on her chaise longue, studied the perfect poise of her head, the strange light of both satisfaction and anticipation in her green eyes, Virginia knew that she was right in her supposition. She said abruptly:

"So you're running off to join Fred Oaks after all?"

Rhoda made a slight purring sound. "Wherever did you get that notion, my dear?" she asked languidly—too languidly to hide the emotion that Virginia's question had produced.

"Just looking at you," Virginia replied in a voice she did not quite recognize. "You're the perfect picture of love triumphant."

"Is that why you've come?"

"Yes."

Rhoda laughed six tinkling notes of a descending chromatic scale. "And I suppose that's why he is going away with me?"

"Precisely."

"My dear, you *do* have a romantic conception of men—particularly of Fred. Do you actually think Fred has decided he is not worthy of you and is making the great gesture of renunciation by running off with a—well, an erring wife —just to prove his unworthiness?"

"It's not quite as simple as that, Mrs. Curring."

"In that case, you're blaming me. I'm the wicked siren who is using all her wiles to entice the upright young man into the ways of evil. Is that it?"

"I wish I could flatter you by saying yes," Virginia said. The catty atmosphere was affecting her. She could almost feel fur rising along her spine, was ready to give meow for meow. "But I don't think you have that much influence on Fred. He's too used to having women like you swoon at his feet to be at all impressed, let alone enticed."

"But you think he'll listen to you?"

"I don't know. I love him. I'd like to see him once more."

"And persuade him that he belongs to you?"

"There's no use of my denying that, Mrs. Curring. I've been quite frank with you—because I think you'd appreciate knowing there might be a doubt in Fred's mind. You might hesitate to take a definitive, irreparable step, if you knew Fred's heart belonged to someone else."

Garrett Price

"Thank you so much." Again Rhoda's laugh rippled down a few chromatic intervals. "Do you know, my dear, you are not only naïve, but positively egotistical. And since you are being frank with me, I may as well confess that until a few days ago I thought you might be right—that Fred might be a little bit in love with you. Not really in love, I should say . . . but intrigued, rather, by the idea of finding anyone in India still possessing childlike, romantic ideals. I know now, of course, that I was wrong."

"Were you?"

"Quite wrong. Fred has proved it—as you seemed to have found out somehow. He has made his choice . . . and it is *not* you."

"Since you are so certain of him, why not let me say goodby to him?" Virginia asked once more.

RHODA raised herself on one elbow. She was no longer on the defensive; she was ready for the attack. Her smile was hard, her manner brittle. Only her voice remained gently condescending.

"That's exactly what I intend to do, my dear," she purred. "I only wish I could send him to you now, to end your suspense. But there's really no way I can put you in touch with him before tonight. As you know, he's more or less playing hide-and-seek—"

"Yes, I know. But tonight?"

"Tonight," said Rhoda deliberately, looking Virginia squarely in the eyes, "at a few minutes before nine o'clock he will be at the mosque—in Hajji Ahmed's chambers in the north minaret. I'm not sure you'll be able to get in. You know how the Moslems are about women and their mosque . . . particularly European women. . . ."

"I'll get in."

"Be there a little before nine . . . in the north minaret," said Rhoda. "And if Fred isn't there, wait until he comes. Or perhaps you'd better not. It may be dangerous."

"I'm not afraid."

"You realize that Fred is involved in a perilous game—that you might be hurt, or even killed."

"I'm not in the least afraid."

"And, of course, you'll say nothing to anyone about where you are going, or why."

"Of course."

"And you must remember that I warned you about going there—about the danger—if anything should happen . . ."

"Thank you." Virginia arose to go.

"Then goodby, my dear." Rhoda extended a limp hand. "Shall we part friends?"

"Goodby, Mrs. Curring."

Virginia went down the veranda steps, her head high. She had the same feeling of elation she had experienced the night before at Seaside House. As she turned to walk along the shore to her brother's bungalow, she saw Shivaji Lal talking to a group of Hindu fishermen. The old Brahman apparently did not see her. At least, he was looking out to sea as she passed.

VIRGINIA HATTON did not question the authenticity of Rhoda's information regarding Fred's whereabouts. It seemed to be the gloating gesture of a cocksure woman, certain that a lesser rival would receive a final rebuff. There appeared to be no motive for sending her on a wild-goose chase; if she did not want Virginia to see Fred again, it would be so much more in character for a woman like Rhoda to have said merely, "No," with queenly disdain. Besides, Fred had been in frequent contact with Hajji Ahmed and it was quite plausible that he should be at the mosque. There was never any doubt that Virginia should go.

Reginald Hatton gave his sister specific orders to stay indoors that night, because of the possibility of street fighting, but he took no steps to see that she obeyed him. He was too busy. At eight o'clock she went to the servants' lines and borrowed a full, pleated Mohammedan skirt and a veil from her ayah. Then, with her face covered like a *purdah* woman's, and with silver anklets jingling about her bare feet, she started off for the mosque across the river. No one would address a *purdah* woman, and she had no fear of being recognized. Even Shivaji Lal, whom she passed on the bridge across the river, seemed not to recognize her.

On the slope leading to the mosque she was caught in the crowds of Moslems on their way to celebrate the end of Muharram, their annual period of mourning for a tragedy thirteen centuries old. From the tense faces and fanatical glitter in the eyes of the man who jostled her rudely aside, she could have believed that it was only yesterday that the prophet's grandson had been murdered at Karbala. For ten days they had been whipping up their traditional religious grief until tonight it had reached a high emotional pitch—so high that they were no longer certain just what emotion had set their nerves atremble. It would be a simple matter for their fervor to find other outlets—so easy that Virginia began to fear for her rendezvous. She made her way out of the crowd, took a wide detour to reach the top of the hill.

Near the mosque the procession of the Tazia was already forming. Men were carrying grotesque objects of papier-mâché fashioned in the shape of the tomb of the late-lamented Husain. There were also biers for his brother Hasan and their father Ali, the prophet's son-in-law. Dozens of torchbearers led the procession, moving in a circle, with the belated mourners punctuating the rhythm with shouts of "Ya, Hasan! Ya, Husain!" An old man was following them, beating his breast, and screaming, "Ya, Ali! Ya, Ali!" Virginia skirted

Know what you get
Know what you pay
when you buy a new car on time
GMAC PAYMENT CHART
New Passenger Cars
for the exclusive use of
GENERAL MOTORS
Dealers
GENERAL MOTORS
INSTALMENT
PLAN
figure the financing yourself with this chart

How are you to know what you get and what you pay?

The best way to know is to figure the whole cost yourself—*before you buy!*

You can do that easily with this General Motors Instalment Plan "figuring chart"—a chart that shows in advance, in dollars and cents, the complete cost of financing your car.

The chart also shows what you get in sound, low-cost insurance protection for your car.

And this chart is so easy to understand that in a few minutes you can figure the whole transaction for yourself—based on the amount of time *you* want, and the amount *you* wish to pay monthly.

Here, then, is the way for you to know in advance, what you get... what you pay...when you buy a car on time.

So send the coupon at the right, and get *your* "figuring chart."

Discover for yourself that this "Open Book" plan *saves you money!*

*This plan is available only through dealers in*
CHEVROLET, PONTIAC, OLDSMOBILE, BUICK, LA SALLE and CADILLAC cars.

**GENERAL MOTORS**
You know what you get | You know what you pay
*"Open Book"*
*Instalment* **PLAN**

NO SALESMAN WILL CALL

**GENERAL MOTORS ACCEPTANCE CORPORATION** B-4
**1775 Broadway, New York**

*Please send copy of the GMAC Payment Chart for car checked below.*

☐ CHEVROLET ☐ PONTIAC ☐ OLDSMOBILE ☐ BUICK
☐ LA SALLE ☐ CADILLAC

Name
Address
City
County State U.S.A.

MEMO: Get these for the Car!

ACROSS THE NATION

SOCONY-VACUUM

Everywhere You Drive, You Can Buy these Famous MOBIL SPECIALTIES

Makes Cars Look New

MOBILGLOSS

Brings back the beauty and lustre of your car. Goes on quickly. Removes grime, grease, and ugly traffic film. Rubs up with little effort to a brilliant, lasting polish.

MOBIL UPPERLUBE

Add to the gasoline. Reaches upper cylinders as a vapor. Impregnates surfaces—protects cylinder walls and valve stems from rust and wear. Improves engine performance.

Put in a Supply

Vital for Radiators

MOBIL HYDROTONE

Add Mobil Hydrotone to the radiator. It neutralizes corrosive action—checks rust and scale. Risk of clogging and leaks is avoided. A vital need for every car.

MOBIL WINDOW SPRAY

Makes it easy to keep windshields and windows clean and sparkling. Just spray it on; wipe with a clean dry cloth. Equally good for windows and other home uses.

Get Extra Can

For 100 Uses

MOBIL HANDY OIL

An all-purpose, non-gumming lubricant. Fine for generators, household appliances, sewing machines, vacuum cleaners. A "must" for home and garage. Wall bracket free.

OTHER MOBIL SPECIALTIES
MOBIL RADIATOR FLUSH
MOBIL LUSTRE CLOTH · MOBIL SPOT REMOVER
MOBIL PENETRATING OIL · MOBIL SPONGE CLEANER
MOBILWAX · MOBIL STOP-LEAK · MOBIL FREEZONE

BUY WHERE YOU SEE THE MOBILOIL OR MOBILGAS SIGN

GARGOYLE Mobiloil Mobilgas

Mobil Specialties

BY THE MAKERS OF MOBILOIL

the mosque to approach the north minaret.

Two men were standing near the base of the minaret. They were big men, probably Mohammedans from the north, and Virginia could see the torchlight gleam on knives at their waists. They were watching the ceremony in front of the mosque and did not see Virginia as she approached the pointed arch of the window. The window stood high from the ground and she could barely look through it. There was a single lamp burning in a filigree copper bowl suspended from the ceiling. There was no one in the room. After another glance at the two sentries, she gathered up her borrowed skirts. With a supreme effort, she scrambled up the wall, swung herself over the sill into the room.

Once inside she looked about for a place to hide—in case someone should look through the window and see her before Fred arrived. There was a pile of prayer rugs flung over some sort of chest against the far wall. She lifted one of the rugs, slipped underneath, drew it over her head, settled down to wait for Fred. He would not be long now. She looked at the luminous dial of her wrist watch. It was seven minutes of nine.

FROM his hiding place in the Marwari's emporium, Fred Oaks had seen Rhoda Curring ride past on her way to Chunder Bose's godown, had seen her stop before the rambling structure and get out. He knew, then, that arrangements had been completed, that he would escape tonight in the indigo *dhow* for Yanaon. He allowed himself to sleep for an hour or two in his packing case, since there was nothing further to do until dark.

After nightfall, he went out the back way and made for the riverbank. He would not be molested tonight, he was certain. Hatton's police were too busy breaking up street fights to be bothered looking for him. He had seen a platoon of them scurrying through the maidan near the station in late afternoon. Later he had heard them firing warning volleys over belligerent crowds of pilgrims near the Temple of Shiva. The Marwari had told him the details when he gave him the other half of the hundred-rupee note.

A crowd of Mohammedans on their way to the mosque had encountered a procession of Hindus dragging the great chariot in which Shiva and his wife Parvati were being exhibited. A Moslem had been trampled by one of the temple elephants, and the fight had started. Fred had heard none of his own rifles being fired as yet. He wouldn't have to wait much longer, however. Ganeshi Lal would grow impatient—and the big tamasha would be on in earnest. The gentlemen at Burgos should be pleased. Perhaps they would send him to North Africa next. . . .

Not that Fred wanted to go to North Africa particularly. Anywhere would do, as long as it was far from Shakkarpur—and Virginia. There would probably be hell breaking loose in North Africa soon, and the excitement would make him forget that he had been on the point of going soft like a moonstruck schoolboy, that he might still go soft if he saw any way of doing it without causing endless trouble for the girl he was running away from. . . .

Fred took the narrow back streets of the bazaar. They were deserted. The cautious shopkeepers had put up their shutters against the wreckers and the looters. Broken glass and scattered merchandise indicated shops that had been too late with their precautions.

Fred reached the river just beyond the burning ghat. A pall of heavy, pungent smoke, redolent with the smell of mortality, lay along the riverbank. A few glowing heaps of embers smoldered on the steps leading to the water. A solitary figure was silhouetted against the ruddy haze—some surviving relative waiting to consign the charred bones of his dead to the sacred bosom of the flowing stream. They must have cremated Lucy Steel here this morning. Strange, for their paths to have crossed again like this in India. He had not the slightest twinge of emotion as he thought of her. She belonged to another world, another incarnation. . . .

Fred picked his way among the sampans and big, globular fish baskets drawn up among the mangroves that fringed the river. A weir of woven rattan stretched out halfway into the stream, and beyond he could see the great truncated pyramids of the *gopuras*, towering above the gates of the Temple of Shiva. The sweeping towers glowed now saffron, now pale yellow, as purifying salt was thrown upon the torches below. The roar of the crowd and the squeal of elephants told of another exit of the glittering images of Shiva and Parvati from the inner sanctum. . . .

Ten minutes later Fred could see the masts of the *dhow* moored to the river Ghat. He could smell the stench of fermented indigo emanating from the hot hold of the native craft and wondered how the fastidious Rhoda was going to like such an odorous trip. She'd have to like it. . . .

Suddenly Fred stopped dead. The shadow of a man arose from the mangroves immediately in front of him.

"Salaam, sahib!" said the shadow.

Fred took a step backward, looking behind, to both sides.

"Hello, Shivaji Lal," he said. "Is this an ambush?"

"In a way, sahib. I wanted to say goodby to you," said the Brahman.

"How did you know I would be passing this way?" Fred asked uneasily.

"It was surmise on my part," the Brahman replied. "I saw Mrs. Curring steal away from her house not long ago. She took such infinite precautions not to be seen that—you must pardon an old man's curiosity—I followed. When she went on board that indigo *dhow,* I thought you would come shortly. I am not blind, sahib. I know what goes on. I know your work is finished, that you would go quickly—and secretly. So I waited."

"Damned nice of you," Fred declared. "Well, goodby."

HE HELD out his hand. The Brahman grasped it in both of his.

"Goodby," said the Brahman. "I congratulate you on having done your work so thoroughly. It was very clever, the way you arranged for word of Hajji Ahmed's dynamite to reach my daughter-in-law. You knew, of course, that my son would lay plans at once to blow up the mosque."

"Your son does not share the Mahatma's theory of nonviolence, Shivaji Lal."

"At nine o'clock tonight he will blow up the mosque. He will shoot a bullet into the dynamite, in the north minaret. . . ."

"That's no business of mine. I'll say goodby, Shivaji Lal." Fred tried to withdraw his hand, but the Brahman held on tightly.

"I hope you will soon be cured of your illness, sahib," said Shivaji Lal.

"I'm not ill. I'm in perfect health."

"You are quite ill, sahib. You are suffering from a severe case of earthbound, sense-chained malnutrition of the spirit. You are a prisoner of maya—illusion. You live by your senses, you know only a sensory world—which you find inadequate and sickening. You have not learned to liberate yourself, to find reality behind maya. You are alone in your own false world—quite alone."

*(To be concluded next week)*

## Survival

Continued from page 13

excitement. Suddenly his nose went up, sampling the air. He moved back and forth on the beach, sniffing. Then he watched eagerly.

Nothing happened. Sea birds fluttered round and round. Then he saw something dark for just the fraction of an instant, mingled with the white foam on a wave tip. He seemed to quiver. Presently he sat down on his haunches, his nose pointed seaward. Again he glimpsed a dark object. His tail wagged briefly. His ears pricked up—and the wind blew into them. He shook himself and sat down again, watching.

The dark object once more. It was close to shore. The dog stood up. He barked at it. He made little dancing steps. He barked and barked, excitedly, running up and down the beach.

Then it was plain on the tip of a breaker. It vanished, appeared in the very forefront of the curling combers, and shot shoreward in a smother of spume and spray that almost completely covered it. It was a raft, broken and shattered by the turmoil of the reef. A man struggled feebly amid its fragments.

Twice the waves flung the man on the sand, and twice drew him back to roll him cruelly in smothering spume. A third time, and he dug himself in with hands and feet until the water drew back.

His arms and legs collapsed and he lay flat in the hot sunlight. He looked like a scarecrow and a skeleton. His lips were raw and cracked. His belly was constricted; he had drawn his belt incredibly tight to ease the cramps that come of hunger. His eyes were mad.

The dog barked at him, his tail wagging between barkings. He quivered with delight.

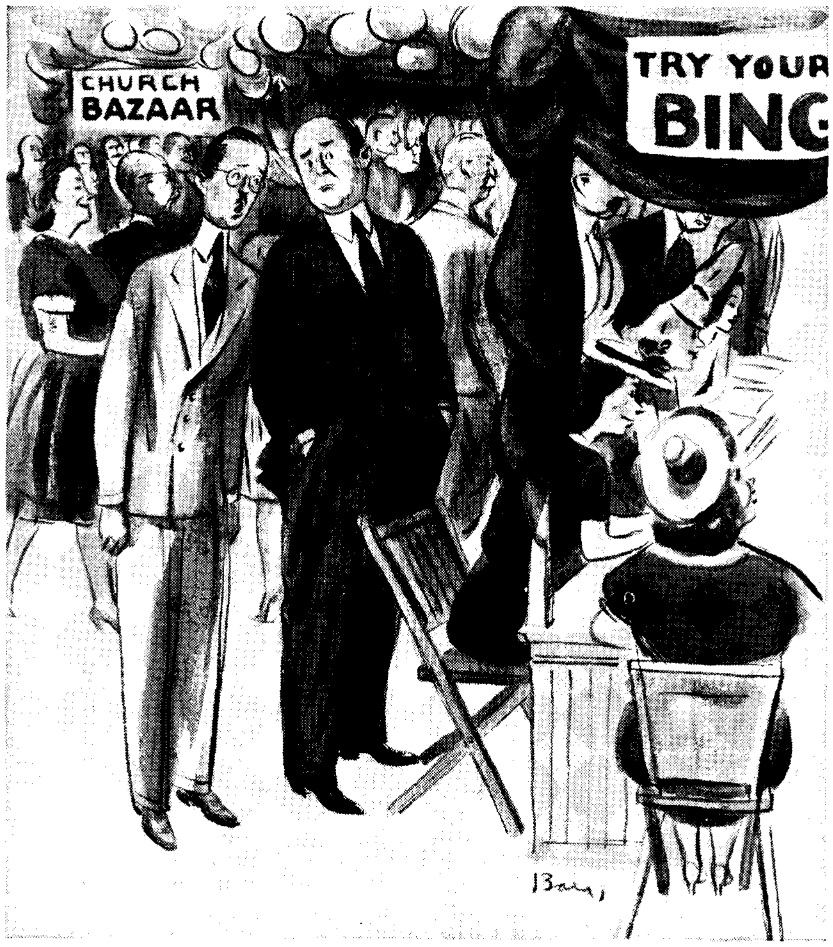
Presently the man stirred. The dog stood five feet away, his tail vibrating. The man's reddened eyes saw him. The dog grinned, his tongue lolling. The man stared, blinking. Then he seemed to become enormously excited, though his weakness was extreme. He croaked at the dog. He croaked again. He made desperate gestures to accompany his croaking, as if to say, "Go! Go home!" And he watched with fevered eyes to note the direction the dog might take. The presence of a dog argued the presence of a man. This man croaked thickly, hoarsely, for the dog to go home to his master.

The dog came closer, squirming bashfully. He backed away again and picked up a bit of driftwood. He put it down within the man's reach and stood looking at it, quivering, waiting for the man to throw it away so that he could bring it back again.

THE man made a whimpering noise. Then he struck at the dog. The dog wagged his tail. The man picked up the scrap of driftwood and the dog danced in anticipation. The man threw it fiercely—and it hit the dog. A pointed end hurt. The dog yelped once. The man fumbled. A shell. He threw that too. It struck and hurt cruelly. Another shell.

The dog suddenly turned tail and fled, his tail between his legs. He ran for fifty feet. A hundred. The man crawled feebly in his wake. Then the dog slackened speed and looked over his shoulder. He stopped.

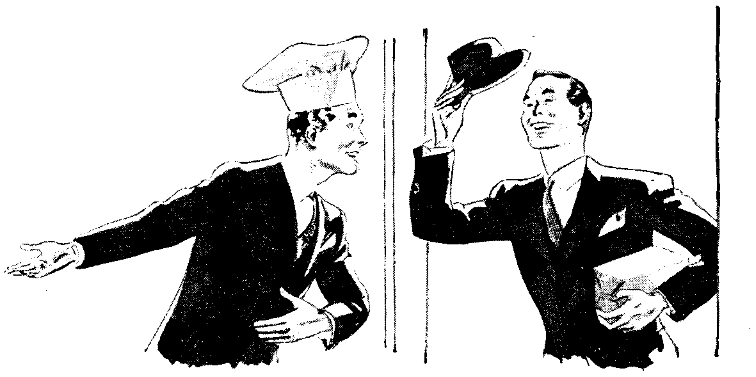
The man swore thickly, wearily. It was plain that the dog had run off at random. He rested. The dog still looked at him bewilderedly. A long time later the man crawled away from the sea, across and away from the beach. The dunes—soft, powdery sand—began. Here all movement was horribly labori-



"I wouldn't chance the bingo table if I were you. I hear the game's fixed for the Ladies' Aid" HOWARD BAER

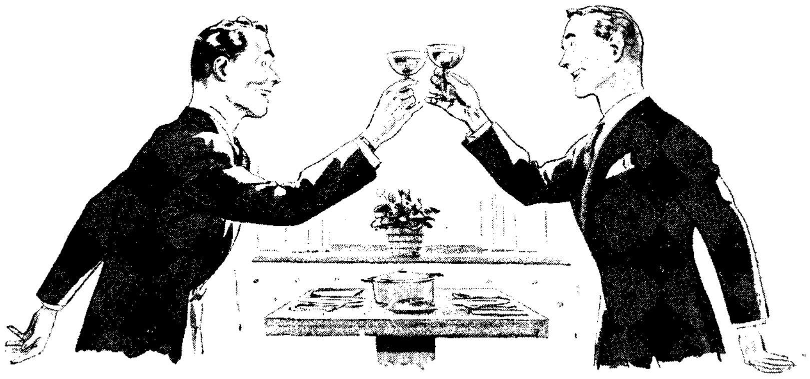
The Man Who Came to Dinner

(AND THE WHISKEY THAT CAME TO STAY!)



I had asked him up to dinner (though the family was away)...
To sample my spaghetti, and to pass the time of day.
He arrived complete with package, and as I took his hat
He said, "Since you know whiskey, I believe you'll go for that."

I opened it and read "Paul Jones," and said, "Thanks, Jim, I'll try
It in the drinks this very night." He said, "You'll find it DRY."
So I made us some Manhattans (which is what I make the best)
And I took his Paul Jones whiskey and I put it to the test.



He said, "Here's luck! You'll find the DRYNESS makes drinks brisk and grand."
I tasted once... and tasted *twice*... and then held out my hand;
*"Here's luck* is right, my friend," I said, "... I'll toast it and I'll say:
*"To the man who came to dinner... this whiskey's come to stay!"*

I've learned a lot about Paul Jones, since meeting it that night;
I've learned it's whiskey *every drop*—and every drop is right;
I've learned its zest makes *all* drinks best... and this is my advice:
You won't buy better whiskey, at—or near—its new low price!

Paul Jones

IT'S DRY... AND WHAT A BUY!

*A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore*

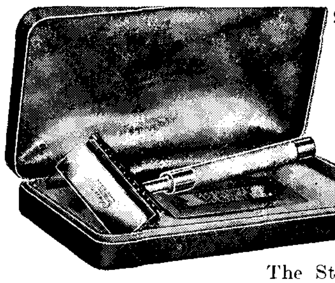
to Men Who are Still Looking for that Better Shave!

**Mail coupon below, and we will send you, without cost or obligation, a Standard $1.00 Model Christy Razor and 6 Blades.**

Shave with the Christy for 30 days, using the 6 blades that come with the razor. Find out for yourself what thousands of other men have learned—that the Christy "light-as-a-feather" shave is a *different kind of shave* from any you have ever had.

**The Razor of Perfect Balance**

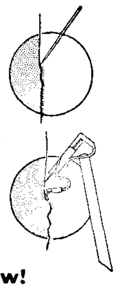
Note how the Christy is "balanced" as perfectly as your favorite fishing rod—how it "handles" easily in any position, shaving cleanly around the nose and corners of the mouth, and in all those "hard-to-reach" spots. Observe the freedom from after-shave irritation . . . Do this for 30 days—then, if you feel that you simply can't do without your Christy, keep it with our compliments, merely sending $1 to cover the regular retail price of 4 extra packages of blades packed 5 to a package which we will send you postpaid . . . If, on the other hand, you don't find a Christy shave the best you ever had, return the razor and forget the matter. Your willingness to *try* the Christy is ample payment to us for the 6 blades used during the 30-day trial period.



**Standard $1 Model FREE**
•
**Send No Money**

The Standard $1 Model Christy Razor comes to you in a durable metal case, beautifully silk and velvet lined—The razor is our finest model, extra light for ease and comfort in handling. The 6 trial blades are the regular Christy Blades of heavier-than-ordinary steel, to take and retain the extra-keen shaving edge.

**The "Massage Bar" Shave**



If you have never used a Christy Razor you have a new experience awaiting you in the "Massage Bar" Christy Shave. This exclusive Christy feature smooths the skin in advance of the blade, which thus cuts the beard square at the base on a taut surface. *You hardly know you're shaving!* None of the usual irritating after-effects. Truly a boon to the man with a tough beard and tender skin.

**Accept this FREE OFFER Now!**

You have everything to gain—nothing to lose. If you like the Christy Razor, keep it with our compliments, paying only for 4 extra packages of fine quality hand finished blades at regular retail price of 25¢ per package of 5. If you prefer to return the razor, do so at the end of the 30-day trial period. No other obligation than to TRY the Christy and make your own decision. Mail the coupon today!

**The Christy Co., Fremont, Ohio** C-10

Please send me, all charges prepaid, Standard $1 Model Christy Razor, complete in case with 6 Christy Blades. If, after 30 days trial, I don't want to part with my Christy, I will send you $1 for 4 extra packages of hand finished blades, packed 5 to a package, retaining the razor with your compliments. If I decide not to keep the razor, I will return it to you, without any further obligation. In any event, I am entitled to use the 6 blades that come in the razor package, without cost or obligation, during the 30-day trial period. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.)

Name ..........................................................

Address ..........................................................

City and State ..........................................................

ous. It took the man an hour to cover a hundred and fifty feet. The dog watched perplexedly, yet hopefully. He followed at a respectful distance until the man reached the top of the nearest dune, from which all the island lay within view. He could see fifteen hundred yards of coral sand one way, half as much in another, a tiny speck of a lagoon lazily embraced by the sand dunes, surf behind him and empty, deep-blue sea ahead, filled with waves that went hurrying on toward the far horizons. Sea birds fluttered overhead. And there were a few tiny bits of discouraged green which were green tangle and ice weed.

The man saw the green things. He stared at them. Then he crawled desperately toward them. The dog followed, still hopeful of establishing friendly relations. The man moved slowly. He reached the bushes a long time later. Then he stuffed his mouth with the leaves, chewing them fiercely for the moisture they contained. They were bitter, but he extracted some few drops of ill-tasting fluid from them.

The dog moved to observe more closely. A nesting sea bird fluttered up, squawking, almost under his feet. The dog instantly hunted for the nest. He found it and ate the eggs, luxuriously. He was in plain sight of the man and not fifty feet away. The man saw that he was eating and uttered a terrible cry of envy. Under the stress of his emotion he actually tottered to his feet.

The dog drew back warily, though he tentatively wagged his tail. The man fell upon the now-emptied nest. He found nothing, and sobbed. Then he saw a second bird flap upward agitatedly, frightened by the dog in his retreat. The man, his throat working, crawled toward the spot. And he found two eggs. Half an hour later he found two more. They were in some sense food and drink combined.

The man was not yet convinced that there was no other human here. He waved his arms fiercely at the dog, trying to shout a stern command that would send him scuttling homeward. The dog came bounding forward. The man threw another shell.

It hurt the dog savagely. It drew blood. He yelped and reared skyward and streaked away. The man hobbled desperately in the direction in which he had vanished. He followed the dog's tracks in the wind-blown sand.

Presently he saw the dog licking his wound. But when the man drew near, the dog looked at him in utter bewilderment and vanished at a smooth, easy lope around a sand dune.

THE man made sobbing noises and went lurching to search for water to drink or sea fowl nests to rob for food. He found two nests before sundown. Their contents did not stay his hunger, but they gave him strength. And then, at sundown, he went with wobbling legs into the gently surging water on the lee-side beach. He soaked himself in the water which he could not drink. It refreshed him, and it cooled him, and perhaps it did contribute some moisture to his dried-out tissues. But it was torment to feel the cool wetness on his body and have his throat and lungs like furnaces he could not quench. He came out of the water, reeling, and went inland to throw himself down.

During the night the dog was restless. He could not stay away from the man, yet he was afraid of him. In the end he came and curled up some fifty feet from the slumbering man.

With dawn he went to forage. He was full-fed before the man awoke, and he had drunk his fill. The dog was thoroughly adapted to his role of castaway. When he returned, the man was up and stumbling back and forth, searching desperately for something that he could eat, and more especially for something that he could drink.

Birds' nests were often indistinguishable, to his bleared eyes, from the littered earth of abandoned nesting places. In all this second day he found only three small eggs for food. For water he was worse off. He saw the blue sea on every hand and cursed it. He saw the tiny speck of a land-locked lagoon and turned away from it, and when the dog followed the man hopefully, the man threw shells at him, shouting his rage because he knew the dog found food and water, and he could not find either.

Just before twilight the man tried to scratch a well to get fresh water. Often and often, even on a mere sandbank, fresh water falling from rain seeps down and, floating on the heavier salt water beneath and, kept from mixing by the sand grains, forms a layer of drinkable stuff that can be reached by digging. The man scratched until his hands were raw and bleeding. He did not even get past the dry stuff. In the end he gave over and went despairingly to chew the few green leaves of the island for their bitter juice.

THE dog did not follow him, just then. He came out and sniffed at the hole the man had begun. He scratched tentatively, and then dug with enthusiasm, pausing occasionally to thrust down his nose and take long, deep smells of the damp sand he promptly reached. He pushed out the loosened sand with his legs, and dug, and sniffed, and pushed out and burrowed busily. He could not understand why the man had been digging there.

He was a good-sized dog and in excellent condition. Before he lost interest he had made the hole five times as big and deep as the man had left it. But when he lost interest he went up and down the beach on routine business and then trailed the man by scent to where he slept, and curled up near by.

Next morning the man found the huge hole the dog had dug. It looked like a sign of canine contempt of the man's puny efforts. But he flung himself down eagerly, looking for water at its bottom. The dog watched him curiously from a little distance. The hole, of course, was dry. It was a trap for wind-blown sand particles. The man cast out those dry grains and found dampness. He dug feverishly. He came to sand which glistened with wetness. He could not wait. He stuffed his mouth with it.

And it was salt.

The dog's tail went down and he went unhappily out of sight as the man raved. But he kept the man in view, and doubtless tried to understand what the man did, after that. To the dog, the man's movements seemed aimless. Actually, they were merely despairing. At one place he found a tiny clump of sea-bird nests. All were empty. The young had hatched and gone away. But he found three unbroken eggs and essayed to gobble them down. They had been infertile. The stench that came from then, on opening, drove him away. The dog found his behavior inexplicable. He followed faithfully until he grew hungry, however, and his own hunger unconsciously led the man to food. The dog was a much superior castaway.

The thing happened just at sunset. The sun sank low. Darkness gathered all around the horizon, ready to flow together and engulf the island as soon as the sun had set. Then the man came stumbling over the dunes. He came for the bath, the soaking, which was bliss and torture all at once, but which did postpone for a little while his death from thirst. And he saw the dog.

The dog was unconscious of observation. He trotted along the wet, wavering line the swells constantly changed and

WILSON-*EXCLUSIVES*

You'll find authentic styling genius in these new SHUTTLE-TONES—aristocrats among spring shirtings. They have a distinction and smartness not common to mass production shirts. Sanforized, $2.50.
WEDGLOCKE TIE
shown on shirt, $1.50
At selected stores; or write
Wilson Brothers, Chicago.

IT'S WORTH YOUR WHILE AND AN EXTRA MILE TO
*Stop over in St. Louis*

**EVER SEE A PANDA?**
*We have two... stop and see them.*
**EVER SEE OL' MAN RIVER?**
*He's right on our doorstep.*
**EVER SEE MONKEYS RIDE BIKES?**
*Thrill to our Zoo stars.*
**EVER SEE LINDBERGH'S TROPHIES?**
*St. Louis is their home.*
**EVER SEE OPERA UNDER THE STARS?**
*Our Muny Opera is world-famous.*

Historic as Boone's Lick Trail... modern as television! That's St. Louis, and you can't afford to miss it... whatever your destination.

To assure the success of your visit, let Hotel Lennox be your host. Here you'll find hospitality to warm your heart... guest-controlled air-conditioned rooms to cool your night's rest... famous food and drink... bath, radio, ice water in every room.

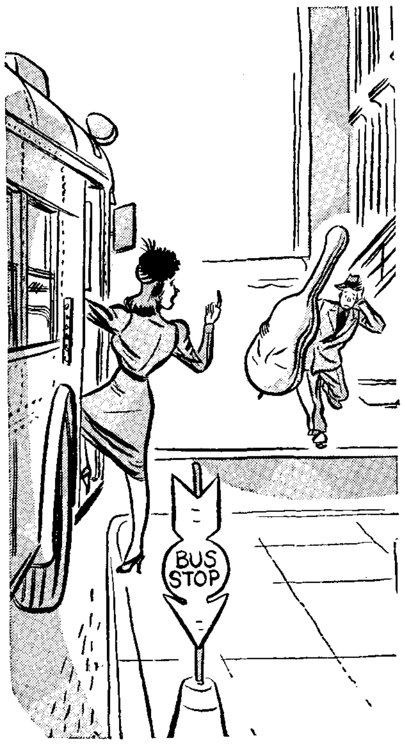
At Hotel Lennox, the town's at your doorstep. Circle St. Louis on your roadmap or time table... and stop at the Lennox.

*Rates—$3.50 or less, single; $5.00 or less, double. Special rates for families.*

COMPLETELY AIR-CONDITIONED
HOTEL
Lennox
9th & Washington • St. Louis, Mo.
*Nearby Parking and Garages*

constantly renewed on this, the leeward beach. There were little specks on the sand, varying from the size of a thimble to nearly the size of a man's fist. They were hermit crabs, small creatures roaming the island in darkness, clad in the discarded shells of conchs and similar mollusks. During the day the hermit crabs stayed hidden in holes or crevices of their own discovery. At nightfall they came down to the beach for a luxurious bath, after which they headed back inland to forage. What minute edible scraps they might find was a mystery that did not concern the dog. He had come to the beach for his evening meal.

He came to a fair-sized specimen about the size of a lemon. Tiny legs protruded from the bottom edge of its shell. It wobbled unsteadily as the hermit crab marched out of the water and back toward the interior of the island. The dog watched it quizzically for an instant, quickly nosed it upside down, and bit shrewdly at the tangle of tiny legs which for one fatal instant waved wildly instead of withdrawing into the shell. His teeth caught something. He lay down on the sand and gathered the shell between his forepaws. He pulled.



"Hurry dear! Allegro di molto!"

FRITZ WILKINSON

Presently something naked and squirming came out of the shell. There was a gulp. The dog licked his chops. He went painstakingly down the beach, gathering his evening meal with a businesslike air. The larger individuals he treated with the same respectful patience as the first. Smaller ones he picked up in his teeth and crunched as he would have crunched a bone.

The man saw him. He realized that the dog was eating. He rushed desperately to the spot. The dog saw him coming. His tail wagged tentatively. And the man stumbled and fell.

The man moved feebly on the sand. But then he remembered that the dog had been eating. He searched ravenously for that source of nourishment, crawling to where the dog had last been. Presently—it was growing dark with an amazing swiftness—he was groping. His hand touched something. A shell. It squirmed at contact with his fingers. He snatched. The legs of the hermit crab brushed his fingers, and vanished.

With trembling hands he tried to pluck out the hermit crab, and failed. He knew instantly what he had, but he could not reach the retracted legs. He made whimpering sounds. The hermit crab remained obstinately withdrawn into the convolutions of the shell. The man wasted precious minutes fumbling with it. Then he popped it into his tattered pocket and went crawling over the beach, groping feverishly. The starlight helped. Presently he saw a tiny object in time to snatch it with the necessary cunning. He got a morsel of food at once.

Half a dozen times in the next half hour the dog heard beastly, gobbling noises as the man fed. Then the man was still and he padded forward cautiously to see. The man had ranged little shells from his pocket on the sand, and watched them with desperate intentness. As each crab decided, from the silence about, that all was safe and protruded its legs again, the man snatched. The man ate all of them.

The dog followed him when he moved inland and as he settled down for the night. The man had had food. Perhaps as much as was safe for him to have in his horribly weakened condition. He had that food because of the dog, who was a seasoned castaway by now. But the man had had no water. His difficulty was, perhaps, that he knew things, while the dog did not. He knew that the island should have been devoid of life. The dog did not know that, and therefore, the dog had found food. The man—merely by looking at the island—had known despairingly that there could be no drinkable water upon it. The dog, not limited by intelligence, had found water. But he did not understand the man's lack. He could not.

He waited until the man was quiet, and then he, too, prepared to sleep. He yawned loudly as he made ready to curl up—and the man started awake. He called, half-crazed, into the darkness. The dog wagged his tail. Then the man cursed despairingly, fitfully, and presently lapsed into unconsciousness.

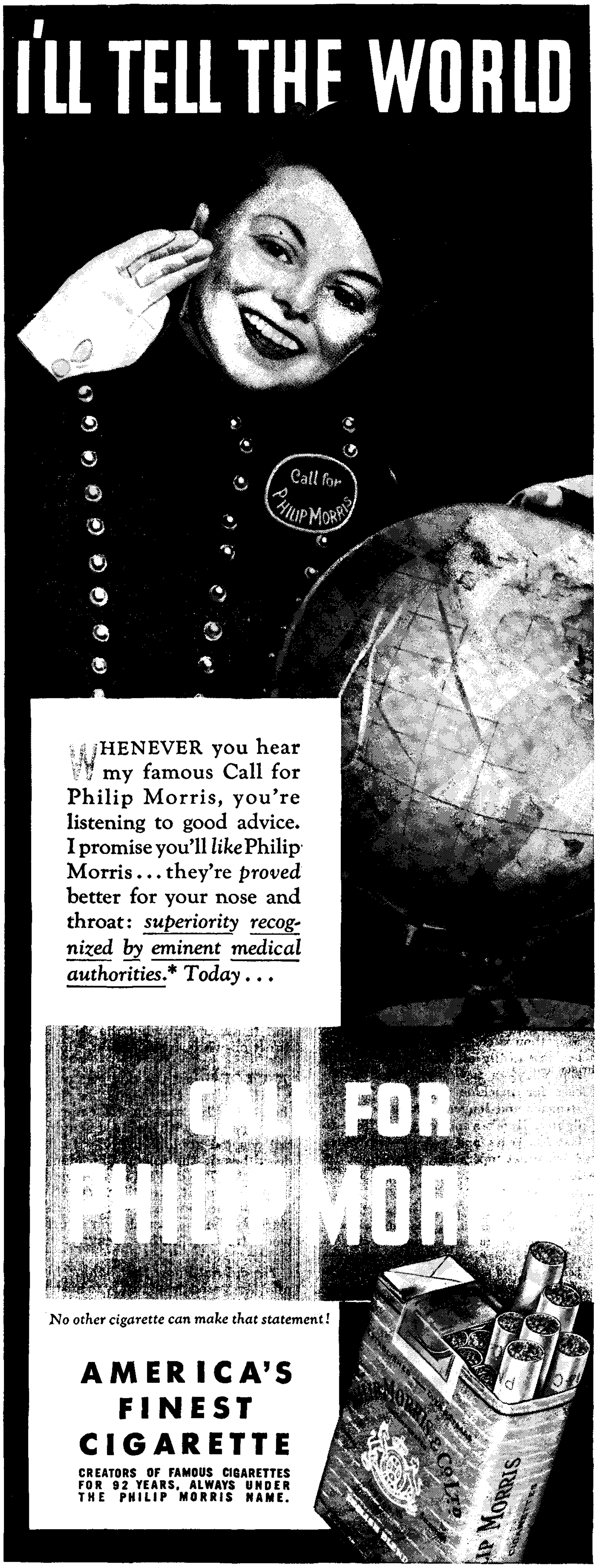
THE dog woke at the man's first stirring, next morning, and lifted his head to peer hopefully across the little space between them. It was earliest dawn, and the sea and sky and the tiny island were lighted by that unearthly tranquil glow that moves on ahead of sunrise. Lucent blue sky, and deep blue sea, and the white coral sand. There was nothing else. The wind was cool. The booming of the earth was somehow muted. For a little while the earth was an amazingly beautiful place in which to live.

The dog, of course, was not sensitive to such impressions. He looked hopefully at the man. And the man stirred, and groaned, and presently heaved himself to a sitting position with effortful pantings. Presently his eyes fell upon the dog. The dog flattened his ears placatingly. The man did not make any threatening move or outcry. Had the dog been able to understand, he would have known that today would be the decisive one for the man. He had needed food and he had found it—a little, anyhow. But he had needed water even more terribly than food, and what little moisture had been in the hermit crabs' bodies had been practically salt. Because of the food, he was perhaps more nearly sane this morning than at any previous moment on the island. But this was the beginning of the end.

The dog, however, saw only that the man did not threaten him.

He got up and looked hopefully at the man. He wagged his tail. The man still made no threatening move. The dog came nearer. His tail wagged more violently. He made little yelping sounds, urgently imploring friendship. He writhed. He wriggled. In the end he dropped upon the sand and squirmed toward the man with elaborate beseechings for kindliness.

The man made croaking sounds with his mouth. Actually, he said drearily,



I'LL TELL THE WORLD

WHENEVER you hear my famous Call for Philip Morris, you're listening to good advice. I promise you'll *like* Philip Morris... they're *proved* better for your nose and throat: superiority recognized by eminent medical authorities.* *Today...*

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

*No other cigarette can make that statement!*

AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

CREATORS OF FAMOUS CIGARETTES FOR 92 YEARS, ALWAYS UNDER THE PHILIP MORRIS NAME.

It's a Pleasure
TO USE THIS LAWN MOWER
Extra Strong Light-Weight
Beautifully Streamlined
Many New Advantages
Cuts Easily and Quietly

*You who are proud of your lawn*—and like to cut it at times—need this new F & N Marathon lawn mower. It cuts your grass so beautifully—so evenly and perfectly—just like you've always wanted! And it rolls so easy a child can push it! This mower is a satisfaction to own, and a thrill to use!

Introduced this year by the leading lawn mower manufacturer, the F & N Marathon is entirely different and *better*. Practically all parts are made of zinc alloy—a new metal that is die-cast for machine precision—that is stronger and longer wearing, and 40% lighter. Here's a mower that's built to last for years and years—with extra easy, quiet operation throughout its long life.

* * *

**YOU'LL BE PROUD** of its streamlined beauty, its pastel green finish, trimmed in chromium. Extra large air-cushion tires, rubber-covered roller, and big, comfortable handle-grips help make it a pleasure to use. See all these features—and the Marathon's many other advantages before you buy any mower. Never before a lawn mower value like this! Quality buyers won't accept any other! Sold by good lawn mower dealers everywhere.

**F & N LAWN MOWER CO., Richmond, Indiana**

New F & N
Marathon
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
LAWN MOWER
The Leading Value from the Industry's Leader

"Where in hell do you get your drinkin' water? Tell me that an' I'll make out." To the dog they were only sounds, those words, but they were music. They served as caresses, for which he was as starved as the man for food and water. He danced, barking. He scuttled away and scuttled back again, running crazily as a dog does when trying to persuade a man to play with him. Then he stopped short and barked happily at the man.

The man croaked again, "This is damn' fool. You'd tell me if y' could, but y' don't know what I want. I kick in because you' dumb. Go on away now. I ain't got strength to hurt you an' you ain't got sense to help me. Go on!"

The dog drew daringly near. He licked the man's hand. He panted in his face, begging him to play. The man made an impatient movement with a skeleton-like claw. "Get away! Shoo!"

The dog saw the gesture. Rapture filled him. He barked and darted away, searching gleefully. He came back in seconds with a scrap of driftwood, worm-eaten and dried up. He brought it in his mouth and dropped it close to the man's emaciated leg. He drew back and barked. The man still did not stir. The dog picked up the bit of driftwood and moved it nearer. He barked again. He nudged the man with his nose.

The man threw the bit of stuff away.

The dog pounced on it and brought it back. Again he nudged and barked. He was showing the man a game, a marvelous game. He panted and bounced and wagged his tail and in every conceivable fashion begged the man to play. And the man was dying of hunger and thirst. But suddenly the man looked up hopefully.

Then he picked up the stick and threw it. A long way, for a man as weak as this one. The dog went leaping and bounding to retrieve it. The man threw it again. He sat erect and waited eagerly. His eyes flamed again, but this time with hope. The dog brought the stick back, and he threw it, and the dog brought it back and he threw it.

The sun rose higher and higher. The heat grew more and more intense. On that island the only life in motion aside from the unresting birds was the starving, thirst-tortured man expending the pitiful remnants of his strength throwing a worm-eaten scrap of driftwood for a gleeful dog to bring back to him.

It went on and on. When the dog wearied, the man urged him on with croakings, with coaxings, with pretenses and feints of throwing the stick in one direction while tossing it in another.

AT LONG last the dog was worn out. He panted, his tongue hanging from the side of his mouth. He came sidling up to the man with his chest heaving. His tail wagged apologetically. He flopped down beside the man. The man threw the stick. The dog got up and went after it, paused at it, and then looked bashfully at the man and wagged briefly as if to say that he would soon return. He went trotting, rather heavily, out of sight.

He did not know that behind him the man staggered desperately to his feet and followed with the last remnants of his strength. The dog had crisscrossed the island many times, but each day's trade wind erased all footprints of each day before. Now the dog's footprints led in a straight line to the pellucid little speck of a lagoon. The landlocked little lagoon. The lagoon that the man knew should be salt, despite the fact that it was almost in the center of the island, hundreds of yards from the breakers on every side, and where rainwater floating on heavier salt water would come to the surface if it came to the surface anywhere.

The dog was belly-deep in the lagoon when he heard the man's approach. He was lapping at the water; assuaging the thirst the man had created by the play with the scrap of driftwood. He had been fortunate. He had never known that there should be no water on the island, and therefore he had found it. He drank thirstily, pausing only to look up and wag a welcome to the man. Then he lapped again.

The man tottered on his feet. But he dropped beside the lagoon. He buried his face in the water he had dismissed without test as undrinkable. It was brackish, but it could be drunk.

So he drank, and drank, and drank. . . .

And next morning the dog—on terms of utter and blissful familiarity with the man, now—came upon a well-known object on the beach. He barked at it until it drew in its head and tail and legs. Then the dog barked challengingly until the man came and cried out, and turned the thing on its back, and then hugged the dog. The thing was a sea turtle, of course. They would feast.

They did feast. The man built a fire of driftwood and in this one thing alone proved himself more fit than the dog for the role of castaway. The dog could not have built a fire. But the man searched among the bits of driftwood on the beach. He found, here and there, a nail or two and a spike or two. Some were new and only slightly rusted. But he struck a spark on an ancient piece of metal that had been mineralized by time and on which the rust was not even reddish, but which underneath was black and hard and glistening. He nursed the spark to flame on crumbled, dried-out seaweed. And the dog took it quite as a matter of course and watched contentedly as bits of the turtle's flesh sizzled on splinters over the flames.

Presently, something made the dog leave the fire to go to the top of a tall dune. He looked up to windward and barked defiantly. The man came to see. And then the man grew agitated and went down and heaped driftwood on the flames. Dry wood and wet wood. A column of thick white smoke ascended to the heavens.

The dog ran busily about the man as he labored. He shared the man's excitement for no cause that he could have made clear. But he grew bored, presently, and when the man looked avidly at a big floating thing on the water, the dog was tired of barking at it. The man was not cooking any more. He did nothing but stare at the thing floating on the sea. But the dog knew schooners. He was a white man's dog. They were not things to stay excited about.

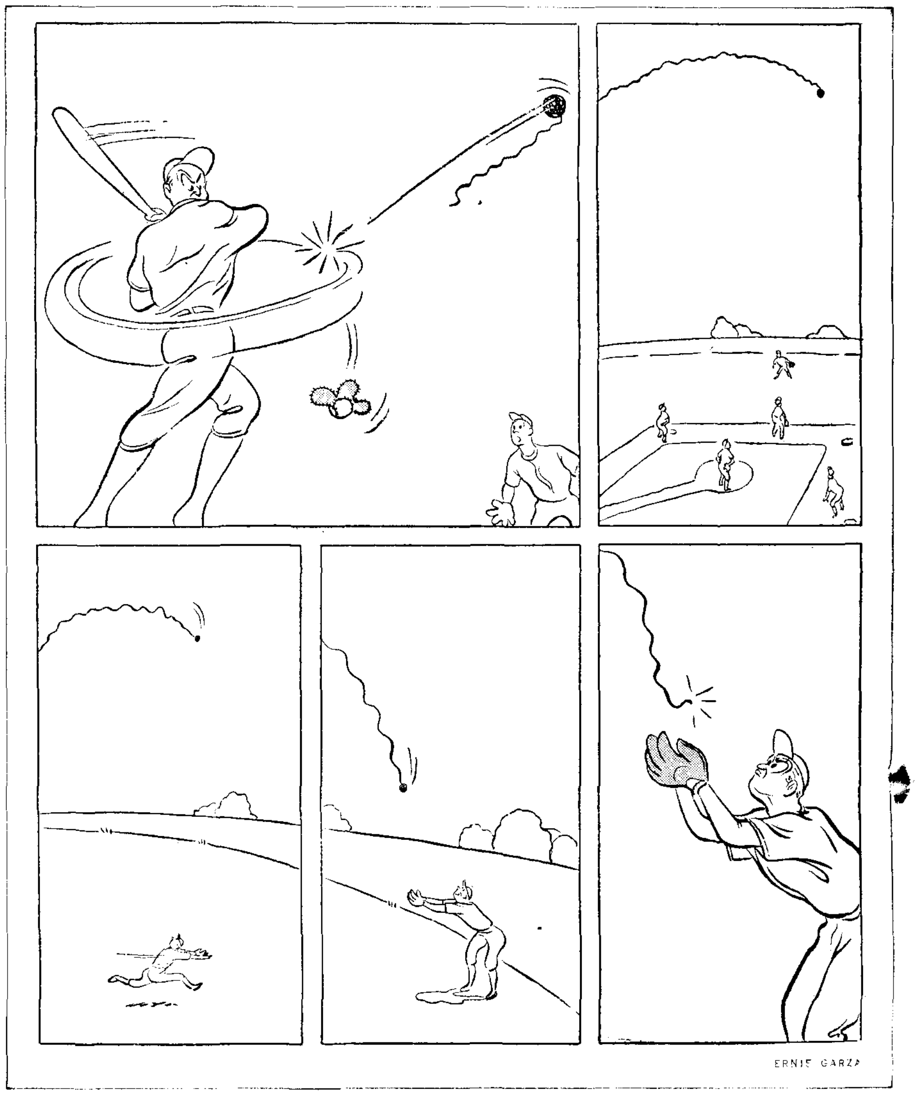
So he looked up at the man adoringly, and, when that had no result, he rubbed his head against the man's knee. The man still stared fascinatedly to seaward.

THE dog went hunting along the beach. He came back with a scrap of driftwood in his mouth. He dropped it in front of the man. The man ignored it. The dog barked challengingly at him, his eyes dancing.

The man looked down, then. The dog offered him the little fragment, his eyes at once adoring and mischievous. The man suddenly laughed exultantly.

When the boat of the interisland schooner came ashore to the lee beach, it came because no smoke should ever arise from that island, and smoke had arisen. The island is only a scrap of coral sand with a brackish lagoon, and it is not only uninhabited, but should be uninhabitable. Wherefore smoke rising from it called for investigation.

The men on the schooner were not even very much surprised to find a castaway on the island, after having seen the smoke. But it did surprise them, as they pulled in to the beach, to see the castaway's occupation. He was half-starved; emaciated; practically a skeleton. But as the boat drew near the wet sand he paused only once to wave to the men in it. He was busy. He was joyfully throwing a stick for a big brown dog to bring back to him, and then throwing the stick again.



Double Days
on your calendar
TWA
TWA
SHORTEST...
FASTEST...
COAST TO COAST

## TWA gives you more hours for business *and throws in some just for fun!*

Your watch takes on a more leisurely tick and time stops flying when *you* fly TWA.

Without even the trouble of packing a bag, you can speed to a city hundreds of miles away. And often you can be back for a round of golf and to sign your mail... a *double day* on your calendar!

This extra time is easily yours because the nation's shortest, fastest coast-to-coast airline has stepped up its services from city-to-city. For example, *eighteen* daily flights each way between Pittsburgh and New York City! And there are four *transcontinental* flights each way every day.

On short trips or long trips by TWA, you know the pleasure of a big, fast ship and TWA's famous hospitality. You enjoy excellent food... complimentary, of course... a personal radio, an exclusive feature with TWA... alert attention by charming hostesses who are registered nurses... every possible service that can add to your comfort. And throughout your trip, you sense the thoughtfulness and precision that distinguish *the airline run by flyers.*

Make TWA your fast friend in business... your companion in pleasure. And watch this airline for *great new things to come.*

### *FAST FLIGHT FACTS*

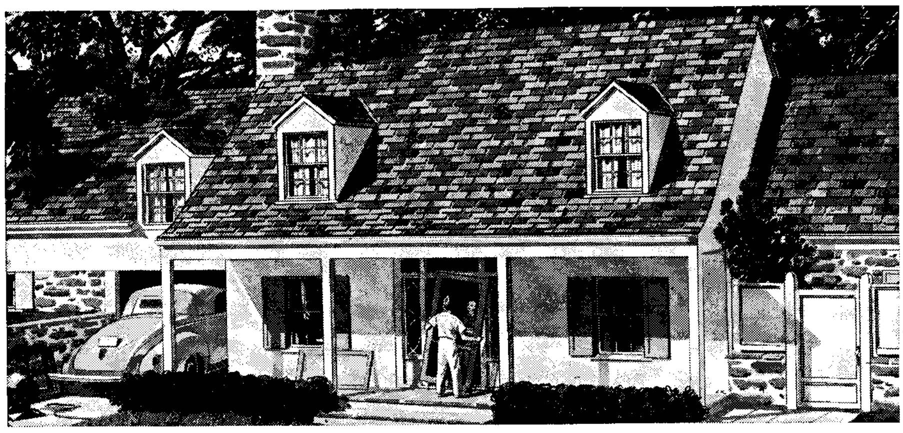
| | SHORTEST TIME | |
|---|---|---|
| **CHICAGO-PITTSBURGH** | 2 Hours 27 Minutes | Fare $23.95 |
| **LOS ANGELES-CHICAGO** | 11 Hours 29 Minutes | Fare $105.00 |
| **INDIANAPOLIS-COLUMBUS** | 1 Hour 9 Minutes | Fare $10.45 |
| **CHICAGO-WASHINGTON, D. C.** | 3 Hours 42 Minutes | Fare $36.00 |
| **LOS ANGELES-NEW YORK** | 15 Hours 41 Minutes | Fare $149.95 |

For reservations, telephone your Travel Agent or TWA.

*The* **TRANSCONTINENTAL** *Line*
*and Western Air, Inc.*

**Deep in a tropical paradise Nature made a wonderful material for your home**

***Like a jewel*** in a setting of lovely foliage on the far-away island of Trinidad lies *a great natural lake of asphalt.* Columbus must have seen it because the lake was there millions of years before he discovered the island. Sir Walter Raleigh used some of this same asphalt to caulk his leaky ships and reported that it was "most excellent goode." In all the world there is no other asphalt like it.



***In spite of centuries*** of punishment under the hot equatorial sun and countless tropical tempests, Trinidad Native Lake Asphalt is still sound and pliable. And because it adds life and toughness, Barber uses it to make superlatively fine roofings for your home. Protect your home with *The Vital Element*—Trinidad Native Lake Asphalt. Buy your next roof by name — Barber Genasco.

***"Color-styled"*** by one of America's leading experts, the new Barber Genasco Roofings offer four beautiful new roof colors you've never seen before—Red Tweed, Green Tweed, Blue and Mahogany. And there are other attractive hues and shades we know you'll like. In many cases your new *fire-safe* Barber Genasco Roof can be laid right over your old roof. See your Barber Genasco dealer or applicator to examine samples and get full details.

SHINGLES • ROLL ROOFINGS
SIDINGS • BUILT-UP ROOFINGS

BARBER ASPHALT CORPORATION, Barber, N. J.

**BARBER**
***Genasco* ROOFINGS**

# Once a Champion

**Continued from page 20**

what had happened a couple of months ago?

Two months ago. Tim Maguire had come to him then and said:

"Kid, I got something new. Some movie people say they want that you should take a screen test. They say if it works out the way they figure, there's a thousand bucks laid on the line every week."

"What do they want," Gallegher had said, "me, or the champion of the world?"

"It ain't the champion of the world part; I guess that don't make much difference. It seems it's just your looks, kid."

"How do you feel about it?" Gallegher had said.

"There's only one thing. In my book, movies and fighting don't mix."

"I guess they don't," Gallegher had said. "Not in my book, either."

Then Maguire's face had broadened in a smile, and he'd chuckled and put his hand on Gallegher's shoulder for a moment. "I got to admit I was worried, kid. I'll tell 'em nothing doing, huh?"

"Listen, Tim," Gallegher had said. "Listen to me. I'm thirty years old. That's young, Hollywood or anywhere, but not here. I'm still good, sure, I know it, but I know I'm not as good as I was. I been thinking a lot about quitting, this last year. When I quit, I want to walk out of it the way I walked in—on my toes, not flat on my heels like a lot I've seen. So we'll take the test, and if it goes over the way they think, you get me a last fight. Get me that Borka, Joe Borka. Get him for me."

THEY took the test in New York. Maguire went with him; after, Gallegher asked him how it had looked.

"Terrific," Maguire said. "You looked terrific. I guess that's what they say." It must have been, because the movie people said it too while producing a contract; a contract, incidentally, with one special clause. Gallegher smiled when he read it. It said, in a few dozen carefully selected words, that since Mr. Gallegher desired to fight once more before retiring from the ring, it must be understood that all bets were off if anything—well, anything unfortunate happened. If, for example, Mr. Borka should happen by some evil chance to land one on Mr. Gallegher's beak, thus shifting Mr. Gallegher's highly desirable profile around and changing it into something else.

Why Borka? Why Borka, the tough, crazy slugger, when Gallegher could have quit without any last fight at all, or when he could have taken any one of six other men? Maguire had asked him that, but Gallegher hadn't explained. He was meaning to; he was meaning to explain in the dressing room, just before going out and down to the ring for the last time.

But, instead, Maguire was biting on the dead cigar and carefully looking somewhere else and Gallegher was looking up at him as if he didn't know what was going on in Tim Maguire's mind.

"What is it?" he said finally.

"Nothing. Ah, nothing," said Maguire, looking at the floor or the wall or something. "Ah, well—well, kid, we seen a lot of fights together. You been a good boy, the best boy I ever did see. I—I had a good time, these ten years."

"Hey, what's it all about?" said Gallegher. "You're my manager, Hollywood or anywhere."

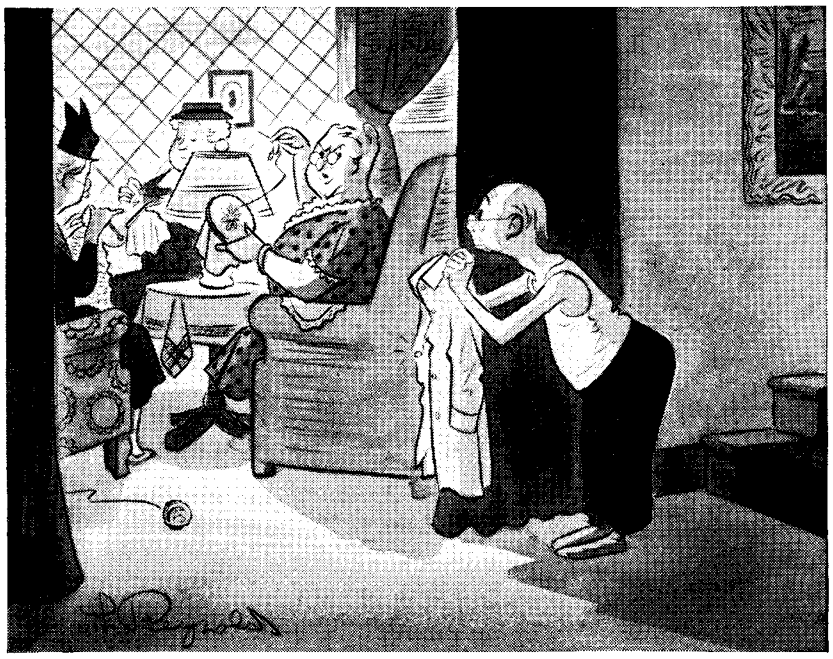
"Well, Frank, I been meaning to tell you," Maguire said. "I guess I'm too old to go running out to new places. I guess this is our last time together."

Gallegher was cool, all right. "Okay," said he, drawing on the trunks. "Okay, Tim, if that's the way you want it."

"Let's forget about it now," Maguire said. "We got a tough fight tonight. You'll be taking him, sure, but you got to watch him. You got to go careful, baby."

"Don't worry," Gallegher said; and that was all; he didn't say why he'd picked Joe Borka. Right then, he didn't feel like it.

He was thinking of it, all the same. Why had he chosen Borka? Why, because he was just the kind of fighter Gallegher had never been; the kind of fighter the crowd loved; the kind they said Gallegher always dodged. Was it because he wanted to show the crowd, then, show them one final time what fools they were in their favorites? He didn't think so. Rather, it was because of the way he wanted Tim Maguire to remember him.



**"Not now, dear. Can't you see I'm entertaining my sewing club?"**

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

They'd always been two against the crowd, Maguire and he. There'd always been that one man, that fat, dumpy little man, to appreciate the full perfection of Gallegher's art. Maguire knew, Maguire wasn't fooled by the grandstander. And so Gallegher wanted Maguire to remember him this way—taking the plug-ugly slugger for a ride, tying him up and laughing at him in the ring, fooling him, wearing him down and putting him away, finally, in front of the sullen crowd.

But he didn't tell Maguire that, and he didn't tell him this, either: that he wasn't risking his face. He was a little smarter than that. There was always the chance of a lucky punch to tag him and fog his brain and leave him helpless for the massacre the crowd hoped for. If that should happen, Gallegher knew what he was going to do. His chin was going out and he was taking one on it and he was leaving the battle right there —beaten, perhaps, by chance, but still unmarked.

BUT now the colored boy outside was shouting, "Time, Mr. Gallegher! Time!" and Tim Maguire was throwing the door open and they were going down the aisle and the crowd was yelling. They were yelling with all the fury and scorn and hate they'd gathered through the years of watching Gallegher give them boxing lessons in the ring, "Francie, Francie! Oh, you Francie; oh, you beautiful thing!"—and much more of the same. But Gallegher had heard it all before, and he looked neither to right nor to left until he reached the ropes. He put one hand on the top, and then for just an instant he looked back, and his eyes were hard and contemptuous. Then he stepped inside and greeted the man waiting there.

"Hello, Borka!" he said. "How you doing?"

"I'm okay," Borka said, and touched his bandaged hands.

He was big, all right, Joe Borka; he looked too big for his class. He looked as if he outweighed Gallegher by twenty pounds. He sat there grinning while Maguire examined his bandages, for doubtless he was as conscious as anyone of the difference between him and the light-heavyweight champion of the world. Here the slugger, showing the mark of every battle he'd ever fought, and there the boxer, the cool, skillful one. Different in every respect but this: neither of them had ever been knocked out.

"In the fourth," Maguire said. "In the fourth, Joe, if you last that long."

"In the second," Borka said, grinning wider. "In the second I'm takin' that pretty boy of yours."

"Yah," Maguire said, and other less elegant words. It wasn't the second he was worrying about, and not the several rounds thereafter, unless a wild, lucky roundhouse swing got through. It was toward the end that Borka was his most dangerous. He might be cut, slashed, battered, but he would still be there, still coming in, still throwing leather and still with power behind it. It was the other man then who needed a strong heart, indeed, to withstand that dogged and unwearying pursuit.

"Okay," Maguire said, and Borka's seconds the same. There were pictures and introductions; celebrities in the ring, white shirt fronts and evening dresses around it. Then the ring cleared, with Gallegher and Borka in the middle, and the referee with his fat, friendly hands upon their shoulders. Gallegher's bathrobe off, Borka's bathrobe off, the white body against the dark, bearlike one. Then both of them back in their corners, grasping the ropes, squatting and rising, flexing the muscles of their thighs.

Then the bell.

They come out, they touch hands, they fall back and Borka shoots it, a tremendous, sweeping right. The crowd yells, even though Gallegher's inside it with an inch to spare and driving a hard, short left ahead of him, and then is out and away, supple as a roll of silk spinning. Borka comes after him, heavy, strong, solid, and swings again and takes a beautiful one-two in the middle for his pains, and grins and shifts and heaves the right. That's what the crowd likes, that's what they're yelling for, not the lovely fancy work that Gallegher is showing them, his dancing master's feet weaving and swaying, his hands now poised, now swiftly feinting, catching the leather and sliding it off harmlessly away from the target that Borka strikes for, the unmarked face.

The thousand-dollar-a-week face. Gallegher wasn't forgetting it. "Try it again, Joe," he mutters, and Borka does so, and is as wide as before.

Bell.

The colored boy massaged his legs. "Easy pickings, Mr. Gallegher," he said.

"Got a right, is all," said Gallegher.

Whir! goes the whistle, then the gong.

Borka grins and bolts forward, and the crowd loves him and yells for him as he shoots the right, while the hair is as smooth as ever on Gallegher's head. *Francie, Francie—oh, you pretty boy, you cream puff! Hey, you movie star—stand up and fight, whyn't you?*

Fight? What did they think he was doing? Come on up in here yourself, any one of you shouting, red-faced fools, and see what it takes to keep Joe Borka swinging and missing!

*Aw, he's ridin' his bike—he's scared—he won't fight, he's scared of ruin' his face—he's no fighter, he's movie star—Come on, Joe! Come a-ahn, Joe! Lay it on him! Lay it on him!*

And Borka swings and heaves, and Gallegher goes gliding away, light and easy, fighting a cautious fight all the time, of course, taking no chances, naturally taking no chances, with so much to lose—

Taking no chances, so he thought.

Borka's right comes out of the air, out of a place where it has no business, and it's home, it's home.

There is water on Gallegher's head, the smell of ammonia in his nose. "What round?" he mutters. "What round?"

Maguire's voice: "The fourth."

"The fourth. What happened?"

"He tagged you in the second. He had you down for eight."

THE words come dimly through the roar in Gallegher's head. They mean nothing at first. Then suddenly he seems to hear them again, and this time they're hard and sharp, this time they have meaning. *Had you down for eight. . . .* A lucky punch, a lucky punch. Sure, a lucky punch, he thinks. Lucky or not, that doesn't matter. The time's come; it's time to take a dive.

Waiting for the gong, he barely catches Maguire's last words:

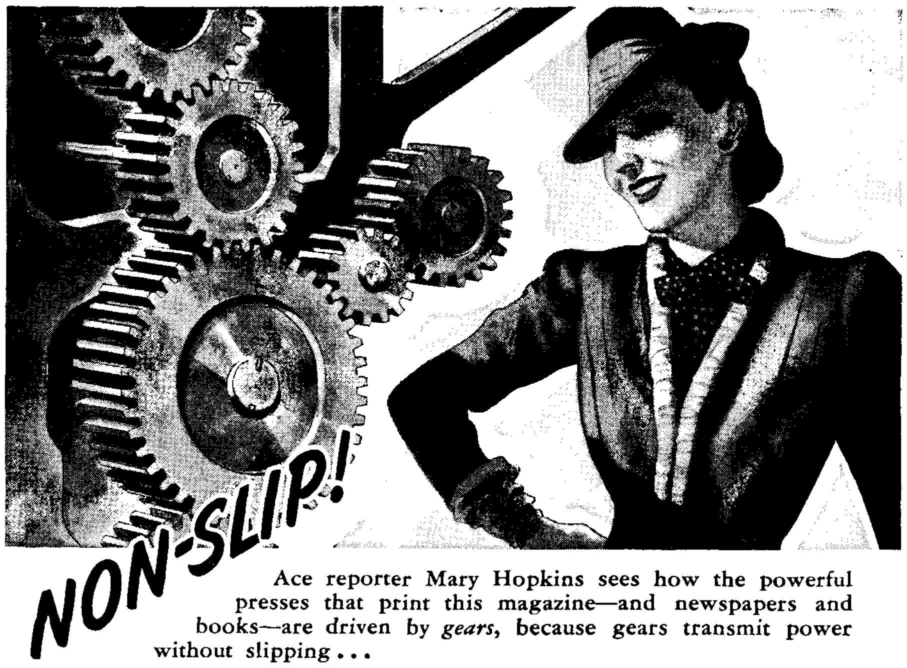
"—hit you square on the nose. He smeared it all over your face—"

Then the gong.

Gallegher's out in the ring again. He weaves and shifts as Borka comes leaping for him, leaping in for the kill. He sees that right hand cocked. It swings, and his head moves, deliberately not quite enough, so that the sodden glove jars his cheek when he could have made it miss entirely. It looks like a hard, clean hit; it looks genuine; it doesn't look phony as his knees crumble and he slides flat to his belly.

He lies there hearing what he'd never heard before, the roaring of the crowd for another man's victory, and the count of the referee over him, the *one,* the *two,* the *three*—

It doesn't mean anything, does it? Just a voice counting, a hand knocking off the



Ace reporter Mary Hopkins sees how the powerful presses that print this magazine—and newspapers and books—are driven by *gears,* because gears transmit power without slipping . . .

That's why you are safer with the "can't-slip" Geared-to-the-Road principle on Miller Tires. They grip the road—even when it's wet—with 1453 sharp-angled, nonskid edges. With Millers you start and stop quickly and surely—get real protection against slips or slides or skids.

These remarkably tough, safe treads are put on tires that are good all through —extra strong, well-insulated Hi-Density cords—cooler running for blowout protection and long life—quiet running—and more flexible for a softer, smoother ride. And don't worry about the cost of this extra quality—the Miller dealer's prices will surprise you.

MILLER TIRES

GEARED·TO·THE·ROAD

1940 IS MILLER'S 48TH YEAR IN RUBBER

GET THAT TEN HIGH SMILE
MISTER, IT'S A MIRACLE! ALL WHISKEY, RICH WHISKEY —WITH "NO ROUGH EDGES." THAT'S TEN HIGH!
THE EMBLEM of FINE WHISKEY
Hiram Walker's
TEN HIGH
A rich straight Bourbon whisky distilled by a firm founded in 1858
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

1 **Sid brought down the house** with his sword-swallowing trick at our club show. So, as chairman of the entertainment committee, I volunteered the drinks. "Okay," says Sid, "but be sure mine's made with TEN HIGH!"

2 **"How come?"** I ask him. And Sid says, "Sword-swallowing is one thing, but when it comes to a highball I'll take the whiskey with No Rough Edges!" And no wonder! That TEN HIGH went down mighty easy, and its rich flavor sure Doubled My Enjoyment of a swell evening!

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

*Double your enjoyment with*

**TEN HIGH**

seconds. So what about it? What's it to him?

*There's Maguire, he thinks.* That's tough, yes, that's too bad, it's tough Tim has to see it like this, the last time. Still, Tim'd understand, Tim'd say it was the only thing to do—

Maguire. Maguire said something. He said something more, just as the gong sounded.

"—square on the nose—smeared it all over your face—"

Gallegher's body goes rigid. The thousand-dollar-a-week face, and a clause in a contract reading that, if anything should happen, if anything unfortunate should happen—

He got it clear then. Thousand-dollar-a-week face? Borka had fixed that, Borka and his lucky punch. Not a thousand a week, not ten, not a plugged china nickel.

And he lying here!

*Seven,* the count is. And *eight.*

What's he lying here for? What's he got to lose? Why's he giving them the pleasure, the crowd and Borka, that bum Borka?

"Lucky punch bum!" he mutters, and he's up, he's up as the ten count starts.

BORKA grins. He takes his time, he measures his man—and here it comes, here comes the right. You'll hear this one when it lands; baby, will you hear it!

But maybe it's a little too easy, maybe Joe takes a little too much time. For somehow the right doesn't land, and Borka is off balance, and somehow Francis X. Gallegher, the fancy man, the dancing master, the bike-rider, somehow he isn't playing around with any of that pretty work, weaving, dodging, sliding, dancing back and away—no, none of that; somehow he's doing something he's never done before in his life, *maybe because he hasn't wits enough* about him to do anything else, and maybe because for some reason he's suddenly decided to change his style of fighting. He's swinging a roundhouse right, the crazy, gashouse, back-alley sort of punch he'd laughed at and scorned and ducked and weaved his way through when other men swung it at him. And somehow, craziest of all, it goes home.

It goes home flush on that hard chin as Borka turns it in puzzlement to find out what happened. It isn't enough to put him down, but it's plenty to set him back on his heels, while the house goes as dead quiet as fifty fathoms deep, and then gasps, a great collective rush of breath as Gallegher follows it up.

And now it isn't what you'd call boxing; it isn't the fine style, the classic style, the waltz-me-around-again style. It's Pretty Boy Francie turned slugger, and two men throwing their weight from their heels at each other, without skill, science, footwork, without any of those cool, clever things. It's two men sweating, straining, slugging until one of them goes down, and this time it isn't Francis X. Gallegher.

But they built plenty of heart into Joe Borka, so much heart that he doesn't take a nine count but comes bouncing up although his eyes are greasy and his knees bending. His left goes out, a left that wouldn't make a baby cry; and Gallegher throws everything there is inside him, everything he's got, and Borka catches it square.

Well, gentlemen, that's the fight. Take it home and talk about it, gentlemen. That's all there is; there's nothing more tonight. You got your money's worth?

The champion of the world stands there panting. They raise his hand; he couldn't have done it, himself. He tries to help them carry Borka to his corner; he slips and falls. He brushes away the people that want to help him and he gets up, very slowly but by himself. He goes through the ropes all by himself, too. And then for the first time he hears the crowd.

They're standing on their toes as they roar it: "Francie, Francie, Francie!" He stiffens. "Francie, oh, you Francie!" He stands still, listening, and the roar goes up and up. And then suddenly he grins, and they make way for him up the aisle.

Maybe an hour later, Maguire got the dressing room clear, all except for the doctor working on Gallegher's face. "That was a swell last fight, kid," the old man said, and Gallegher jerked his head.

"Last fight? Last fight? That's *no* last fight. It was, sure, right until Joe hung that one on my beak. Not from then on."

"Where's he get this stuff about his nose?" the doctor said.

"From me," said Maguire. "He gets it from me. How's his face look to you, doc?"

"I'd say about a month," the doctor said. "In about a month you won't know he had a cut on it."

Gallegher was looking at Maguire, *and Maguire back at him, and the old* man took the dead cigar out of his mouth, and nodded.

"Sure. Sure, I told you. I told you he smeared your nose. He never touched your nose. He hung a lucky punch on you and he hurt you so much you didn't know where it lit. That's what I figured. And I figured I'd like to see you take that bum, like my boy should, like a champion. So I told you he smeared your nose, and you got up and took him. You're okay for Hollywood. Like I was *saying, that was a swell last fight."*

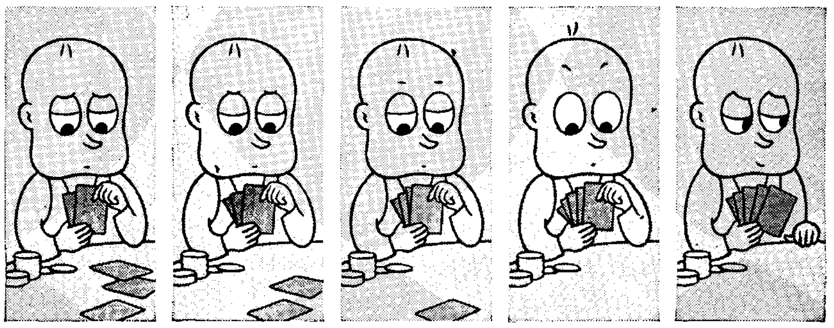
AND Gallegher sat silent for quite a time. "Say, Tim," he said after a while. "Say, did you—did you hear what they were calling me?"

"Sure," said Maguire. "Francie, Francie, like they've always called you."

"Not like that. Not like that, they haven't. I never heard it like that before. I—I kind of liked it. Say, Tim," he said, "you want to run a message?"

"Sure," said Maguire.

"Go run it now," said the champion of the world. "Go down and tell Joe there's a return fight for him, if he wants it. For him and any others, any others that want a fight. You know what I mean, Tim? A *fight.*"



**Straight Flush**

CROCKETT JOHNSON

# THE REFRIGERATOR WITH CONDITIONED AIR Keeps Foods Fresher Longer!

## Controlled Humidity and Temperatures, Constant Circulation of Sweet, Clean Freshened Air!

**G-E's 1940** Selective Storage Zones provide what G-E engineers have found the most convenient, practical, low-cost method yet developed for food preservation in the home.

THIS COLD STORAGE COMPARTMENT KEEPS MEATS BETTER LONGER

**1. New G-E Cold Storage Compartment** automatically controls humidity for keeping market-fresh meats in prime condition.

THE FILTER FRESHENS THE AIR—YOU CAN TASTE THE DIFFERENCE

**2. New G-E Air-Filter** revitalizes the cool, circulating air — practically eliminates transfer of food odors in the cabinet.

IT'S EASY TO KEEP VEGETABLES GARDEN FRESH

**3. New G-E Humi-Dial** provides proper humidity for keeping varying quantities of vegetables crisp and garden-fresh.

# SEE G-E

## THAT'S THE BUY!

### Biggest, Thriftiest, Most Complete General Electric Refrigerator You've Ever Seen! At Lowest Prices in General Electric History!

. . . COMPARE with any other refrigerator, the new conveniences, better food preservation, superb quality and genuine value that a new 1940 G-E gives you. And all this for only a little more than you pay when you buy the cheapest!

MILLIONS of G-E owners have experienced the genuine economy and tremendous satisfaction in owning the best. In the cottage on Main Street, in the mansion on the hill, in millions of homes, G-E Refrigerators have been giving dependable, trouble-free service for years and years. Now come new advancements in convenience, in better food preservation, in thrifty operation—yet prices have gone much lower!

Now you can own a bigger, better G-E Refrigerator for almost half the amount willingly paid by thousands of proud G-E owners a few years ago. Ask your neighbors. They'll tell you, the General Electric was a good investment then and a much better buy now.

## HERE'S WHY You'll Always Be Glad You Bought a G-E!

☞ **ENDURING ECONOMY**—Sealed-in-Steel Thrift Unit—The cold-making mechanism that revolutionized refrigeration costs—now quieter, more thrifty in operation and longer lasting.

☞ **DEPENDABLE PERFORMANCE**—A service record unparalleled by any other refrigerator. Fast freezing and ample cold-producing capacity for even the most unusual demands.

☞ **PRACTICAL FEATURES**—Sturdy all-steel cabinet with one piece porcelain interior. Roomy and convenient. Solid, not plated, Stainless Steel Super Freezer and Stainless Steel Sliding Shelves, Temperature Dial, Interior Light, Quick Trays, Tel-A-Frost, Thermometer and many other features.

☞ **SELECTIVE STORAGE ZONES**—Sub-Freezing Storage; Extra-Cold Storage; Crisping Storage; Safety-Zone Storage.

☞ **A LASTING INVESTMENT**—A product of the combined research, engineering skill and manufacturing experience of the world's greatest electrical company.

PUBLIC SCHOOL
READING
SPELLING
ARITHMETIC
DRAWING
CONDUCT

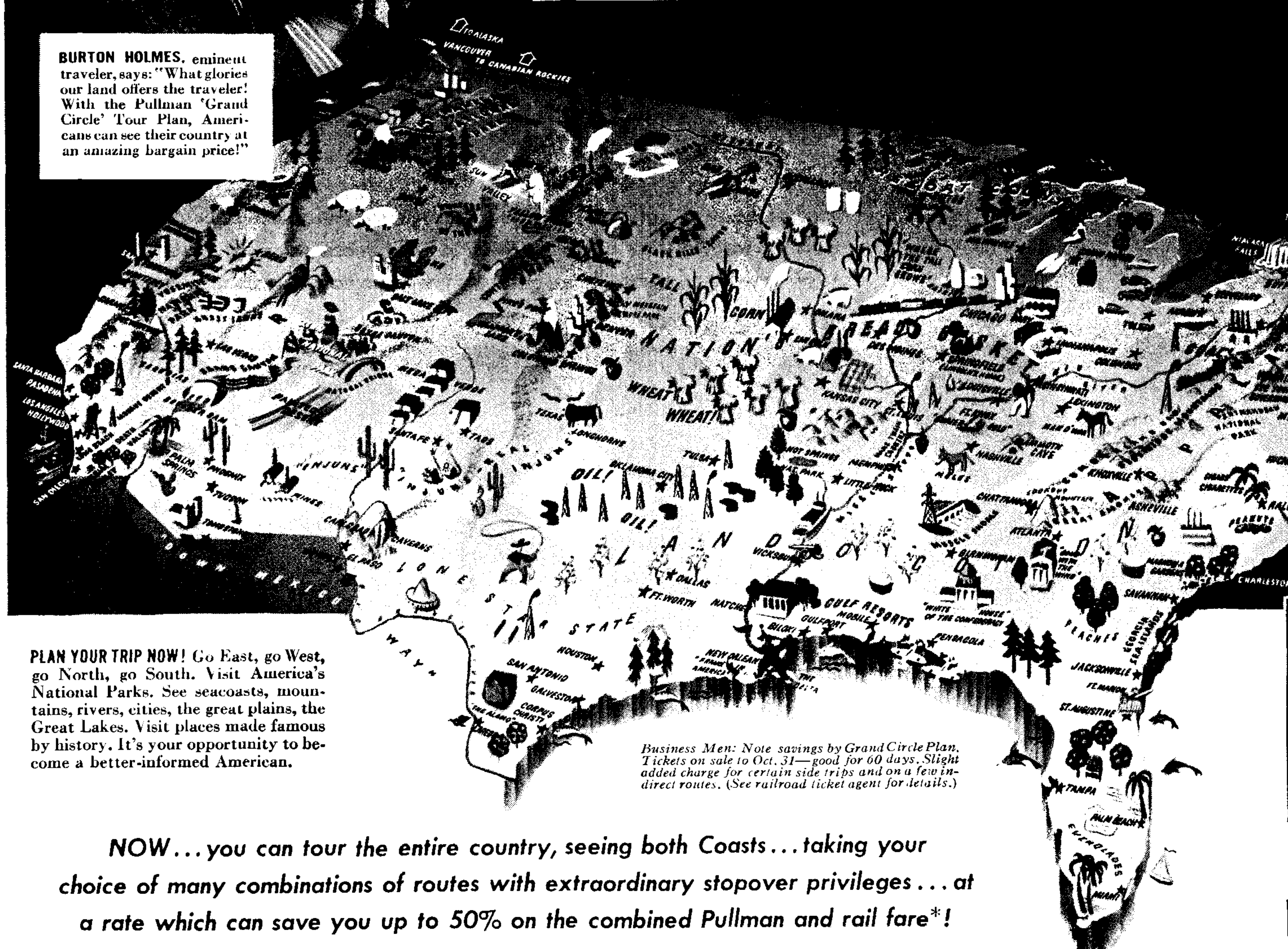
HEAD OF THE CLASS

# See America by Pullman

## AT LOWEST RATES IN HISTORY!

**MAKE YOUR TRIP IN AIR-CONDITIONED COMFORT, WITH PULLMAN YOUR "HOME" EN ROUTE. READ ABOUT THIS SENSATIONAL OFFER!**

**BURTON HOLMES**, eminent traveler, says: "What glories our land offers the traveler! With the Pullman 'Grand Circle' Tour Plan, Americans can see their country at an amazing bargain price!"


TO ALASKA
VANCOUVER
TO CANADIAN ROCKIES
MONTREAL
OTTAWA
TORONTO
NIAGARA FALLS
TALL CORN
WHEAT
WHEAT
OIL!
OIL!
LONE STAR STATE
DOWN MEXICO WAY
EL PASO
CAVERNS
DALLAS
FT. WORTH
NATCHEZ
VICKSBURG
HOUSTON
SAN ANTONIO
GALVESTON
CORPUS CHRISTI
"THE ALAMO"
NEW ORLEANS
THE DELTA
BILOXI
GULFPORT
MOBILE
GULF RESORTS
"WHITE HOUSE" OF THE CONFEDERACY
PENSACOLA
BIRMINGHAM
ATLANTA
CHATTANOOGA
KNOXVILLE
ASHEVILLE
RALEIGH
CHARLESTON
SAVANNAH
JACKSONVILLE
ST. AUGUSTINE
TAMPA
PALM BEACH
EVERGLADES
MIAMI
WILLIAMSBURG
ATLANTIC CITY
SANTA BARBARA
PASADENA
LOS ANGELES
HOLLYWOOD
SAN DIEGO
PALM SPRINGS
TULSA
OKLAHOMA CITY
KANSAS CITY
MAMMOTH CAVE
NASHVILLE

USE THIS MAP TO PLAN YOUR TRIP

**PLAN YOUR TRIP NOW!** Go East, go West, go North, go South. Visit America's National Parks. See seacoasts, mountains, rivers, cities, the great plains, the Great Lakes. Visit places made famous by history. It's your opportunity to become a better-informed American.

*Business Men: Note savings by Grand Circle Plan. Tickets on sale to Oct. 31—good for 60 days. Slight added charge for certain side trips and on a few indirect routes. (See railroad ticket agent for details.)*

***NOW... you can tour the entire country, seeing both Coasts... taking your choice of many combinations of routes with extraordinary stopover privileges... at a rate which can save you up to 50% on the combined Pullman and rail fare*!***

DO YOU WANT the vacation of your life? Do you want to see America in Pullman comfort . . . *at a cost so low you'll scarcely believe it possible?*

The Pullman Company—in association with America's railroads—is now offering a remarkable "Grand Circle" Plan. Under this plan you can tour the country, Coast to Coast—*taking your choice of many different combinations of through routes both ways—with extraordinary stopover privileges* . . . at a history-making low fare.

You can see both the World's Fairs. You can visit cities, scenic wonderlands you've always dreamed of seeing. You can plan your trip to cover 10,000 miles or more.

And of course, Pullman is your home en route. Think what that means. Air-conditioned comfort! Safety and dependability in any kind of weather. Plenty of room by day—a real bed for sleep at night. Services of a trained personnel en route. More safety, comfort and convenience, in fact, than any other form of transportation gives you!

If you live on a "through" route you can make part of your trip, return home, then complete the balance later, so long as you complete your whole trip within the 60 day limit of Grand Circle tickets.

No matter how many nights you spend on Pullman the charge (*for a minimum accommodation*) is only $34.50 . . . $17.25 each if two people occupy this accommodation!

The 1st class rail rate is equally astonishing. On an extended trip it is only 1⅓¢ a mile—less than half the standard 1st class point-to-point rate.

On many trips these rates mean savings up to 50% or more on your combined Pullman and rail fare*!

Why not take advantage of this offer and plan your trip now? Remember Pullman offers a wide range of accommodations . . . including Berths, Sections and Private Rooms of different types.

NEWS! Many bargains in 1st class rail rates are now available for *short* trips, also!

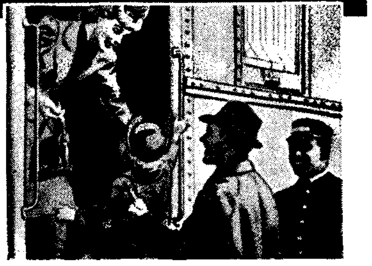
---

**Compared to cost of point-to-point tickets bought at local rates.*

**See your Railroad Ticket Agent (or Travel Bureau) for Information on other Shorter Round Trip Bargains in 1st Class Rail Fares. Act Now!**

**Pullman**
**FIRST CLASS**
**"Grand Circle" Plan**

*Copr. 1940, The Pullman Company, Chicago*



**Everybody's Going** to see America by Pullman this summer at unheard-of low rates! They're going to visit friends—relatives—parents en route.

**You'll Get** refreshing sleep on this vacation! Pullman gives you a comfortable bed. You have hangers for your clothes, plenty of space for luggage.

**The Observation** club or lounge car, on principal Pullman trains is where you'll spend lots of time! Smoke. Read. Relax. Enjoy refreshments!

# The Secret of the Marshbanks

Continued from page 21

of her affairs, Emma proposed to keep Cherry where she was at least until that was accomplished.

Her companion, she was aware, was listening to none of this, and after another pause broke out gloomily:

"She might very well look tired, being dragged through a lot of nonsense like this funeral!"

"They had to come," Cherry told him. "Amy's mother was Mrs. Porter's niece, or some relative anyway. Amy's mother's mother was a Wellington, and her husband was Mrs. Porter's uncle; something like that."

"Well, why couldn't Amy come with her uncle? No, Fran had to be at that vault of a house last night, and be dragged through this today—ten-thirty service and here it is noon! He expects her to like everything he likes."

"Who, the judge?" Cherry asked.

"No, Mahatma Gandhi," Kelly answered darkly. The girl laughed gaily.

"He's extremely kind to her," she presently said sedately. "He thinks nothing's too good for her."

"He's kind to her, of course, in his 'way!" Kelly conceded impatiently. "He gives her things she doesn't want, and surrounds her with dear, intimate friends she loathes! A woman like that! A woman like that!"

HE WALKED for a moment in silence, then burst forth again.

"Oh, don't fool yourself! I'm not saying *I* could make her happy! I'm not saying anyone could! She says herself that she's twenty women—she's all women. But she's—she's so damned *sweet*," he added in a lower tone, shaking his head gently from side to side, and turning to Cherry a smile that came from suddenly brimming eyes.

"The other day, over at my place—I've not seen her since—

"Leave it to him to see that I don't see her!" he interrupted himself fiercely, after another brief interval. "She promised him—she told me so herself—that she and I wouldn't see each other; not often anyway. What right has he, or has any man to say that a woman shan't see her friends!"

In all her twenty years Cherry had never been made the confidant of a man before nor witnessed his visible reactions to a hopeless love. She was thrilled to the marrow of her young being and touched at the same time with sorrow that life should deal with him so hardly, and with herself almost as severely. For just one of the words and looks he so longed to lavish upon Fran, what would she not have given!

Being his safety valve, having won his trust, was something anyway. While he could talk to her she was not entirely out of his life. She groped for the attitude that would hold him, spoke with almost a maternal sympathy and gentleness:

"But—but she's married."

"Of course she's married! But there's Reno, isn't there? One hour by plane!"

"But—but you wouldn't want her to leave her husband, especially when he's kind to her and they have their home—why, I was wondering the other day," Cherry went on innocently, encouraged by his silence, although he did not look at her as he continued to pace moodily beside her, "I was wondering why they didn't have a baby!"

"Oh!" the man muttered under his breath. "He met her at Reno," he added bitterly, stressing the pronouns.

"Is she divorced?" Her eyes, meeting his, were rounded into amazement.

"Certainly she is. She was up there and he went up on some community property snarl—a couple that had been divorced and each married someone else and then they divorced again and remarried, and it was a decision about some property one of 'em had inherited in the meanwhile; some nonsense like that! Marshbanks went to see what he could do, and he met Fran—she was in the nicest group there, out at a ranch—wonderful people!—and a few weeks later they were married. She was ill; she was down and out; she says it's the first divorce they ever had in their family, but it was the family doctor himself who told her she'd lose her mind if she went on living with a crazy man. There's no ill feeling; she says she hopes her first husband will have all the luck in the world. But there it is! Under any other circumstances she wouldn't have looked at Jud Marshbanks!"

"You wonder," Cherry submitted, "if *any* man could keep her happy."

"I don't know! Here we are at your house and I've talked you to death. I don't know, Cherry. But I know *he* can't. She's afraid of him."

"Afraid of the judge?"

"Terrified." Kelly crossed his arms defiantly, looking handsome and stubborn and gloomy as he faced her.

"I don't see why she should be." Cherry put an impulsive hand upon his arm in goodby. "I'm horribly sorry, Kelly," she said, her eyes fixed on his.

"Somebody ought to paint you as Brunhild," he said absently. "I ought to paint you on a rock somewhere as Brunhild. When do I see her?" he burst out immediately. "I hang around her house; maybe she comes out and jumps into her car and goes off somewhere; that's all I get! I haven't painted anything for a month. I can't work. I keep waiting for the telephone to ring, hoping it will be Fran, asking me if I can come over. Well," he interrupted himself finally in a lower, apologetic tone, "I'm sorry. Thanks for letting me blow off steam, but I'm so damned—so damned unhappy! Goodby, Cherry; see you soon!"

"Goodby!" She wanted to add "Kelly" again, but did not quite dare. She went up the steps with her heart singing in satisfaction and confidence. If everything in life was not right, it did not take much to make one feel that it might come right on a heavenly spring day of hot sunshine and blue skies.

The gloom of the Porter mansion, the scent of flowers still lingering in the dark halls, the silences, reminded her that the day had its solemn significances too. Fairfowl was locking the big downstairs rooms where so lately a reverent crowd had circulated and where the coffin had stood in its banks of blossoms; a detective was moving about, glancing at locks and doorways and silver drawers; Keno served Cherry's lunch with many a sigh emanating from her trimly bound little Japanese bosom under the pretty kimono.

"Ole leddy beery nice an' kine," said Keno, of her departed mistress. "Or time smyrrer."

"All the time smile," Cherry repeated it with a nod. She felt strangely idle, for the will was not to be read until some day as yet unappointed, and until it was read she dared not even take a book from the library shelves. Well, one could always write a letter or two and go downtown to a movie.

EMMA came back tired at three o'clock, and had a late luncheon in her room. Cherry, dressed to go downtown, joined her there.

"You're going out?" Emma asked, mincing roast beef for the gray kitten. "Here, if you *must* steal my lunch!" she said to Cappy in an undertone.

"I thought I'd walk downtown and see a movie, or maybe find one on Filmore Street," Cherry answered, dropping into a chair.

"Well, do that," Emma approved. "You've got money? And then maybe if you feel like it you might bring your cards in here before supper, and we'll listen to 'What Do You Know About That?' "

"We could have supper up here." Cherry spoke quietly. But the awkward little overture touched her deeply.

She walked down the street a few minutes later, passing the Marshbanks house just as the judge descended to the street.

"Hello, Cherry," he said. "Walking? The little car is right here in the garage if I could take you somewhere. I came back from the office to get a bite of lunch but I've nothing to do now."

"No, I really want to walk, Judge. I've scarcely stirred out of the house for a week, and I feel so free today that I can hardly keep my feet on the ground."

"You look it!" he said with his friendly smile. "Here's Amy!"

Amy came flying down the steps to join them.

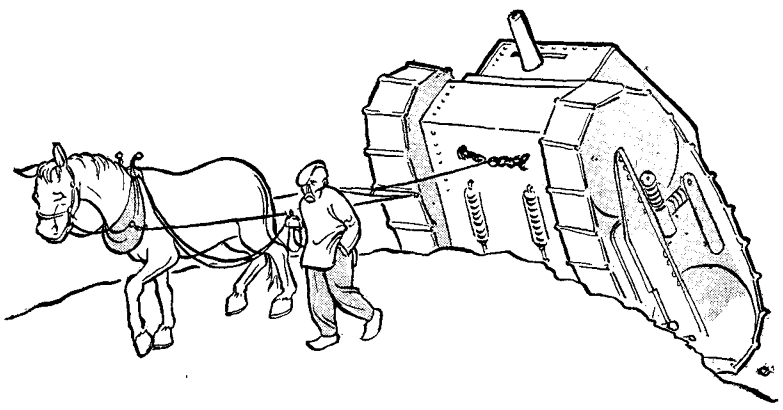
"Where you going, Cherry?"

"I'm ashamed to say," Cherry answered laughing, "that I'm going to a movie in the daytime! I've been shut up for days, and there's been so much talk about treatments and oxygen and all the rest of it that I sort of want to distract myself."

"I'm going with you," said Amy. "Funerals give me the horrors, and we had crêpes Suzettes for lunch and I ate ten; I've got to walk! Wait for me; I'll get my coat!"

She dashed upstairs again just as the big Marshbanks car drove up and Fran got out. She looked wearied and very pale in her fresh black, but she was smiling as she put her hand on her husband's arm.

"She's seen Kelly; they've had lunch



ADDED ATTRACTION!

JERSEY VACATIONS...

*More* luscious days to play or rest—for *Jersey* summer comes early. 132 miles of sparkling seashore . . . crystal, spring-fed lakes . . . sporty, exciting golf courses . . . dancing to swell music . . . privacy or companionship. (Added attraction — the nearby World's Fair). Whatever you want in a vacation, New Jersey gives you. Hotels are comfortable and rates are special. Bargain round-trip fares on trains, buses, airliners, boats. Costs are *really* economical, too. See your travel agent, send for booklet—or better yet, just pack up and come—now.

NEW JERSEY COUNCIL

New Jersey Council, Dept. C54, State House
Trenton, New Jersey

Kindly send me three booklets giving authentic information for a New Jersey vacation:
(1) New Jersey; "The Nation's Playground"
(2) Hotel Guide (3) Road Map

Name__________
Address__________
City__________State__________

CALOX MOVIE QUIZ . . No. 6

Famous for her "HOLLYWOOD SPARKLE"

Who is She?*

Star of "Topper" pictures and soon to appear in "Accidental Father" by Columbia

CLUES BY ED SULLIVAN
Famous Movie Critic

1. Who has a younger, talented sister in the movies?

2. Who, like many Hollywood favorites, uses Calox to help keep teeth naturally bright and attractive?

3. Whose father is a famous star of the legitimate stage?

*(Check your answer below. Star's name is at bottom of page*)*

HOW SUSIE GOT THAT "HOLLYWOOD SPARKLE!"

1 **Susie:** "My camera test a month away—oh, dear! Do I look all right?"
**Makeup man:** "Well, sis, you better do something about those teeth. They'll show up grey as a fog on the screen."

2 **Susie:** "Oh, I'll *never* pass the screen test with teeth as dull as mine."
**Star:** "Calox Tooth Powder can help you! I use it because it contains 5 *cleansing agents* that help keep my *Hollywood Sparkle!*"

3 **Makeup man:** "What a love scene, Chief! I gave that gal up at her screen test!"
**Director:** "Man! What a trouper! She's coming along like a whirlwind—and her smile looks like a Calox smile, too!"

TRY THIS FINGER-NAIL TEST—PROVE CALOX POLISHES SAFELY!

MAKE this simple test: pour a little Calox Tooth Powder on a nail buffer; then rub your nails *briskly*. Note the lustre, the *high* polish. Proof there are no harsh abrasives to harm the softest tooth enamel.

For Calox Tooth Powder contains not only 1 or 2, but FIVE CLEANSING AGENTS that attack ugly film and help you win that "Hollywood Sparkle"! Quick-as-a-flash the surging foam of Calox goes into action—yes, you can actually *feel* a new, high polish on your teeth with the tip of your tongue.

Try Calox for 30 DAYS! Let Calox prove how it can bring out the natural brightness and lustre of your teeth... improve the beauty of your smile...and help your "teeth shine like the stars"!

CALOX TOOTH POWDER

*Try Calox Antiseptic* — Refreshes the mouth, sweetens the breath.

CALOX

Helps your "Teeth shine like the stars"

**Constance Bennett*

together!" Cherry thought instantly.

"Where've you been, my dear?" the judge asked casually.

"I suppose it was scandalous not to go to the cemetery and see the whole funeral through," Fran said, avoiding a direct answer. "But there were things I had to do, and I just ran out on it!"

"HE'S PROBABLY crazier about her than she is about him," Cherry said when Amy brought the subject to Kelly and Fran a day or two later.

"You never can tell with Fran; she's deep," Amy answered. She had come to the Porter house by appointment on this occasion; it was the afternoon when Mrs. Porter's will was to be read. Two quiet elderly women were there from Pasadena; cousins, Emma told Cherry, who had been supported by their rich relative for years. The judge was coming, and surprisingly Amy had been notified to be present. Amy had come early, and she and Cherry were upstairs in Cherry's room enjoying a few minutes of chatter before the serious business of the day began.

"She must have left you some money," Cherry surmised, "or they wouldn't have asked you to come."

"She must have had plenty," Amy said in satisfaction.

"Not so much as you might think," Cherry answered. "I was speaking to Emma about it. Taxes eat it up these days."

Emma put her head in the door and told both girls to come downstairs.

"Me, too?" Cherry asked.

"Yes, I think so. Everyone in the house," Emma said briefly, and vanished. Cherry and Amy followed immediately to the library, where chairs had been set in a solemn semicircle to face the wide, flat mahogany desk at which the lawyer sat. Judge Marshbanks was near him; he smiled at the girls as they came in, and at the household staff, even including the Chinese cook and his helper as they filed in and took seats. Almost at once the will was opened.

Their late employer had remembered them all, leaving to every servant a sum approximating a thousand dollars for each year in her service, and for Emma's eleven years of faithfulness a round twenty-five thousand. Cherry was stupefied to hear her own name read out as beneficiary for a legacy of fifteen hundred.

The old house was to be given to the city as a museum; it must be known as the "Porteous and Victoria Porter Memorial Gallery." Books, draperies, rugs, collections of porcelain and silver and art in the downstairs rooms must be left where they were. Everything in the way of personal belongings, upstairs furnishings and the bulk of the estate were left to the granddaughter of her beloved old friend Amelia Wellington, Amy Marshbanks. Emma Haskell and Charlotte Rawlings, for faithful and meritorious service, were to be allowed to choose spoons and forks from a specified group of flat silver; and she would be glad if each would select one chair from any one of the upstairs rooms to remind them of their one-time home.

There were hundreds of bequests, some enormous. Fifty thousand dollars to an orphanage; fifty thousand more for a chapel to be added to the cathedral; fifty thousand apiece to the indigent cousins from Pasadena. Judge Marshbanks warned Amy in the comfortable little talk he had with both girls after the group of legatees had departed that the entire estate might easily be absorbed by these magnificent gestures.

"She lost a great deal of money in twenty-nine," said the judge, "and at the advice of her attorney and myself she put a lot more into annuities shortly afterward. Those stop with her life, of course."

"But think of the plates you have, Amy," Cherry said gaily. "Think of the chairs and ash trays and blankets and bureaus!"

"What'll I do with them all!" Amy half wailed.

"I should take my time going over the whole place, Amy," the judge told her. "There might be some fine old stuff here you would want, personal stuff, not what she's left the museum, of course. Put all the rest into an auctioneer's hands. You'll not get anything for it, but it's one way of getting rid of it all."

He turned to Cherry: "What are your plans?"

"I haven't had time to make plans," said Cherry, "but I think I will go to college. I'm twenty years old, and I feel as if I didn't know anything."

"Well," the judge said, "that's not a bad idea. It will get you among people your own age, shake you up, put you on your own—yes, that's a good plan. Berkeley?"

"Stanford, I thought."

"Why not?" he agreed. "Wait a minute—wait a minute," he added, "I know a nice place down there where you might like to stay. Lots of youngsters in the family; you wouldn't feel so strange. What does Emma think of this? Have you talked to her?"

"Aunt Emma and I talked the night Mrs. Porter was so ill, the last night but one—" Cherry was beginning when Amy put in an animated interruption:

"D'you call her '*Aunt* Emma?' "

"Well, yes, I do." Cherry's face turned toward the fire flamed until the tips of her ears were red. The title had slipped out inadvertently; she presently glanced at the judge and read perfect comprehension in his look.

"WE WERE sitting upstairs waiting for the doctors to come out of Mrs. Porter's room," she resumed her story, "and I said I hoped she would get well, and Emma said she was sure she wouldn't. So then we talked a little bit of what we would do, and Emma's going up into Mendocino, where she has a little place, and retire—not work any more. She says she wants a few chickens and a vegetable garden, that she's tired of the city."

"Well, I should think Emma'd be fixed well enough to do that," the judge said again with an approving nod. And then with a glance at the doorway through which Amy had disappeared in quest of Emma and her coat and hat, he added, "So she told you about your mother, eh?"

"A month ago."

"Shock to you?"

"Oh, no. I think," Cherry confessed honestly, "I had been dreaming—imagining that I might have—well, different relations. I always thought Emma was my mother's nurse. But we—we like each other."

"You're a nice girl," the man commented, as if thinking aloud, his half-closed eyes upon her. Cherry flushed with pleasure; her little laugh was proud and embarrassed.

"Did you—did you ever see my mother? Didn't you say you hadn't?" she asked, sobering again.

"No." He fell thoughtful; his linked hands dropped between his knees, his eyes on the fire. "No, I was away—I was in Washington for several years after I married," he said. "But I knew she was very young and very trusting—she was not much older than you are now, when you were born, Cherry. In fact, she was younger; she was nineteen.

"And you mustn't," he went on after a moment, "you mustn't blame your father too much. He was goodhearted; he was a decent fellow in so many ways. But always ungoverned—unable to think out consequences! All through our boyhood it was Fred who got into trouble and I who got into worse trouble trying to get him out. He followed any impulse; he was sure everything would always come out right. I've always thought," the kind, quiet voice went on, "that what happened between him and your mother was the result of a single moment of wild emotion—two young things completely deprived for the moment of reason— What is it, Cherry? What's the matter, my child?"

She had gotten to her feet, reeling, ashen-faced, one hand gripping the back of a chair.

"You said—you said—" she whispered, "that—that your brother Fred—Amy's father—"

There was a silence. The judge was standing now too, his face as shocked as her own.

"You said that Emma had told you!"

"Yes, but not that! Not that! She only said my mother—she didn't tell me anything—she said—"

"Cherry!" The man's arm was about her shoulders. "Sit down," he said, "and talk with me a moment. My dear child, you mustn't take it this way! I'm sorry—I'm terribly sorry that I've shocked you!"

She was breathing hard, but she was quieter. Her eyes, very big in her pale face, met his courageously.

"It's all right," she said, "I ought to know. I ought to have known before!"

And for a full long moment of silence they looked at each other, and did not speak.

"Emma was my father's nurse and my mother's housekeeper," the man presently said. "She was always a superior person, you can see that. She had been Fred's nurse and mine in the hospital when we were boys, had been widowed and came back as my father's nurse. Her sister Charlotte was much younger, ten or twelve years younger; she met my brother, naturally, she used to be in the house a good deal; Fred was always around. He was married; his wife was expecting a baby of her own when all this happened. There was nothing to be done except make her comfortable and provide for the child. Amy's fortune—you understand?—has nothing to do with my brother. That came through her mother's father; her grandfather Wellington, he left that to her. But what Fred could do, he did.

"The money I have been administering for you was left you by my brother—your father—and in reference to this college plan of yours," Judson Marshbanks went on, in an easier tone but still watching her keenly and anxiously. "I want to remind you that we have a balance—a comfortable balance, and any profession you would like to take up—"

She was not listening. She seemed like a girl made of stone. The cheeks that had glowed and the eyes that had shone in the firelight a few moments earlier were dulled and colorless now.

"So you see that I am your uncle really and truly," the judge said lightly, affectionately, after a pause.

"I know," she whispered with white lips. And then, with a sudden wince of pain that contracted her young face: "Has anyone told Amy? Does Amy know?"

"No. Nobody knows. My mother, myself, Emma. Not another soul."

"Your mother! She *was* talking of me then, when she said she wouldn't have me in the house!"

"Did she say that?" he asked with a little frown. "Well, you must forgive a proud, unreasonable old woman. Your grandmother too, Cherry."

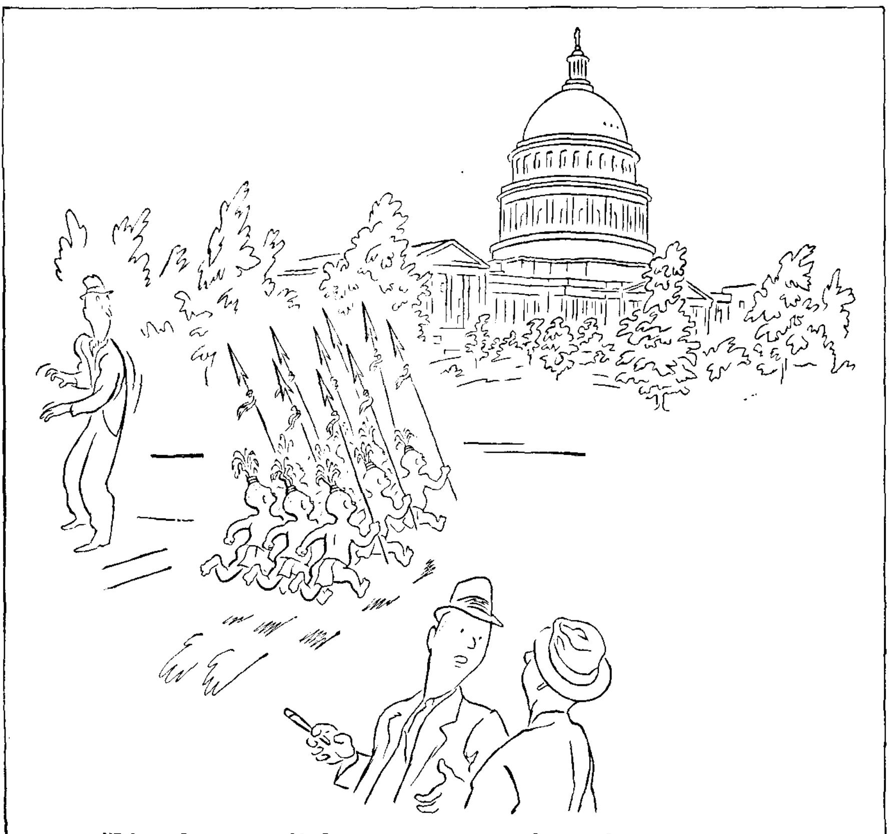
"My grandmother!" Her eyes were dark with bitter thought. "I think—thank you so much!—but I think I'll go upstairs. I'm tired," Cherry faltered, and was instantly in his arms sobbing against his shoulder. His hand patted her.

"I know," he said. "I know. It's very hard!"

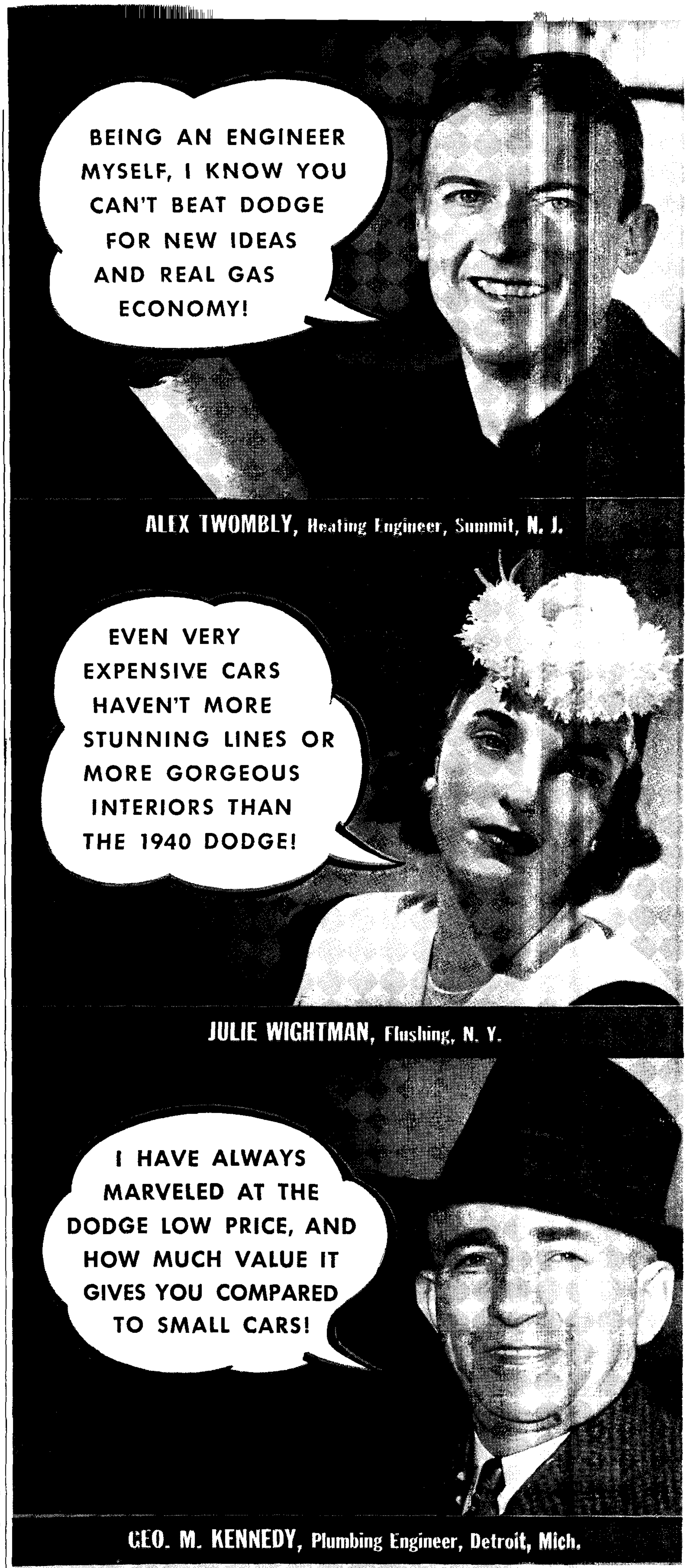
ALMOST immediately she stopped crying, gulped, fumbled for her handkerchief.

"Amy's calling you!" she said thickly and indistinctly, and in another moment, melting into the shadows of the big room and escaping by a rear door, she was gone.

She fled upstairs and to her room and to a restless agony of thinking—to walk the floor, to pause, to burst into violent tears again and fling herself on her bed. The injustice of it, the humiliation of it, the cruelty of her being one of two sisters who were strangers and whose destinies touched almost the extremes of human contrast, choked and mad-



"It's a desperate little attempt to overthrow the government"


BEING AN ENGINEER MYSELF, I KNOW YOU CAN'T BEAT DODGE FOR NEW IDEAS AND REAL GAS ECONOMY!
ALEX TWOMBLY, Heating Engineer, Summit, N. J.
EVEN VERY EXPENSIVE CARS HAVEN'T MORE STUNNING LINES OR MORE GORGEOUS INTERIORS THAN THE 1940 DODGE!
JULIE WIGHTMAN, Flushing, N. Y.
I HAVE ALWAYS MARVELED AT THE DODGE LOW PRICE, AND HOW MUCH VALUE IT GIVES YOU COMPARED TO SMALL CARS!
GEO. M. KENNEDY, Plumbing Engineer, Detroit, Mich.

**4,061 ENGINEERS BOUGHT DODGE IN THE LAST 12 MONTHS†**

DODGE PRICES START AT $755 DELIVERED IN DETROIT. ALL FEDERAL TAXES AND ALL STANDARD EQUIPMENT INCLUDED. TRANSPORTATION, STATE AND LOCAL TAXES (IF ANY), EXTRA.

**DODGE DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION**

† October, 1938, through September, 1939. Latest figures available.

dened her and she stopped her weeping only to pace the floor again, and again to break into a luxury of self-pitying tears.

It was eight o'clock, and she was haggard and weary, when she ran downstairs to the telephone upon a sudden desperate impulse and called a Sausalito number.

But when Kelly's heartening, pleased voice answered her, her tears came again and she could hardly make herself coherent:

"I'm in tr-trouble and I've been crying, and I wondered if you'd come—come—come and take me for a drive!" stammered Cherry. "I—I've had—bad news—and I'm—all—all alone!"

"Trouble, Marchioness?" Kelly asked, instantly concerned. "Hold everything, and I'll be there in twenty minutes, and you come on over here and have supper with me. Hey? Good girl! I was just feeling rotten and blue and we'll fix each other up. Steady the buffs! I'm on my way!"

THEIR dinner was of eggs and toast and frothy hot chocolate, all carried to the fire and eaten sociably from the hearthstone. Kelly would not let her begin on the story of her troubles until she had eaten. Then he piled things on a tray, carried them away, came back to sit in the chair opposite her, stuffing his pipe and looking expectantly toward her.

"Now, what's the trouble? Who's been mean to you?"

She gave him a flicker of a smile, but immediately her face was serious again.

"I feel so ashamed of having bothered you with it! But I—I felt that I was going mad, and you were the only friend I could think of. I just thought that if you were coming to town you might take me for a drive. I didn't mean all this!"

"I tell you *my* troubles," he reminded her, drawing on his pipe.

"It doesn't seem so terrible now, but it's bad enough! You see, we girls at Saint Dorothea's never know much about our families. That's part of being there. It isn't a regular school, you know. There aren't any vacations, and no relatives coming to see you. And we all get to know—we sort of understand—that we aren't like other girls, who have families and homes."

"That's the school you came from?"

"Yes. I was there thirteen years, from the time I was seven. But I remembered my mother before that, and that I had a nurse named Emma."

"Fran told me something about it."

"At least I thought she was my nurse, and I used to imagine that my mother had been—well, rich, I suppose, because *someone* had left money to take care of me—and that Judge Marshbanks was my guardian."

"I see. Go on, Marchioness."

"WELL, then when I came down and they'd found me a position with Mrs. Porter, Emma told me one day that she was my mother's sister. She wasn't a nurse at all, she was—she is my aunt!"

"A jolt, huh?"

"I don't think it was a jolt because she was a housekeeper and because I'd always thought of her as a nurse," Cherry said with a little anxious air of trying to be quite honest, "but I think it was a sort of shock to me because she'd always been sort of—unfriendly, sort of—grim with me. She hadn't been affectionate. She hadn't acted as if she—she loved me."

Close to tears again she looked blindly into the darting daggers and stars of the fire, and tried to steady her trembling lips.

"Even—even when she told me, she didn't say anything loving," she faltered on, in a thickened voice.

"My dear girl," Kelly said, taking his pipe from his mouth, "loads of people are going to love you, don't you worry! You're the kind people love. I'll bet all the girls at school were cockeyed about you. You'll have a husband and a houseful of kids, and they'll all be crazy about you. Emma's probably had a rough deal. She looks rather like a piece of salt horse to me, although I've never seen salt horse."

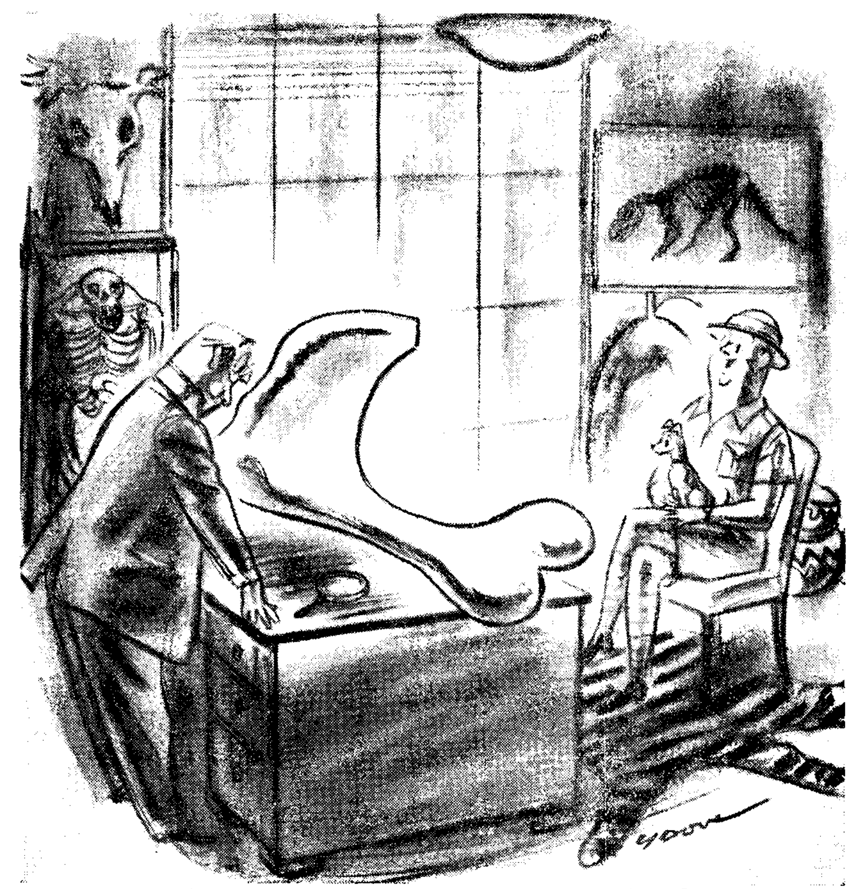
Cherry laughed brokenly, stealthily wiped her eyes, and went on:

"But, you see, Mrs. Porter left me some money—"

"Well, bully for her!" Kelly commented. "Have a good cry over that!"

"They read the will today. The house is going to be a museum, and lots of the furniture will be left there, and Amy gets a lot, and we all get money, and Emma and I get silver and two chairs."

"And—what was that last?"



"We had seven hundred natives excavating the ruins, but you'll never guess who found it"

LEONARD DOVE

"She wants us each to have a chair—any chair we like."

"The old girl had some imagination after all," Kelly said approvingly.

"But then—but then," Cherry rushed on, "after they'd read the will, Amy and the judge and I were having tea in the library, and we were talking about what Amy'd do and what I'd do and all that, and I happened to call Emma 'Aunt Emma.'"

"But he's your guardian. He'd know that she was your aunt."

"Oh, yes, that wasn't it. And when Amy seemed surprised I just said that I called her that sometimes, and Amy didn't pay any attention. But afterward Amy went out and then the judge asked me if Emma had told me about it, and I said yes, because I thought that was all he meant."

"What was all he meant?"

"That Aunt Emma was Mother's sister."

"And what more did he mean?"

"Well, that—that—he went on talking about it, and that Aunt Emma was so fine even if she was rather cold, and then he said that his brother Fred was really a good person but impulsive and always getting into trouble—"

"His brother Fred!" Kelly had kneeled to straighten a slipped log in the fire. He shot her a look over his shoulder. "Fred was Amy's father?"

"Yes. Amy's name is Amy Marshbanks."

"That's right too. There was another brother?"

"No. Only Amy's father."

Kelly stopped his pipe halfway to his mouth and stared at her.

"Huh," he commented, in a brief sound like a grunt.

"And it—it killed me," Cherry said, not crying now, but pale and beginning to be agitated again. "It killed me! She's always had everything—she'll have more now—but it's not that! It's that they all loved her and wanted her and they've made so much of her and she's always had—I mean, I don't want anything she has—but they love her—"

She steadied suddenly at the sight of his attentive but not too sympathetic face and for a moment looked at him in silence.

"I mean," she went on presently, gaining self-control with every word, "I mean that it—it sickened me to think that Amy and I are half sisters, and that he, my father, could treat my mother so terribly—my mother was so gentle, and she was ill so long! And she got nothing, and I spent all those years at Saint Dorothea's while Amy was traveling—"

Her voice trailed off into an ashamed silence; the look she turned to Kelly became aggrieved and then apologetic. For a full minute neither spoke, and then Cherry said somewhat timidly:

"Don't *you* think that's terrible?"

"You rather knew, I suppose," Kelly began, "that things in your background had been somewhat irregular?"

"Oh, yes, I did. Indeed, I did! They don't tell us anything at Saint Dorothea's, you know, but of course the girls talk. And we read books."

"Well, then, looky, Cherry. Why is it so much worse to know that your father came of a good family, and that he really tried to do what he could for you? I suppose it was he who supported your mother, Emma's sister, and left money to take care of you?"

"Yes; the judge said so today."

"I appreciate it's kind of a shock," Kelly said thoughtfully, looking up through wreathing smoke, "to face a thing like that, to get the details. An unknown father is so much less objectionable than one you can identify under these circumstances. But, Cherry, it might have been—I'll admit, looking at you, that it isn't very likely to have been!—but it might have been some casual brute who took advantage of a woman. As it is, these things don't count as they once did."

HE PAUSED, then went on: "You're better off than I am; you're twenty and I'm thirty-one. You've got all the world before you, and I'm so damned in love with a married woman that I don't know what to do with myself. I've been painting like the devil all day," Kelly went on moodily, "but I'll scrape it all off tomorrow. It's rotten! I think I'm going to shut up this place and travel—I'll leave you the key; you can come over and use it any time you like, if I go."

He glanced at his watch. "It's ten-ten. I'm going to run you home."

"It seems a shame to take you out again tonight!"

"I'll enjoy it," Kelly said.

They went out into the darkness to the car. "There's a divine moon and what we'll see from the bridge will probably keep us there all night. Now I'll tell you, Cherry," he went on, driving down the hill, "here's what I'd like to suggest to you: You'll have bad moments over this thing, no question about it. But whenever you get down, say to yourself, 'It's my business to be giving, not taking; I'm the mother type, mothering all mankind,' and it'll buck you up."

"It does buck me up; it bucks me up just to say it," she admitted gratefully. "It seems to—to open doors for me. Whenever I think I haven't anything I'll remember that, and give something to somebody. But, Kelly," she went on a little shyly, "wouldn't that apply to you too? I mean in caring—in being in love—where it makes you so unhappy. You said you were so unhappy today that you simply couldn't work."

"Yep, but I'm the taking type," he answered soberly. "Most men are, and lots of women. The other type is rare. Rare!"

"You're not just saying that to comfort me, Kelly?"

"You know in your own heart I'm not."

"I wish it was true. I'm going to try to make it true."

They were in the city streets now; he stopped at the gloomy Porter mansion and got out and went up to the door with her.

"YOU'LL never know what you've done for me tonight," Cherry said in the dark columns of the entrance.

"You did something for me too. I've been seeing blue devils all day. Listen," he went on in a brighter tone, "here's a bargain. If you get too down, you telephone me, and if I'm going crazy any time I'll telephone you, and we'll walk it off together. There are swell walks up over the hills over my way. How about it?"

"I would think it the nicest thing that ever happened to me," she said in a low tone, her eyes shining up at him in the gloom, her figure lost in shadows.

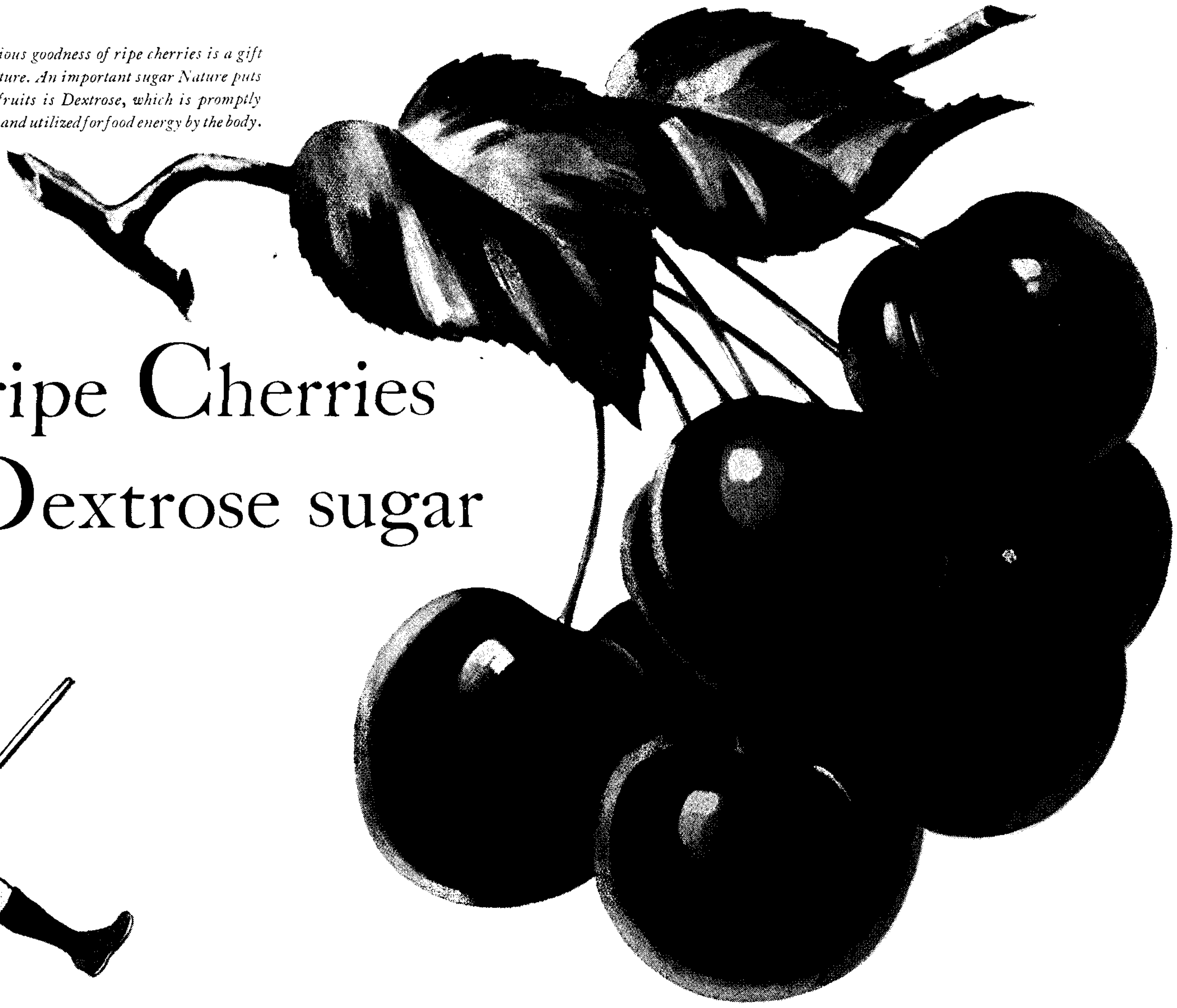
"It's a go, then."

"There's only one thing. If we do that then I mightn't ever have any troubles," Cherry explained, her hand in his.

"You know what you ought to get for that!" His arm held her lightly, his lips brushed her forehead and he was gone.

(*To be continued next week*)

*The luscious goodness of ripe cherries is a gift from Nature. An important sugar Nature puts in such fruits is Dextrose, which is promptly absorbed and utilized for food energy by the body.*



# Luscious ripe Cherries are rich in Dextrose sugar

*By actual energy tests a 150-pound athlete can walk more than 7 miles (at about 3 miles per hour) on the* FOOD ENERGY *contained in one 5¢ bar of delicious Baby Ruth Candy.*

## –and so is delicious Baby Ruth

To make Baby Ruth so rich in flavor, freshness and food value, Curtiss uses pure natural foods—such as milk, butter, eggs, chocolate, crisp plump peanuts—and Dextrose, the sugar your body uses directly for energy. That's why it's *natural* for so many people to prefer Baby Ruth candy to any other kind. Have you enjoyed a bar lately? CURTISS CANDY COMPANY...CHICAGO

CURTISS
Baby 5¢ Ruth
RICH IN DEXTROSE THE SUGAR YOUR BODY USES DIRECTLY FOR ENERGY
CURTISS CANDIES
CANDY IS DELICIOUS FOOD
ENJOY SOME EVERY DAY.
NRG

AT CANDY COUNTERS
EVERYWHERE

Mobilgas

SOCONY-VACUUM

The Sign of Friendly Service

# "Swell Horse in Traffic!"

**The Flying Red Horse stands for pick-up, power, pep—and all *other* good gasoline qualities. You get "Balanced Performance" with Mobilgas—"Balanced Protection" with Mobiloil!**

Take this traffic cop's intelligent advice—he knows a good horse when he sees one. *Stop* at the "Red Horse Sign" if you want a nimble, quick-starting car in traffic.

Mobilgas doesn't sacrifice *one* good quality for *another*. Instead, it blends *all* good qualities together. It ignites instantly... burns evenly... sends full, smooth power to *every* cylinder.

That's why you get flashing starts with Mobilgas... *plus* surging getaway; smooth cruising; long, low-cost mileage... in traffic and everywhere else!

Isn't that the "Balanced Performance" you want? *Fill up today for:*

1. Quick starts despite cool engine.
2. Fast warm-up—rapid acceleration.
3. Freedom from vapor-lock—no stalls.
4. Minimum crankcase oil dilution.
5. High anti-knock value.
6. Cleanliness—freedom from gum.
7. Full, smooth power under all conditions.
8. Long mileage—economical operation.

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, Inc.
AND AFFILIATES
Magnolia Petroleum Co.—General Petroleum Corp. of Calif.

# Smoothie

Continued from page 15

in Hollywood. He is a terrific box-office draw and he makes a lot of money for himself and for his company. He has been working so hard since he landed in Hollywood that he never has had time to go Hollywood. He earned his way up the Hollywood ladder; he began to learn the business of acting that day in high school and he has kept at it ever since. He did it slowly, methodically, equipping himself technically, mastering his craft so that when the big break came he was ready for it.

Let's sit down with Bill Powell and listen to his story. It is a pretty ordinary story, he thinks.

He finished high school and then it was taken for granted that he would go to the University of Kansas to study law. He went to the University of Kansas, stayed one week, and then returned home to break the news to his family that he wanted no part of the law.

"They didn't seem a bit surprised," Bill says. "I thought that I had kept my acting ambitions to myself, but I guess I hadn't."

He got a job working as a clerk for the telephone company. He got fifty dollars a month.

"At the end of ten months I didn't have a cent and I owed my father twenty dollars," Bill says gloomily. "I was pretty desperate."

Mrs. Elizabeth Heywood, Bill's great-aunt, was his only hope; the only relative he had who had any loose change lying around. He wrote her a twenty-three page letter telling her how wonderful she was and suggesting naïvely that she could, if she wished, have the opportunity of helping him to save the American theater.

"I know that I can become a great actor," he wrote. "It seems a shame that lack of money is depriving the stage of my services. And all I need is seven hundred dollars."

Great-Aunt Elizabeth must have had a sense of humor, for she promptly sent Bill a check for seven hundred dollars. With the seven hundred dollars burning a hole in his pocket and with ambition burning in his breast he set off for New York, which received him with amazing calm. He paid six months' tuition at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts and set about the learning of his craft.

### Conceit is an Asset

"It was a good groundwork they gave us there," he says, recalling it. "Edward Robinson and Joseph Schildkraut were also learning to act there. Even then they both stood out. Me? I had nothing but high hopes and a great amount of conceit. If I hadn't had that conceit I would have realized that I was pretty hopeless and would have quit."

Things were pretty tough and Bill missed many a meal. But finally he felt that he was ready. He made the inevitable rounds of theatrical offices and agencies and finally got a part in Rex Beach's Ne'er Do Well. In fact, he got several parts. He played a young man, a middle-aged man and in the last act he had whiskers down to here.

Right after that he got a fairly good part, that of English Eddie Griggs in Within the Law. He was the heavy and he played it for nearly two years.

"I suddenly realized that I wasn't learning much playing the same part night after night, month after month," Bill says, "so I broke away and played stock. I played in Portland, Oregon, and Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and Northampton, Massachusetts, and I played with Jessie Bonstelle in Detroit, Michigan. I played more than 200 different parts in two years, and I began to learn how to act."

Then he stormed New York again and got a part in, of all things, a musical comedy called Going Up.

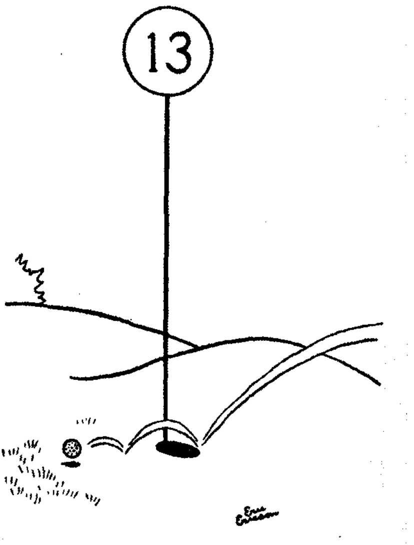
"I sang, but never alone," Bill says now, "always with three or four others. But the play did me a lot of good. Frank Craven was the star of it and I learned a lot from that grand trouper."

Finally he got a break. He got the part of Javier in Spanish Love, a villain who redeems himself by dying in the last scene. The play ran forty weeks and the name of William Powell began to mean something.

One day he met a man named Al Parker, a picture director. Parker said, "Would you like to make a picture?"

Powell said, "Of course."

The picture was Sherlock Holmes, starring John Barrymore. Powell, new to the technique of pictures, did well enough and he learned a lot by watching Barrymore. He made a few other pictures in New York. When he wasn't working he was hanging around The Lambs Club. Bill used to stand at one end of the bar. Dick Barthelmess, who was about the biggest thing in pictures then, often stood at the other. They cordially hated each other. Powell hated Dick because he was so good and so successful while he couldn't get a real big part. Dick thought that Powell was a fresh upstart who ought to be spanked.



Presently Bill was offered a very good part in The Bright Shawl, which was to be made in Cuba. He was tickled to death with the idea until the ship was five hours out. There, standing on the deck, was Barthelmess. They glared at each other and then Dick said: "Let's go to my cabin and have a drink."

They went to Dick's cabin and had a drink and they got to talking. They talked all the way to Cuba and when they walked off the ship they were bosom friends; a friendship that has lasted to this day.

The Bright Shawl opened Hollywood's portals wide to Powell. Now he was off. When the talking pictures came in, the transition didn't bother him at all. Many of the silent stars turned out to have voices that squeaked like the brakes on a 1914 automobile. Powell had been training his voice ever since the fateful day at high school. His star immediately zoomed. Studios fought for his services and his salary leaped sky-high. Usually he played the heavy and vaguely this bothered him. He didn't want to be typed; didn't want to confine his acting to playing suave villains. Finally he went to M-G-M, where he was allowed to have a voice in selecting his own pictures. They handed him a script of The Thin Man.

"I read that script and I said to myself, 'There's a guy I know. I know that Nick Charles. I want to play him.' Well, I did, and I'm still playing him," Powell added.

The Thin Man was in many ways a revolutionary picture. To begin with, the studio didn't think much of it. It was classed as a B picture and Van Dyke shot it in sixteen days, a record for even that fast worker. But it made film history. First of all, it promulgated the surprising theory that one could have fun even though married. Nick and Nora became the symbols of happily married life, and people for the first time saw romance on the screen between a husband and wife. The Thin Man was a terrific hit. The story was good enough but it was the playing of Powell and Myrna Loy that really made the picture.

### He Makes It Look Easy

The Thin Man started Powell playing a new kind of character—a charming, gay, casual sort of person. Powell is excellent at playing an off-center character and making him believable. He played such a character in My Man Godfrey.

"Probably no one ever lived who was like Godfrey," Powell says. "But La Cava, who directed it, made the man seem quite plausible. Actually that was La Cava's picture. Every morning he'd give us some dialogue that he'd written during the night, and it was good dialogue. Working with someone like Van Dyke or La Cava is a great help to an actor. You have confidence in them."

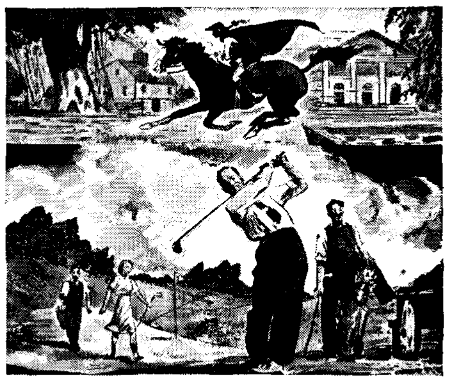
On the screen Powell gives an impression of casual ease. That isn't an easy impression to give. Every motion with hand or cigarette or eyebrow that contributes to that impression has been studied carefully by Powell before the scene is shot.

"I work it like this," he explains. "First I read the entire script over a couple of times to get the feel of the character. Before we start shooting the picture I want to know all I can about that man, how he'll act under varying conditions, react to various situations, how he'll feel and think. Now when we're working we have to get up at seven, which is a tough hour to get up. The night before, I study the scenes that we're going to shoot the next day. I learn lines slowly. It doesn't come natural to me to memorize a couple of pages of dialogue in a few minutes. I take that scene to bed with me and read it and read it. I figure out every bit of business that might go well with that scene. That's all subject to the director's approval, of course. But I can't hop right on a set and ad lib bits of business. There's no harder work than figuring out how to make a character appear casual and at ease on the screen."

It is the accepted custom for actors, writers and directors to rap Hollywood. Very few of them admit that they like living in the place. Powell is an exception. He likes it. He loves it.

"We have everything here that New York has, except the theater. That is too bad, but there are compensations. For years I've been hearing about the horrible people out here who have lost all sense of values. They may be here but I never met them."

This has been a great year for Powell. He emerged from that terrifying shadow which threatened not only loss of career but loss of life. He came back stronger than ever and then one bright day he upped and got himself married, to Diana Lewis, a beautiful young starlet. Powell's mob approves of her too. As well they should, because the new Mrs. Powell has all of Bill's good humor and wit and she's a lot better-looking.



**YOU can almost hear Paul Revere galloping by this tee**

Here's what Massachusetts . . . and only Massachusetts . . . offers for your vacation this summer:

Golf courses past which rode Paul Revere! Sea beaches where Colonial maids played! Mountain camps and rolling river valleys haunted with memories of King Philip! Boating, fishing, tennis, horseback riding, summer theatres, dancing, gala hotels, sight-seeing trips, delicious old Massachusetts food in the land where Minute Men once fired the "shot heard 'round the world."

Come to Massachusetts this summer. For nowhere, but in Massachusetts, can you find such an ideal place for healthful rest and recreation amid such stirring reminders of your Country's glorious past.

WRITE FOR THIS HANDSOME BOOKLET

"*Play* where America was born IN MASSACHUSETTS"

**MASSACHUSETTS DEVELOPMENT & INDUSTRIAL COMMISSION, State House, Boston, Mass. Dept. C-1**

Please send me, free, the above illustrated booklet which gives complete details about vacationing in Massachusetts.

Check here for specific information about:
☐ Cape Cod ☐ North Shore ☐ Historic Boston
☐ Berkshires ☐ South Shore ☐ Pioneer Valley.

Name____________________
*Street*____________________
*City*____________ *State*________

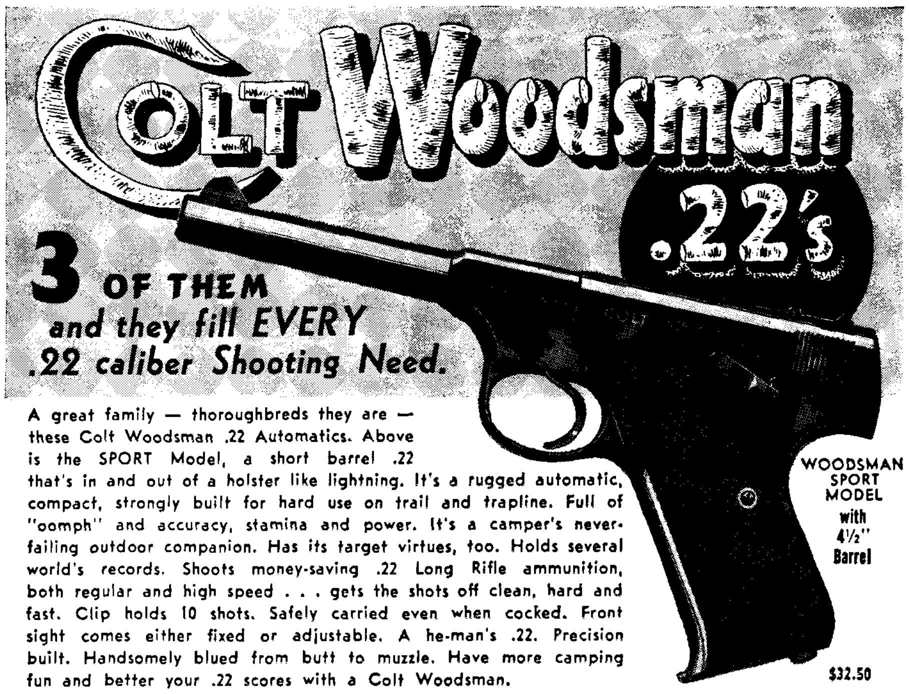
*Travel* SAFE

*carry*

**BANK of AMERICA TRAVELERS CHEQUES**

Backed by the resources of a billion dollar bank

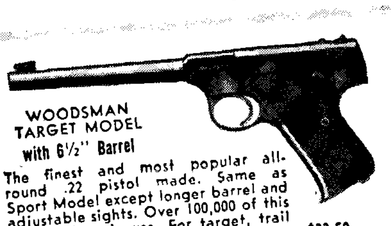
*Issued by* Bank of America N T & S A
495 branches in California
Main Offices: San Francisco and Los Angeles
MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION



3 OF THEM and they fill EVERY .22 caliber Shooting Need.

A great family — thoroughbreds they are — these Colt Woodsman .22 Automatics. Above is the SPORT Model, a short barrel .22 that's in and out of a holster like lightning. It's a rugged automatic, compact, strongly built for hard use on trail and trapline. Full of "oomph" and accuracy, stamina and power. It's a camper's never-failing outdoor companion. Has its target virtues, too. Holds several world's records. Shoots money-saving .22 Long Rifle ammunition, both regular and high speed . . . gets the shots off clean, hard and fast. Clip holds 10 shots. Safely carried even when cocked. Front sight comes either fixed or adjustable. A he-man's .22. Precision built. Handsomely blued from butt to muzzle. Have more camping fun and better your .22 scores with a Colt Woodsman.
Send for free folder describing all models.

WOODSMAN SPORT MODEL with 4½" Barrel
$32.50



WOODSMAN TARGET MODEL with 6½" Barrel
The finest and most popular all-round .22 pistol made. Same as Sport Model except longer barrel and adjustable sights. Over 100,000 of this model alone in use. For target, trail or recreation, there's nothing better. $32.50

WOODSMAN MATCH TARGET MODEL with Heavy Tapered Barrel
A match winning model and America's Number 1 target .22. Is smashing records right and left. Heavier, steadier. Smooth as silk. Beautifully balanced. Nothing finer made. $41.50

Send for this *Free Booklet*
"SPOTTING THE 1939 PISTOL SCORES"
Get this new Colt booklet reviewing the 1939 shooting. You'll want one. Mail the coupon or postal card — Now.

NAME______________________________

ST. & NO.____________________________

CITY STATE

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO. HARTFORD, CONN.

WHICH of these women has learned the secret of Fifteen Minutes a Day?

TWO women live in neighboring homes. They are the same age. Their husbands' incomes are about equal. They seem to have the same chance of social success and happiness. And yet one of these is seldom invited to go out.

The other woman is always the center of a group. She is sought after as a guest.

MAKE HER SECRET YOUR OWN

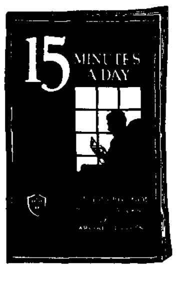
Her secret is very simple. She has learned how to attract people. She has read many things. Her mind is keen and alert, and people feel instinctively that she is worth knowing.

Make her secret your own. It is possible to secure all at once and at very small expense the few great books that enable anyone to think clearly and talk well.

You will understand how this is possible when you have read "Fifteen Minutes a Day"—a wonderfully interesting Free book which tells you about the beautiful new Home Library Edition of The Harvard Classics—now easily available to the most modest home budget.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

You need not decide now. Simply mail the coupon for the Free booklet "Fifteen Minutes a Day" which has brought new happiness to thousands who have sent for it. Also, for limited time only, we will send you "Men Behind the Classics" which contains dramatic biographies of men whose immortal writings appear in The Harvard Classics. A fine piece of literature. Both of these booklets will be sent you free, postpaid and without obligation. Simply fill out and mail the coupon.



THIS COUPON ENTITLES YOU TO FREE BOOKLETS

P. F. Collier & Son Corporation
250 Park Avenue, New York City

I am interested in receiving by mail, free and without obligation, your valuable booklet, "Fifteen Minutes a Day," describing the famous library, Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics) and the beautiful brochure, the "Men Behind the Classics." 412 HCS

*Name* Mr. Mrs. Miss .................... ....................

*Address* ..........................................

# Purse Snatcher

Continued from page 19

he fell down on the track. Some day some thoroughbred may pass that $437,730, but think of the other ingredients!

To go away back yonder, C. S. Howard, a tall, serious-looking youth, arrived in San Francisco with thirty-one cents cash money on hand. As it was back in the days of bloomers, sulphur matches and bicycles, Howard opened a repair shop for bicycles in San Francisco, and he must have made a name, for when the automobile appeared Howard asked one of the auto companies if he might represent them in San Francisco.

He opened a new shop and there was an automobile in the window, and his bicycle days were done. A shabby-looking citizen stopped on the walk, studied the car a long time, strolled in and asked the price. Howard told him. "I'll take it," said the citizen. "Run her out." That was his first sale. Eventually, he represented that automobile company for the entire West Coast and some adjoining states. As time passed, he made more money than anyone has ever seen in one place.

The day came when he could turn over management to capable hands and go in for avocations and fun. First, he tried being a yachtsman and purchased a large, mahogany craft with eighteen portholes and it exploded in the harbor at Catalina Island, blowing the guests into the sea. Mr. Howard was not on board, but that was the day he gave up maritime sports.

Next, he went in for Arabian horses and Hereford cattle. His son Lin was fast becoming a noted polo player and thus the family slowly approached the domain of the horse. Lin went to South America, having heard of the famous Argentine thoroughbreds, and in 1935—a bare five years ago—Howard made ready to start east and buy a few. He decided to own a stable and, knowing little about horses, he discussed the matter and asked where could he get a good man.

"If you could get hold of him," a frie[illegible] suggested, "there is a man named Tom Smith."

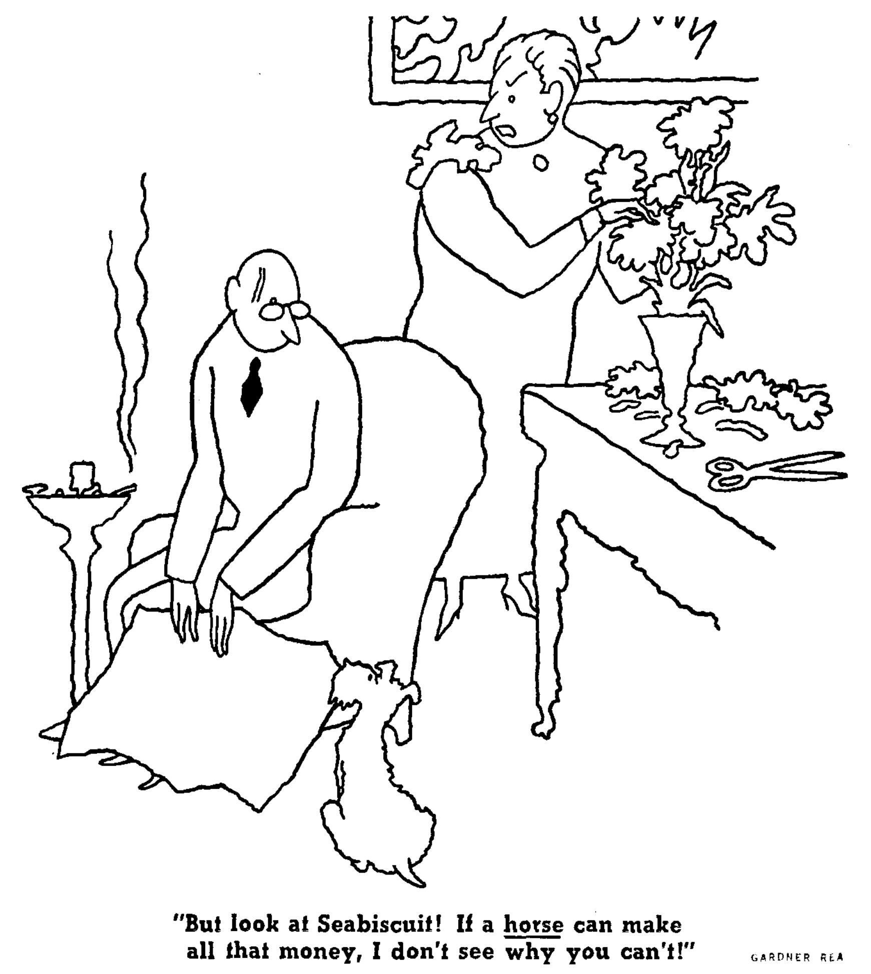
Howard got hold of him immediately, made a deal and Tom Smith has been his trainer from that day to this. Tom Smith is a rare bird. He is a sort of triple-plated wizard with horses, an unsmiling man with a kindly manner, who started out in Colorado, working along with the cowhands in their rodeos. Rodeos are hard on horses. Tom Smith made a specialty of patching up broken-down cow ponies, and if a horse didn't actually break his leg in three places Tom would have him well and running for the next engagement.

Moving out of Colorado, Tom Smith began training race horses for a Seattle widow who had four racers in her stable, none of them topnotchers. Yet such was the training skill of Tom Smith that the widow won race after race and that's why Howard's friend suggested Tom.

### A Poor Start

Owner and trainer journeyed east to look over the horse situation. Now, in 1933, in the Bluegrass State of Kentucky, a watchman was making his early morning round on the Kern Breeding Farm and came upon a newborn colt whose name was to be Seabiscuit. His father was Hard Tack and his grandpappy was Man O' War. When he was approaching the age of two, he was taken to the bond auction and sold to the Wheatley Stables for $500.

As a two-year-old, he ran thirty-five races and was out of the money eighteen times, so up to this period the Biscuit set no rivers afire. Tom Smith and Owner Howard blew into Pimlico Park to watch the running of the Mohawk Stakes and among those present was the Biscuit, ready for another day's work.



"But look at Seabiscuit! If a horse can make all that money, I don't see why you can't!"

GARDNER REA

He ran sixth, but that didn't fool Tom Smith, and Howard bought him for $8,000 from the Wheatley Stables, and in his first effort for the new management the Biscuit came in fourth. After that he ran all over the nation and became famous as a steed you could ship anywhere by train and he'd never get car fever. He still is. The minute they lead the Biscuit into a railroad car, he lies down and sleeps. Tom Smith sleeps with him and they both thrive on rail journeys.

In his career, winding up last March, he has run eighty-nine races, was first 33 times, second 15, third 13, and Red Pollard rode him in thirty-two of these starts, beginning at Hialeah in 1935. It was Red Pollard on his back when he lost the Hundred Grand to Rosemont by a nose in 1937 and the same Pollard up in the Howard box, with a broken shoulder, watching Woolf ride the Biscuit in the 1938 Handicap and lose to Stagehand by a midget's whisker.

That was an afternoon that Red Pollard wept. In his next nine races, the little brown horse was either first or second, and Fate was laying for him with an ax. On February 14, 1939, the old Biscuit appeared to reach the end of the trail, for he pounded in second behind Today and when Woolf eased him off and turned around, he was lamer than a goat and they found he had torn a suspensory ligament in his right foreleg, which is usually curtains for a racing horse. Howard shipped the cripple up to his Ridgewood Ranch in Mendocino County, where he had 23,000 acres to roam and plenty of soft turf for the crippled leg.

The Biscuit was out of the game and so was Red Pollard—just a couple of broken-down pals, once pretty good. Early in 1938, the jockey had spilled himself off Fair Knightess in the San Carlos Handicap and was on the shelf for months with his fractured shoulder, and that's why he was in the stand watching Woolf lose to Stagehand. He recovered slowly and finally was well enough to start east, his intention being to ride Seabiscuit in the proposed battle with War Admiral at Belmont Park, a match that was called off when the Biscuit's leg failed in training.

The Howard stable moved over to Narragansett and there Pollard volunteered to exercise an unknown horse for a friend, was tossed and broke a leg. Howard shipped the jockey out to his Ridgewood Ranch, there to loaf in the sunshine and heal his wounded gamb, and when it was partly mended Pollard stepped into a hole and broke it all over again and was ready to admit they had him down.

### A Pair of Has-Beens

Then the Biscuit ran in the Today race and *he* broke down and Howard shipped *him* to Ridgewood, and there they were again together, horse and jockey, a couple of crippled veterans of the turf, both lame, both out of the running, a melancholy duo of washed-up has-beens.

A sad picture, my hearties. Miles and miles away from the haunts of man and the healthy smells of the race stables, a couple of old limpers, the man twenty-nine, old for a jock, the horse edging seven, not young for a horse. The Biscuit being a sort of baby and household pet, Red Pollard spent part of his time swearing at the ranch hands, who were inclined to overfeed the invalid. The ranch lads asked what was the difference if he did get fat. Red limped around gloomily, cane in hand, looked over the fence daily and they held man-and-horse conferences in the Mendocino sun, the subject being "How're we doin'?"

One day it appeared to Red that the Biscuit limped less. He climbed up on the fence, swung a leg aboard and the Biscuit grunted and walked off, with his old jock bareback up, holding firmly to his cane.

The Biscuit moved gingerly over the soft turf and only the mountains of Mendocino County looked down on horse and rider. Pretty soon, Red's own leg was a heap better and so was the Biscuit's and presently they ventured on a little loping, with nobody to criticize, and Red was certain. The Biscuit was undoubtedly getting better, and him never a truly sound horse from the day he was foaled.

In the end, Red and the Biscuit were galloping around Ridgewood Ranch like a pair of two-year-olds and Tom Smith came north to have a look-see. Red was proud to show him some pretty fair legs and that was about the time Mr. Howard announced in the papers that the Biscuit was coming back to the races and the knowing folks smiled, for such miracles do not occur in hoss circles. A ruptured ligament in a race horse means he's done.

It took just one year, from February 14, 1939, to February 9, 1940, on which day Seabiscuit ran at Santa Anita in his comeback shot, finished a respectable fourth behind Heelfly, Sun Egret and Arigotal. He was only trying out the old gambs. One week later, he started again, along with his stablemate, Kayak II, seven eighths of a mile, and he finished a dismal sixth, with the sturdy Kayak eighth; everybody at the races swore that C. S. Howard ought to be restrained by law.

### Seabiscuit Makes History

But the Biscuit was only fooling again and so was Tom Smith. They got down to brass tacks on February 24th in the San Antonio, a mile and a sixteenth, the Biscuit winning by two and a half lengths, with Kayak right behind. That was another ten thousand dollars for Howard. On March 2d came the Santa Anita for 1940, winner's share $88,000, second horse $20,000, and that's the way they finished, Biscuit first, with Pollard riding, Kayak second. Now the little miracle horse had finally passed Sun Beau's winnings and stamped his name upon the racing tablets for all time.

He's a sort of four-legged Joe Louis, is the Biscuit, for he's a champion at his racket and he loves and adores just two diversions. He wants to eat and sleep, and so does Joe. When they lug him in from a run and dry him off, he looks around for the fodder. If there is a rations delay, he goes peacefully into a corner and snoozes till they call him. Given the grub, he would eat himself fatter than a duck, so they watch him. He is not particularly gentle or polite, has a fairly short temper and likes to take bites at passing rumps, either man or beast.

One thing he can always look back to with satisfaction: in every one of his important races, the Biscuit has tied or broken the world's record for the distance, or the horse that beat him did. He has been and still is a popular idol with the racing fans, who groaned when he pulled up limping and who will swear he is the greatest race horse in history. The biggest moment for Biscuit lovers was the day he beat War Admiral at Pimlico. Pollard has been his close pal for five years, calls him Pappy and came back with him to triumph.

In retiring, Mr. Red Pollard said: "Why not? My pal's quit and I'm not getting any younger. I've had my share of broken bones, which I can remember and discuss calmly. I've been lucky in breaking only legs and such, but a guy might break his neck and then only his relatives could sit around and discuss it."

Your Barber says:
"GET OFF THE WATER WAGON"

**GET OFF THE WATER WAGON!** Don't soak your hair with water to comb it, barbers say. They are experts in hair care and know water washes away natural oils, leaves hair wild, unmanageable. Kreml grooms hair, keeps it neatly in place.

**DON'T GO** to the other extreme and plaster your hair with greasy goo and give it a patent leather, gigolo look. Kreml isn't greasy, keeps hair neat and natural looking.

**WHILE YOU** still have hair, take good care of it with Kreml Hair tonic. It checks excessive falling hair, removes ugly dandruff scales and relieves itching scalp.

**USE KREML DAILY**—the wonderful tonic-dressing that keeps your hair looking its natural best—easy to comb—always neatly groomed, never sticky or greasy—dandruff scales removed, excessive falling hair checked. Ask for Kreml at your drug store or barber shop.

To further aid your hair, use Kreml Shampoo. Made from an 80% olive oil base, it cleanses hair and scalp thoroughly, rinses out quickly, leaves hair easy to manage.

**HINT TO THE LADIES:** Kreml Hair Tonic puts hair in splendid condition for permanents—makes permanents look lovelier.

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES—CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR
RELIEVES ITCHING SCALP—NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

A *Flavor* THAT SAYS
"KENTUCKY'S FINEST
BOURBON"

NOW 4 YEARS OLD

This Whiskey is 4 Four Years Old
Glenmore
90 PROOF
ONE QUART
KENTUCKY
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
Glenmore Distilleries Co.
INCORPORATED
OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY

**With a *mellowness*, a *smoothness* unmatched through the years, GLENMORE (Silver Label) now comes to you as an *older* whiskey, a greater *value*. Advanced to bonding age, it is still being bottled at 90 proof for mildness.**

***From the distillery with more than a million barrels experience.***

Copr. 1940
Glenmore Distilleries Co.,
Incorporated

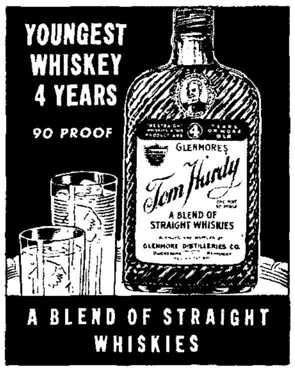
*Pour*
**Glenmore**
*. . you get more*

NO INCREASE IN PRICE

• OTHER GLENMORE PRODUCTS •

GLENMORE'S
KENTUCKY TAVERN
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
BOTTLED IN BOND

BOTTLED IN BOND
100 PROOF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY



YOUNGEST WHISKEY 4 YEARS
90 PROOF
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES

GLENMORE'S
Mint Springs
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

MILD MELLOW
86.8 PROOF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

## An Empire in Doubt

Continued from page 17

Urazato-mura. He was a research chemist, working for the Rikagaku Kenkyujo, the Institute of Scientific Research. It was this organization, backed by the government, that put millions of Japanese old men and women and girls, in small villages, to turning out everything from bicycle parts and machine guns to phonographs and cameras.

### Slaves to War and to Debt

With the Japanese passion for telescoping words, Rikagaku Kenkyujo had become Riken. Riken had demonstrated that, with docile labor, you didn't need skilled hands to produce intricate things like electric fans or radio sets. What went on in Urazato-mura was typical of what took place in a thousand other villages. The place numbered 4,100 persons, and you could find almost no man of military age there, just old men and women, and girls and children. Some years ago Isoshi Saito and his fellow scientists had "surveyed" the place and discovered that each villager had about two and a half hours a day of leisure time, after working in the fields. This time the government thereupon proceeded to steal, for its own war purposes.

First, the Riken invented a series of simple, one-purpose machines. Each machine, which could be operated by a child, performed one simple operation. It was like taking a large, complicated American machine, which did nine things at once and needed a skilled man to run it, and making nine simple machines out of it.

In the villages, nine children or girls or old men, working at the simple, one-purpose machines, would turn out a product more cheaply than one American, operating one complicated machine.

The village used to grow mulberry trees for silk culture. Now, the mulberries had been uprooted and the fields grew rice. Rice growing made little enough for the peasants, but they eked out an existence with their wages from factory work. They were all heavily in debt to the landlords; in the past few years more than half of them had lost their hectare or so of land; they were now mere serfs, bound to the land by debt. Half or more of their income went to the landlord and the tax collector.

Still, they could live on a dime a day. Or else . . . Their sons were in China or Manchuria, busily murdering Chinese peasants in order to show them and the world the loving-kindness of the Emperor Hirohito and the manifold blessings of Japanese rule. The villagers of Urazato-mura and the villagers of Wahsien in Central China had nothing in common except that they were pawns of military dictatorship and totalitarianism and dedicated to mutual destruction in a dozen bloody ways, for no clearly discernible reason.

Isoshi Saito, at least, could discern no real reason. He and a few of his friends listened to a secret short-wave radio—prison offense—and so had a detached and realistic view of the whole business. He watched as the village girls operated the spinning lathes and reflected that they were not allowed to think. There were brutal laws against having "dangerous thoughts" about democracy and human justice and such decadent and perilous ideas. The peasants, turned into machines by Saito and his fellow scientists, were graciously permitted to work and eat, to huddle, cold and humble, in their bare little homes. And that was all. They were all dedicated, willy-nilly, to the grim business of mass murder of their brother peasants across the East China Sea.

Isoshi Saito sighed a little and shook his head in doubt.

Hirom Nakamoto was a foreman in a *silkool* factory, run by the Shôwa Industrial Company. *Silkool* is a fabric made from oil cake left after the oil has been extracted from soybeans. It is not a good fabric, but it is made to take the place of wool and cotton and thus gets around the necessity for buying wool from Australia and cotton from America. Seven thousand acres of Australia will produce sixteen tons of wool a year, but seven thousand acres of Manchukuo will produce eight hundred tons of *silkool*, plus five hundred tons of bean oil.

Maybe the Americans can produce nylon to put Japanese silk plants out of business—but the Japanese can produce *silkool* and let the cotton bales pile up in Mississippi. Synthesis is a game two can play.

The papers and politicians had made a lot of fuss about the end of a trade treaty between Japan and the United States, but it was mostly face-saving. Trade went on, treaty or no treaty. If you couldn't buy something here, you bought it there, or invented a substitute. Japan was making paper from beechwood, rice straw, soybean straw and bagasse from the Formosa sugar plants. She was producing fuel from coal and there was plenty of coal in the lands she had stolen in North China. Sharks and whales furnished leather. As synthetic fabrics rolled from the mills, it was possible to tear up mulberry trees, stop importing so much cotton and wool, and devote the land to food and the ships to other routes.

Food and more food! That was the big need. The population soared a million a year, war or no war.

### Profits Are for Capitalists

Since the war started—the interminable war that never got anywhere—Hirom's earnings had gone up about seventy-five per cent. But his living expenses had more than doubled. He seldom had salt or sugar on his table. He was smoking two cigarettes a day, instead of the usual twenty; beer was a luxury. The great markets the army spokesmen had promised him would open up in China had not as yet materialized.

Instead, Hirom read, great trusts and corporations were being formed in North and Central China, to exploit the conquered peasants, work them at low wages and produce things in competition with Japanese labor. The capitalists worked hand in glove with the army and cleaned up. Great was the loot of China, but Hirom got none of it and paid through the nose for everything he bought.

Sometimes, Hirom Nakamoto permitted himself a pang of wonderment.

"They say they can stand another ten years of war and that they'll win, sure, in the end," said Walter Clark, who works for an American oil concern in Kobe.

He glanced furtively over his shoulder in the familiar gesture of the foreigner in Japan. "They can pretty nearly prove it, too, by figures," he added. "Maybe they can. I don't know. Maybe they will win—but what they win won't be worth what they paid for it, in money and men. They've got a million, three hundred thousand men in

Manchukuo and China now, and more going over."

You see (said Walter Clark) it's a curious setup. Take Japan. It's smaller than California and raises a lot more hell in the world. It has almost seventy-five million people. It is the most densely populated nation on earth, because only sixteen per cent of its land is productive. The rest is mountains. Each square mile of arable land has to support about three thousand people, compared with two hundred fifty to the square mile in the United States, or eight hundred in "crowded" Germany.

Every year, Japan has to find jobs for four hundred thousand new workers. She can absorb no more in agriculture. She can create the jobs she has to make only by using what resources she has or can steal on the Asian continent, to produce things she now imports. But this process can go only so far. If she buys nothing from the world, she'll soon be selling nothing. Even now, her shipping trade is suffering as imports and exports decline.

"They may win," said Walter Clark. "I thought so myself a year ago. I might still think so, if I believed their newspapers and their radio. But I'm beginning to doubt it, myself."

In the little village of Mutsutomo old Katsuji Watanabe and his wife and three daughters toiled in the rice paddies. Their two sons were in the army, battling for sweetness and light in Kwangsi. After the field work was done in the evenings, Katsuji and his wife and the girls went to a shed where there were electric motors and small machines. They sat down and worked diligently for three hours, turning out machine-gun parts.

The company that employed Katsuji and the other villagers had installed a cheap radio set and loud-speakers blared out the news from JOAK.

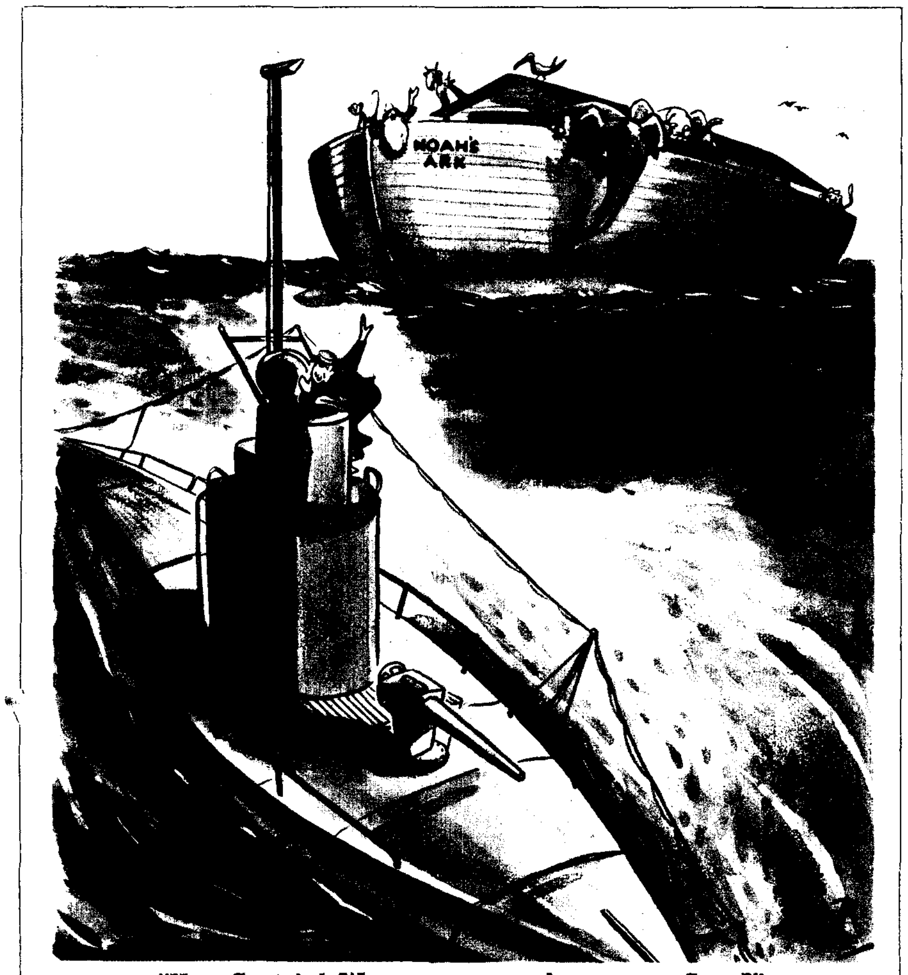
Japan (Katsuji heard) is striving for the liberation of China. Almost one million Chinese have now been liberated by violent death from all further worry about life. Japan is the country of true tolerance and progress. All the correct thoughts, as invented by the army dictatorship, are tolerated; even parliament is tolerated as long as it obeys orders and attempts no independent thought. Japan's army is the "Divine Sword that slays not" and is dedicated to peace in Asia and the general welfare of the world, which will shortly be Japanized all over. The sword slays not, but the bombs and shells and bayonets, the torch and the machine gun, they slay their thousands and in Asia there is no peace, nor prospect of peace. The Yamato race of Japan does not covet one *mow* of Chinese soil; it seeks only the co-operation of the Chinese people. The Japanese army now holds, at gun's muzzle, a million square miles of China and fosters the co-operative spirit by the extermination, in curiously brutal ways, of all Chinese who will not bow their necks to the yoke.

The motors hummed and the lathes whirled. Old Katsuji and his people and millions more like them, all over the empire, worked and listened. They had suffered and they would suffer more. They were deep in debt and would sink deeper. They had barely enough to eat, and might have still less as the weeks fled by. Ahead of them was nothing—save grinding labor and sacrifice.

They might breathe; they must work; within limits they might eat and sleep.

Shintaro Omori, the enterpriser, has his doubts. William A. Judson, the scrap-metal king, doesn't quite know what to think. Isoshi Saito, the technician, is puzzled. Tadao Sumida, the newspaper reporter, finds it hard to reconcile what he knows with what he is told to believe. Hirom Nakamoto, the textile man, wavers in his faith. Walter Clark, the American oilman, says—in a whisper, looking over his shoulder — that maybe, and maybe not. . . .

But still the dictatorship drives ahead relentlessly. Old Katsuji Watanabe believes. As long as he has faith, as long as his masters can keep dangerous thoughts out of his head, the war may go on.



"Hey, Captain! Wanna see some classy camouflage?" ROLAND COE

Adventure in Refreshment . . .

a minty flavor,
a cool April taste,
a thrilling new sensation
every time
you brush your teeth!

The adventure begins the minute Squibb Dental Cream touches your tongue. And then it comes in a rush . . . that important **feeling of refreshment** . . . the cool April taste in your mouth.

Squibb Dental Cream cleans and **polishes thoroughly** yet ever so gently. There's concentrated **Squibb Milk of Magnesia** in it, to **neutralize** bacterial acids . . . when it comes in contact with them . . . **acids** that might **harm** pretty **teeth.**

And so important to us is the **purity and safety** of the dentifrice you use . . . we put Squibb Dental Cream through **239 exacting tests.** The evidence is the Squibb control number recorded for your protection on each carton or tube. Be sure to specify **Squibb** the next time you buy.

**SQUIBB ANGLE TOOTHBRUSH** (illustrated) . . . dentist designed, head bent at correct angle for easier brushing and gum massage. Ask your druggist.

Squibb Dental Cream

Contains Concentrated Squibb Milk of Magnesia

SQUIBB Dental Cream

★Taste and feel the refreshing difference!

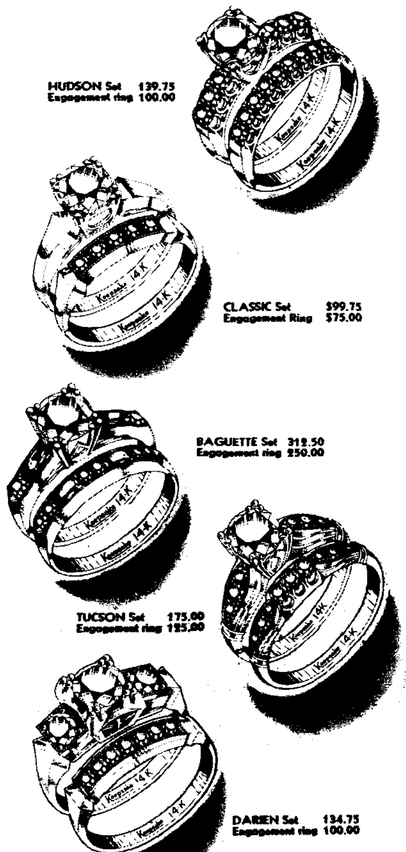
"Oh, darling, it's lovely!"

*For the Girl of Your Choice*

*the Ring of HER Choice*

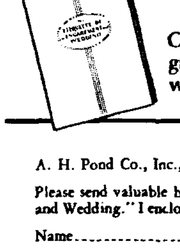
a GENUINE-REGISTERED Keepsake

DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING



IT'S a grand way to start life together . . . with the traditional symbol of the engagement . . . a lovely, genuine registered Keepsake Diamond Ring. How she loves its glorious color, its distinguished styling, its time-honored quality.

You can select your Keepsake with confidence because with every ring comes the Certificate of Quality and Registration . . . your protection against an unwise choice. Authorized Keepsake Jewelers everywhere offer diamond values made possible only by expert selection and appraisal. Extended payments can usually be arranged. Ask your jeweler to show you the newest Keepsake matched sets for every taste and purse. Or write for name of nearest Keepsake dealer.



***Romance Ahead? Send for Book***

Coming brides and bridegrooms! Send coupon or write for helpful book.

Keepsake Diamond Rings,
A. H. Pond Co., Inc., 214 S. Warren St., Syracuse, N. Y.

Please send valuable book, "Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding." I enclose 10 cents to cover mailing expense.

Name..........................................

Street and No. ..................................

City ..........................................

C 5-40

# Wild Pride

Continued from page 14

right nice of you. I figured to go with you."

He liked her frank tact in making the first step smooth for them. There seemed to be no female wiles in her.

Tezzie Fair looked him over and he seemed skinny, except across the shoulders, to do all the feats of work chalked up to him. She had eyes from which the sloppy clothes of her brothers held no secrets; she easily saw that Hannibal wore at least two pairs of fustian pants to pad out his shanks. Probably all the pants he owned. It was going to be a hot day.

"But I'm not going with you." She moved along the wagon tracks and Hanny, suddenly upset, moved beside her.

"I won't lay a hand on you," he said. "But I'm going with you."

Tezzie laughed; she seemed to be laughing at the sky, at the checkerwork of white clouds, but the laugh wasn't right. It had an edge in it. She said, "First catch your rabbit. I can run—I hate it but I can."

Hanny explained, "You don't see what I'm meaning. This Going to the River—it's the big roundup of all the folks. There's always some boys and girls walk together, and plan to wed, and all the people warm it to 'em and it's good as done. I downed an old John tree yesterday, where our house will stand—"

Tezzie Fair was running, with her wide starched skirts in her hand. Hanny loped after her; he drew even and shouted, "I said I was taking you." Tezzie moved out ahead.

She wasn't sprinting, he found out; she flew with a smooth ease. She must be longer-legged than most, under all her finery; she wasn't working hard, not even flushed.

It was two miles, over humps and hollows; she'd have to give out. She showed no signs of it. Hannibal knew when they neared a clearing; he whipped by her there. She whirled and fled homeward with the same lightning in her legs, holding her skirts in her other hand now. Hannibal got ahead and turned her toward the grove. It was worse than heading a range heifer.

*He came up beside her and shouted,* "I said—" The trail ran through a saw cut in a butt log high as his head and he had to drop back or crack his bones on the log. He let her coast then, her flying ribbons just beyond his touch. While they coasted Hannibal schemed.

WHEN the trail dipped down to the Salmon Creek foot log he'd swing around her onto the foot log. He'd turn-face to her. She'd smack into his arms, ribbons and all, or she'd go into the creek and get the starch taken out of her. He coasted and watched the hollows of her knees flashing ahead.

At the foot log she dropped her dresses as he shot by; her hand flashed out to his shoulder and he tumbled into the dappled pool. He clawed out over boulders and she was across and beyond sight.

They raced into the road at Abel Chottaw's, on into the shading grove by the river. Hannibal loped beside her again, dripping water. Tezzie stopped, smoothed her skirts. There were thick crowds, a hundred people. Tezzie faced him and he panted, "I said I'd bring you and I brung you. Miss Tezzie, you're a fine runner. You're the best woman runner—"

Her fist smacked his red face and her own face was simmering. "I hate running—I hate people who make me run. I hope you're proud of yourself."

Shouts and laughter ran through the grove and Hannibal looked about. He suddenly needed a hole to dive into; a place to escape this hornets' nest he'd stirred, and lick his stings. And wring out his pants and shed the extra pair.

The day rollicked by in the grove and in the long dusk the young women came up from the river, with the pots and steel knives and forks sand-scoured and shining. The Going to the River sprang out of the lonely need of the settlers, in the slack time each summer when crops all were planted and harvest lay in the future. It was as natural as the wheat blades springing from their lonely homes in the soil.

All the settlers came. Except children and a newcomer or two such as Mr. Fair, all remembered their first Going to the River. That had been at Rendezvous, on Green River, far eastward. Captain Abel Chottaw had led the wagon train through South Pass on Independence Day, down the western slope, and they had put behind them the backbone of the Rockies. They had gathered at the river and let down their grimness, before the long crawl westward to the promised coastland.

They had gathered each year since. . . . Everybody slept on a long bed of wild grass, gathered by the young men and made up deep by the young women. It was a hundred steps long. Families who lay down together, by morning might find their younger ones scattered up and down the bed. Crusty bachelors heard themselves croaking, "We are tenting tonight on the old camp ground." After the Going to the River, a bachelor was apt to wake to find himself hitched for life to a widow with young ones.

Each day a mounted group toured the homesteads, did up the necessary chores, returned. The settlers would remain at the river for days, as long as the spirit lasted. Or as long as trouble did *not call them home*. . . .

Hannibal Wolf threaded through the darker aisles to Abel Chottaw's wagon, where Abe sat on his wagon tongue and small Ailse, his wife, merged close against him. After a moment Ailse said there was a new baby she must visit and she moved softly away.

Abel Chottaw said, "You've settled on Tezzie Fair, son? Step off your feet here."

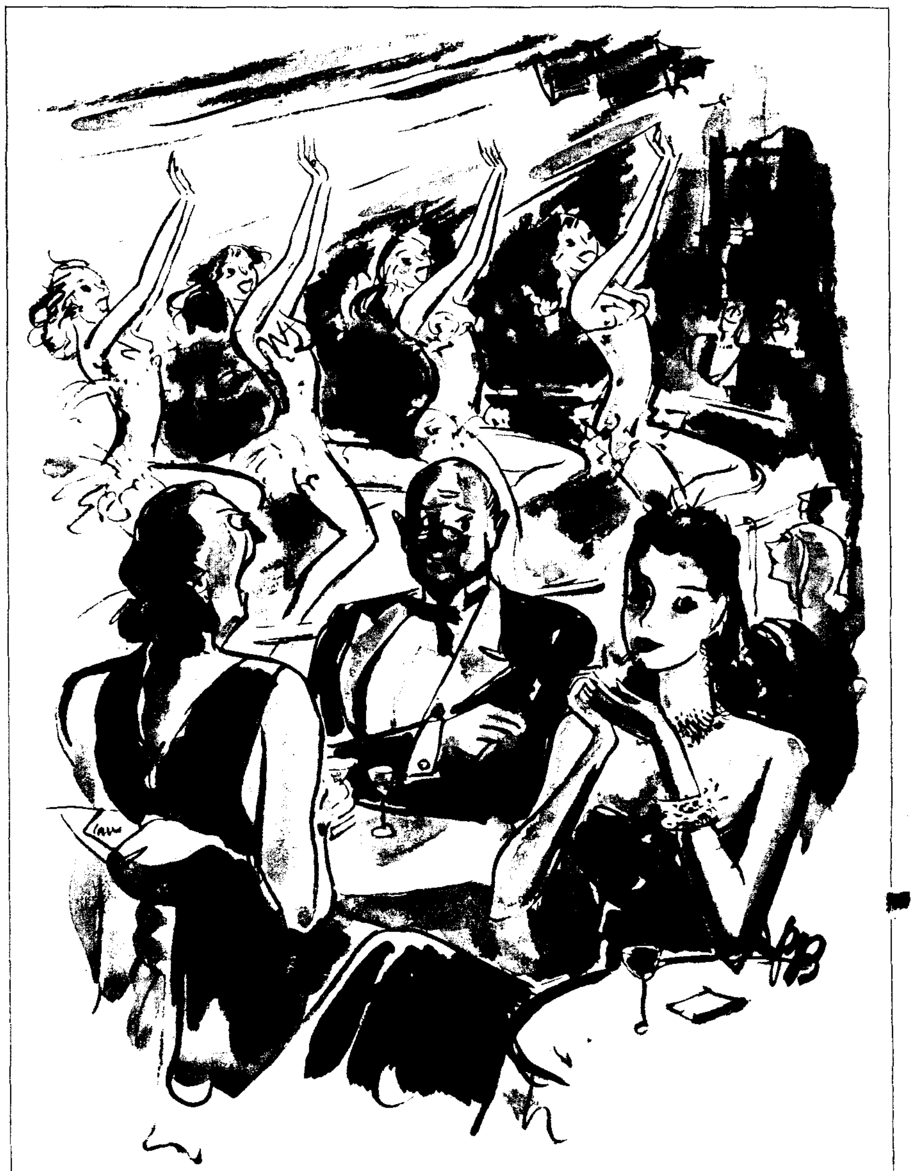
HANNY sat down. He stared between wide knees at his boots. "I can't aim at no girl but Tezzie."

"You've set your sights high," Abel said. "The low branches are full of partridges and you're aimin' at the topmost one in the tree."

"It can't be no other."

There was secret laughter near by; Abel tossed a fir cone into a dark triangle of trees and it stopped. He nodded. "She's from the South; she brings in new things to us. So you crave the new—it looks the honeyest to you. . . . The South's just had a war, son."

Hannibal's broad hands stopped wrestling each other and he looked up at Abel. Abel said, "One thing, all us others came out to this country of



**"Charles! Keep your eyes on the floor show!"** PERRY BARLOW our free want and will, if we got scalped for it. Tezra Fair—she come because she was chased. She and her folks, chased out of a big painted house with niggers to lead up their saddle mounts. Mr. Fair is a man and older and he didn't come with a chip on his shoulder. Tezra's part child yet. She maybe feels skinned alive—inside her."

There was sharp balsam smoke drifting; old folks were singing at the grand campfire, old mournful ballads. A low and steady rebellion grew in Hanny; it lay beneath his words. "I downed the John tree where our house will stand. I told her that."

"It'll make good sills."

"I kept with her, running, to the river. I should have let her win."

"She won at the games. She outshot you—her ball hit the target inside yours. Swimming and jumping and all—you let her win."

"And she's madder at me than a hell-cat!" Hanny stood up. "I never put my hands toward her. I never touched that chip on her shoulder—I never would. And she's with the other boys, one after another. I'm lower than a Digger Indian."

"If they don't get mad," Abel Chottaw said, "they ain't worth havin'."

"I wanted her to feel good." Hanny stared at the older man. "I wanted her to win."

"She feels good," Abel Chottaw said, "in a woman's way. And likely she's winning."

HANNIBAL WOLF went away that night, away from the camp in the grove. Abel had talked quietly—tall Abel, his graven face smoothed by the night light. Abel had said, "Women have different kind of clockworks inside 'em. They tick different." He'd said, "Come morning, have Ailse trim that brush heap on your skull, son," and he had put a thin leather scabbard in the youth's hand.

There were blankets for Hanny, and vacant spaces on the long bed. He walked near the bed, hearing elderly snores and the giggles of the young. Tezzie would be lying with her family—he thought. Or she could be at that other end in the darkness, where Yellowtop was squealing. Hanny walked the road slowly to his land and slept in the crater left by the John tree. The scabbard was in his hand; it contained Abel's spare bone-handled razor. There was cool dew on his face. He had a horsehide and he must make himself a strop come morning.

He sat up at dawn and looked at the trunk of the John tree resting across his building spot, to the spring. He saw where he would cut it; he got up and stepped off the lengths. The John tree ought to feel better, rived into walls sheltering Tezzie, than standing alone in the storms. Its red heart, split and shaved into flooring, ought to feel fine with Tezzie walking all day on it.

He loped through the timber to his hencoop cabin. He didn't need to make a strop; there was a stiff one in the chest of his pa's that Abel had carried on across the plains for him. He rubbed buck tallow into it and experimented with the razor. The thick fuzz, beginning to curl at the point of his chin, came off in clean paths.

ALL that day he heaved and hauled on his saw, cutting the John tree into proper, clear-grained lengths. Summer days are long days, but Hanny measured them by the work he got done single-handed and they were short. One thing, they came close together. Of nights the squallings and bleatings of creatures didn't rouse him.

He was building a house and Tezzie would be inside it some day. She'd be there if the only way he could have it was to dream it. . . .

Of evenings he loped along the old trail, across Salmon on the foot log and to the gathering at the river. He had the habit of cutting his left ear when he shaved. Abel said once, "I scrape my jaw of mornings, when the hand isn't stiff from the day's work."

Sometimes he saw Tezzie. Now a plot of hard earth had been skinned bare and fiddles brought out. Tezzie danced with a trained grace the Western girls ridiculed helplessly. Hannibal knew better than to get caught near the dancing. He walked home early each night, knowing he'd not return the next night.

On the fourth night Abel walked Hanny quietly out of camp. "Mac Cosgrove from Yoncalla brought me word," he said. "There's a raiding band up from the diggings. I've told no one. Han, up where you're working, you've seen no sign?"

Hanny was silent in surprise. Bands came north from the California diggings, up the stage road around Shasta, through the Siskiyous. But his settlement—Abe's settlement—was tucked away west of the stage road, in the wild hills where the Umpqua bounced to the sea. Robber pickings were always on the stage road. And robber bands always dashed back south to vanish in the gold camps. He answered, "No, but they wouldn't come for us."

Abel said, "This time they got too free with lead and powder. One place they downed a guard and driver. Another place they shot a woman who ran. Things are warm for 'em southward. A smart band, now," Abel said, "might duck in where smarter ones never bother."

Hanny shook his head.

Abel listened to the wind drift in the fir crowns. "No. It's not likely. I've told no one. It would bust up their picnic. And they need it; settlers need to let down this way."

"I'll keep my mouth shut," Hanny said.

"And eyes open. It's a good way."

THE riders came on him at noon, easily, out of the forest. They were a swarthy gang, heavy on their horses with leather and hardware. There was one who sat straighter, arrowlike, among them—a woman. She wore the same buckskins, hat and black neckerchief. If she wasn't close, if Hanny couldn't stare into the cool dusk of her eyes in her full and strong face, he'd not have known she was a woman. He wasn't surprised; he'd heard the whispers of strange things in the gold fields.

They half-ringed him with their horses and Hanny saw something else—a flash of white, unmistakable, behind the elderberry clump at the spring. The ruffle of a petticoat—it must be the white of a petticoat. A Mexican, thick and squat with muscle, was speaking, and not exactly to Hannibal:

"*Por Dios!* We've struck the valley too high up. We've struck the settlement."

"There was no smoke." A rider with broken teeth considered Hanny. "We watched close from the rimrock. This boy, he would know."

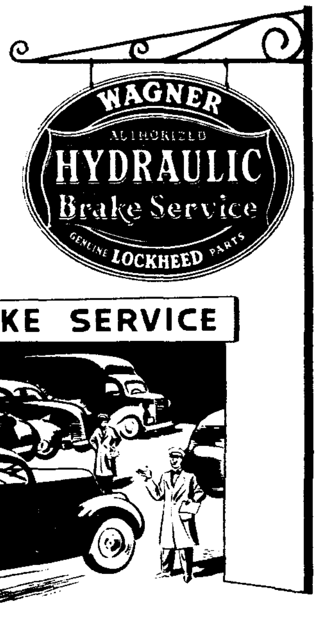
The woman spoke without moving: "Come here. Come close."

Hanny hesitated; he had brought his father's Sharps this morning, because of Abel's slight warning. But it stood against a big log too far away. He might go with these raiders; they might go away from this spot and the elderberry tree. He stepped slowly forward and stopped.

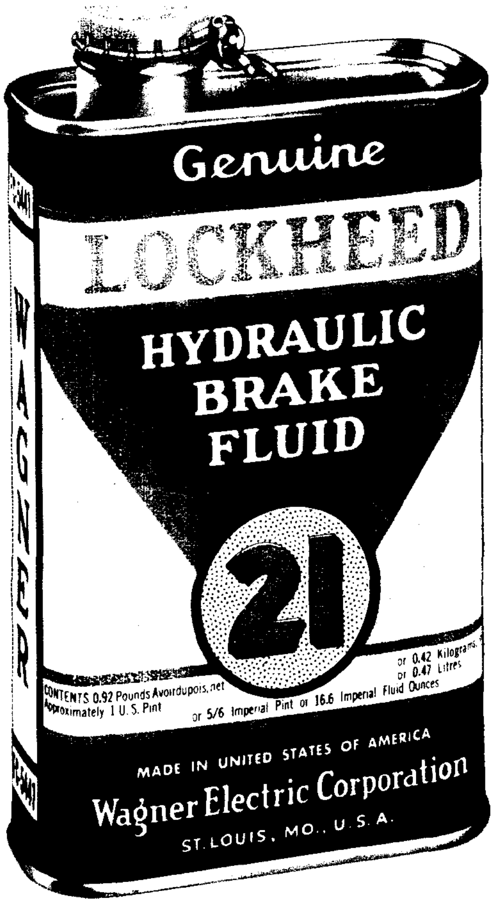
"He is a boy, Violetta!" The Mexican's laugh held rough scorn. "He hasn't the fuzz of a berry on his face. Do you have to rob the cradle?"

"He is clean-shaved." The woman examined Hanny with eyes that showed no change. "See his shoulders. He is

HAVE YOUR CAR CHECKED PERIODICALLY at a STATION DISPLAYING THIS SIGN



It is important to have the master cylinder of your automobile brake system filled to the proper level with genuine WAGNER LOCKHEED Hydraulic BRAKE FLUID


Genuine
LOCKHEED
HYDRAULIC
BRAKE
FLUID
21
WAGNER
CONTENTS 0.92 Pounds Avoirdupois, net or 0.42 Kilograms
Approximately 1 U.S. Pint or 5/6 Imperial Pint or 16.6 Imperial Fluid Ounces or 0.47 Litres
MADE IN UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
Wagner Electric Corporation
ST. LOUIS, MO., U.S.A.

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE don't guess about the condition of the hydraulic brake system of your automobile. Drive to an authorized station that displays the Wagner red, white and blue sign, and let a trained mechanic check your car.

If additional brake fluid is needed, Wagner Lockheed Fluid is the answer. If new parts are required, Wagner Lockheed Parts assure the kind of brake performance the automobile manufacturer had in mind when designing the car.

21 IS AN ALL-WEATHER YEAR-ROUND FLUID

The small cost of having a master cylinder filled to the correct level with No. 21 is negligible compared with the added safety gained. And one filling lasts a long time.

No. 21 is an *all-season all-weather* fluid, and is recommended for *all* hydraulic brakes. It retains its highly efficient qualities under all driving conditions. It completely and properly mixes with all other approved fluids, furnishes necessary lubrication for working parts of hydraulic brake system, and, in general, preserves the essential characteristics of the entire system.

FOR ALL CARS and TRUCKS

Behind this quality product are fifteen years of Wagner development and research. No. 21 is used by car manufacturers, and is recommended for the service needs of *all* cars and trucks having hydraulic brakes.

For safety's sake—why not have *your* car checked TODAY! There is a station near you.

●

AUTOMOTIVE PARTS DIVISION H40-6
Wagner Electric Corporation
6400 Plymouth Ave., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.
[In Canada: Wagner Brake Service Company, Ltd., Toronto]

Wagner
LOCKHEED HYDRAULIC BRAKE PARTS and FLUID
...CoMaX BRAKE LINING...NoRoL...AIR BRAKES

VALSPAR PAINTS
AS WONDERFUL AS
VALSPAR VARNISHES

VALSPAR—the Varnish that won't turn white and VALSPAR—the Paint that does it right

VALSPAR PAINTS • VARNISHES • ENAMELS

VALENTINE & COMPANY, INC.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE VALSPAR CORPORATION, LTD.
TORONTO

BADMINTON AND BLISTERS SOMETIMES GO HAND IN HAND. AFTER PROPER TREATMENT, BLISTERS THAT NEED BANDAGING ARE...

EASY TO COVER WITH A READY-MADE BAND-AID. NO FUSSING WITH AWKWARD, HOME-MADE BANDAGES.

BAND-AID IS NEAT AND CONVENIENT. JUST STICK ONE ON—IT STAYS ON—EVEN ON HARD-TO-BANDAGE PLACES. KEEP A BOX HANDY FOR MINOR CUTS, BURNS OR BLISTERS. 19¢ FOR 36 ASSORTED SIZES.

ADHESIVE
GAUZE
BAND-AID
Johnson & Johnson

Johnson & Johnson
BAND-AID
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
ADHESIVE BANDAGES

young—all the better; he knows what a man is for. He'll go with me."

"This one's not a man!" The Mexican's horse leaped and Tezzie ran before him from the shelter of the elderberry. She ran, but she couldn't escape the horse. She was swept up and the Mexican wheeled back. He shifted in his saddle, held her fighting on his thigh and he laughed. Tezzie threatened fiercely, "My father and my brothers will kill you. When they miss me—"

"How can they, señorita? When they're not here?"

"They're at the river with the others! When I don't get back—"

The woman said sharply, "I know what this is. Chottaw's Settlement, and every summer they go to the river for a reunion. That's why we saw no smoke."

The dusty riders drew close to her. "There'll be gold in some of their cabins. We'll pick them over this afternoon. We'll burn them as soon as it's dark—they'll come looking for this chit then anyway. The burning will hold them up while we ride."

The broken-toothed rider spat on the sod. "We ain't borrowin' trouble, takin' your laddybuck along. He'd be worthless, anyhow, in the diggin's. The girl wouldn't be."

The woman motioned Hanny to walk ahead of her. If she had reservations she gave no faint hint of them. She rode with a firm ease. Hannibal couldn't look back at Tezzie. He fingered the razor in its scabbard in his pocket. He had put it there this morning. Having it with him was a way of keeping Abel near by during the day.

AT THE river the main body of raiders splashed across, with the woman leading, and leaving the Mexican to guard Tezra and Hanny. "Pedro, keep a lookout," the woman ordered. And very quietly: "And your hands off these two—for I'll be back."

Tezzie watched the woman riding, giving her horse his head in the deeper channels. Outlaw she was, but there was no fear in her. Tezzie half heard the squat Mexican boasting slyly of the future, heard him order Hanny to graze his horse on a spot of sweet grass. Hanny slowly led the horse by and suddenly he dropped the reins and seized her.

He had yanked her behind a thick fir trunk and was angling her toward another before Pedro got his gun lifted. The bullet blistered through underbrush and Hanny kept big trunks between them, climbing upward, rushing the girl before him. She tripped on her skirts but couldn't fall, with Hanny holding her. Bullets whined around them; Hanny didn't stop.

Tezzie breathed, "He'll ride us down!"

Hanny rushed her on, to higher ground, to his own land. There was a crashing of brush on the river and bawled Spanish ravings as a horse bolted. "Hope he came down on his head," Hanny grinned.

THEN they were at the clearing, the spring, the John tree. Hanny raised the Sharps, laid it across the down tree. He watched downward. "The others will come back to that shooting. They'll come after us—they can't let us get word to Abel."

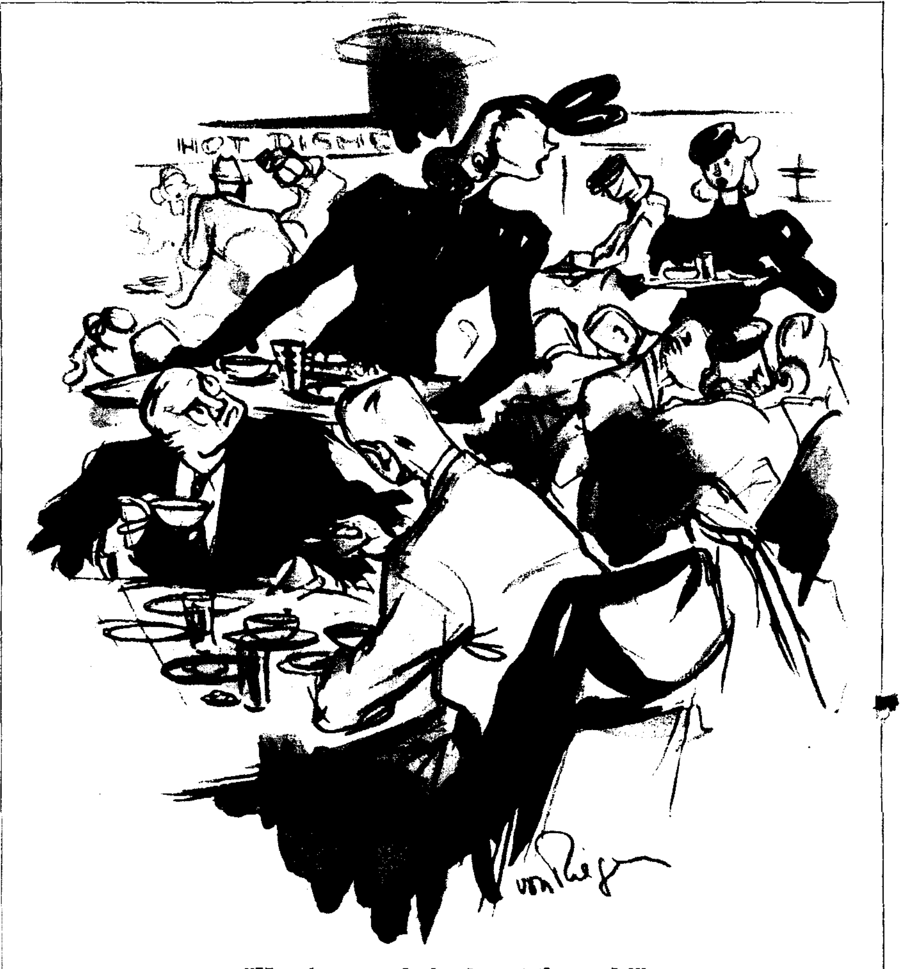
The girl cried, "How did you—what made his horse throw him?"

He pulled out the scabbard with the razor handle showing. "His saddle girth wasn't much, for a fine razor like this."

She was close to him and she was sparkling, the way he'd dreamed her. "Now, Hanny," she said, "now we can stand them off, with the rifle. Hanny, Yellowtop just told me you could outshoot me, you could beat me at the games. You could do things besides run. You let me win. So I slipped out and came here—to your John tree—"

Hanny's arm was about her. He said swiftly, "They're comin' to us, quiet. We can't stand 'em off, not all. Now you run, Tezzie. Tell Abel I'll toll 'em slow like, up to the rimrock. He can sneak his men down the river and hit them in behind. Run, honey!"

"Run!" Tezzie Fair stepped back from him, fires in the dark of her eyes. "Give me that rifle and you run. Run! And I was thinking you were different!



**"Here's one who's almost through!"** WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

Where there's a Sea-horse, there's FUN!

Deluxe Twin
Ready-Pull
Starter
$84.50
f.o.b. factory

The old cottage-at-the-lake has come to life for the kids. With a Sea-Horse outboard motor as a companion they have what it takes to satisfy that youthful urge to "step on it." Mother, too, has found out that there's more fun on the water than in the kitchen. While Dad, the old fox, knew all along how much a Sea-Horse would improve his fishing!

You can't beat a Sea-Horse for all around use — because a Sea-Horse has all around DEPENDability. (It's the motor invaribly chosen by the world's famous explorers.) Moreover, it's the motor with *all* the quality refinements including such important features as Ready-Pull Starter, Patented Co-Pilot, Perfected Alternate Firing (for superb smoothness), Underwater Exhaust and REVERSE.

**ONLY JOHNSON HAS ALL THREE**
1. Perfected Alternate Firing . . . It's smooth!
2. Built-in Underwater Exhaust . . . . It's quiet!
3. REVERSE with 360° Steering . . It's flexible!

Ask your Johnson Dealer about the 11 great Sea-Horses for 1940. You'll find his name under "Outboard Motors" in your classified telephone directory. A comparison of power ratings will show you that Johnson prices are low. And many Johnson dealers sell on easy time payments.

JOHNSON MOTORS
303 Pershing Road, Waukegan, Illinois
*Johnson Motors of Canada, Peterboro, Canada*

Johnson Dependability as low as $49.50 f.o.b. factory

*Free!*

New 1940 Sea-Horse Handy Chart of sizes. New models. New features. Sent free. Write!

**JOHNSON SEA-HORSE**
OUTBOARD MOTORS

My father ran from the damn' Yanks across the whole country. Give me—"

She snatched at the Sharps. Hanny shocked himself, but there was something in him acting up without letting him think about it. His open hand swished and it missed her face but tipped her nose. If it had caught her fair it would have jarred her loose from her education. She held her nose and her lips yelled, with no sound coming through them. Hanny was training the Sharps down below; it bellowed and smoke bloomed while he snapped:

"You hist your feet. It's your house they'll burn first an' your people they'll kill, coming to look for you alone. It's you that Mex will take. Up your skirts and hike!"

He stepped toward her. She ran, and he backed toward the rimrock, turning loose the Sharps. He made short runs, picked his ground and held it as long as he could. At his second stand he had downed his first man.

DARK was gathering in the tangled brush back from the river. Tezzie worked through it, alive to the need here for silence. She had slipped away from the huddled women and youngsters at the grove and had come along the river to the spot where the outlaws had crossed. She had taken an old, long squirrel rifle from a cabin, carefully loaded it. Its brass inlay was cold against her arm.

There had been firing along the rimrock, but now that she was near to it there was only silence. Men crept up there, pinning the raiders against the rims; men from her settlement. Hours ago she had flown into the grove, straight to Abel Chottaw. He had said short words and she had toppled onto the grass bed to think of them.

He had said, "If that Mex catches Hanny the lad won't die easy. Not after Hanny spilled him from his horse. And got you away from him. An outlaw Mex ain't human."

And Hanny, Abel had said grimly, rounding up his picked men, had done better than most generals. Standing and running, picking his stands, evening up the odds by running. "Tolled 'em into a trap," Abel said. "If we can't close it on 'em we need shootin'. I want that Mex before he tricks Hanny."

Tezzie was a little lost in the dark brush but she moved upward, listening. There was one shot, to her left and not far above. She saw Pedro's squatness everywhere in shadows. But it was never Pedro. Nor a man of Abel's. She knew that Abel's men would shoot and look at her afterward, if they caught her movement over their gunsights.

The muzzle-loader was awkward. It had more than a squirrel load in it; she had tamped the powder with wadding torn from her dress. She couldn't do anything crawling here; she'd never find Pedro in the night. But she had to be here. A shot froze her and it was at the same place, toward her left.

She had to be here and go on; if Pedro caught Hanny and had him on the ground, she had to be here too. Something was ending here, and there would be nothing beyond tonight. Nothing, if Pedro—

He was squat; his belly hung like an old cat's and he would slink forward. He'd leave the fair fighting to the others and slink after the boy in the rimrocks.

She watched a weak point of light to her right. It didn't dance; it wouldn't be a campfire. When she knew it was a light she moved that way. She had missed the John tree clearing; she didn't know where this spot was, on the ridgeside.

The light filled a sagging doorway. There was a cabin, no more than a three-sided hencoop. Choked breathing pulsed in it; Tezzie stepped into the door and the candlelight, the squirrel gun ready.

The woman rider breathed heavily on the single bunk, her deep eyes unchanging on the girl. There were roughly placed bandages on her breast. They were of gleaming linen, with crimson creeping through. The humpbacked lid of Hanny's trunk stood open.

"One of your men got me," the woman murmured. "Your lad found me and carried me in. I'm not here for long. That's good; it's the best of all. See, he brought me spring water. I can't lift the cup now—"

Tezzie held the cup for her. She demanded, "But he's gone! Did Pedro—has he—"

"I know where Pedro is." The woman's voice trailed to a whisper. "Your lad's gone hunting him. I didn't tell him where—he'd not want me telling him."

"Tell me!" Tezzie lifted her gun. "I'll kill him. I've got to."

"No." The woman's lips smiled with some lost gentleness. "Leave men's things to the men. I didn't . . ."

After a while she stirred and Tezzie held the cup for her. She drank eagerly, small gulps. "The lad," she said. "He trapped us proper. He found me and he could have let me lie. He carried me here. But there was wildness in his eye. What did you do?"

Tezzie found herself talking, staring at the face that was sharply lined now: "Running away. We had everything in the South. Father was senator. We ran—from everything we were. Here."

The woman tossed a little. "Wild pride, wild pride. It needs a whipping—*I* know. . . . You can build new here, better than squatting in the old ruins. Running is picking a better spot to stand. As your lad did today—to us. . . . So. He made you run to the settlement, and you wanted to stand up to us? Pedro would have sold you in the diggings, from camp to camp. You wouldn't have lasted. You fool!"

A dull heaviness pulled the girl down beside the bunk. "I know. If I could kill Pedro for him—"

"No, child." The woman's stiff lips smiled. "Men are easy pleased. He'll be pleased you came gunning for Pedro. But he must gun him himself—Pedro looked at you—*sabe?*"

Tezzie wanted to scream, "But Pedro is a cat, he will kill Hanny—"

Two shots cracked briefly, close by. The woman closed her eyes. "That's Pedro; that's where he was. Pedro, *vaya con Dios*—fool."

Tezzie was on her feet, the long gun lifting. Hannibal stood in the sagging door.

THE night was long, with the two of them watching by the bunk. The woman was dead, but the two wordlessly watched on. Once Mr. Fair and Abel Chottaw came in. They stood for moments and went away. They left youth alone, sitting by the bunk.

Tezzie didn't note that dawn had come, till Hannibal pinched out the candle. He stepped outside and Tezzie came out. It was light everywhere.

Tezzie looked down at her dress and it was a sight. "Well, I didn't look close yesterday, but isn't the John tree cut too long? For a little cabin?"

Hanny fingered his cut left ear. "What I have to do," he said, "is stand you in the middle, then build around you. That way—"

"First catch your rabbit—and you can't run. The first day I was just teasing you on."

"Run from me again," Hanny warned, "and I'll take a stick to you."

Tezzie was off toward the John tree with lightning in her legs. Hannibal shook his shanks and followed. He was panting when he caught her. Tezzie was panting and had to be held up.

Scenic And Historic
ILLINOIS
Is On
Your Way

From every corner of the Nation, highways, railroads, bus lines, and airways lead directly to Illinois. For a delightful vacation, interesting stop-over, or inviting side trip, visit—

**ILLINOIS**
**THE LINCOLN COUNTRY**

You haven't seen America until you have visited the Lincoln Shrines in Illinois—Historic New Salem, "The Lincoln Village," recreated exactly as it appeared when Lincoln lived there from 1831 until 1837—the Lincoln Tomb in Springfield—the only home Abraham Lincoln ever owned, preserved as a perpetual memorial—and the many statues and markers throughout the State.

Rutledge Tavern

Starved Rock

Scenic Highways

**ILLINOIS**
**SCENIC BEAUTIES AND HISTORIC MEMORIALS**

You will thrill to the scenic beauties of Illinois' State Parks in every section of the State—thousands of acres of recreational, hiking, and camping areas.

Visit General Grant's Home. See the prehistoric Indian Mounds. View the spot where white men first set foot in Illinois. Explore the strange canyons in amazing "Giant City."

Beaches and Parks

Field Museum

**CHICAGO**
*"Wonder City of the World"*

The second city of the Nation, center of industry, trade, finance and transportation—yes, but even more, the home of world-famed museums, parks, boulevards, center of sports, recreational, and summer resort activities.

Chicago is the gateway to the beautiful northern Illinois "Land of Lakes" region, dotted with lakes offering fishing, boating, and every aquatic sport, and connected by rivers lined with camping and picnic sites.

Be sure to visit Chicago on your trip to Illinois.

10 TOURS in Illinois
THE LINCOLN COUNTRY

**FREE BOOK**

Something new and different in vacation guides, "Ten Tours in Illinois," showing exact routes to follow to see all the points of interest in Illinois.

**Illinois Development Council**
**Springfield, Illinois**

Illinois Development Council
Dept. 901, Springfield, Illinois

Gentlemen: Please send me FREE copy of "Ten Tours in Illinois" giving directions for reaching all points of interest.

Name____________________
Address____________________
City__________ State__________

"Here's heelth t' ye,
An' weelth t' ye,
An' th' best that life
Can gie t' ye."

Though toasts be given in many tongues and express many sentiments, when they're honored with Teacher's the quality never varies. Hearty but not heavy, s-m-o-o-t-h and mild, this distinctive Scotch has been making friends for more than a hundred years.

'It's the flavour'

TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM
Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky
Wm. Teacher & Sons Ltd.
Distillers
Glasgow
Scotland

Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow.

86 PROOF

TEACHER'S
Perfection of Blended
SCOTCH WHISKY

SOLE U.S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co.
NEW YORK CITY · IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

# How Stalin Steals Our Money

Continued from page 11

My own contribution to the Soviet foreign exchange funds through the adjudication of the cases of American veterans with relatives in Russia has been described in earlier articles. In the course of that work I had run across thousands of estates of Russians who, although they had not served in the United States Army, had died here, leaving heirs in Russia. When any of these estates had been settled, the inheritances had been held in trust by the court.

I at once saw in them another source of foreign exchange for the Soviet government.

It's worth noting that the whole principle of inheritance is expressly denied by the Bolsheviks. The Soviet decree of April 27, 1918, says: "Inheritance, whether by law or by will, is abolished." However, when the chance presented itself of laying hands on property outside the borders of the Soviet State, they obligingly altered their principles and, with them, the law. It was a useful thing to do, for it immediately extended their powers of confiscation beyond Russia itself to all the thousands of places where Russians lived throughout the world. As soon as the money thus obtained reaches Soviet jurisdiction, the basic law of the abolition of private property is immediately invoked and the money is confiscated. What the change in Soviet policy amounts to is the temporary recognition of private property for the sole purpose of confiscating it.

That this would be the Soviet attitude I had no way of knowing when I first proposed that the Red Cross help in salvaging the residuary estates of Russian nationals in the United States and the benefits due Soviet citizens from industrial-insurance compensations. My motives were the same as those that had impelled me to take up the veterans' cases, a desire to help the beneficiaries and at the same time to provide a legitimate source of foreign exchange for the Soviet government.

After initial skepticism, the authorities in Moscow agreed to let me try my plan. I went to Colonel Ernest P. Bicknell, vice chairman of the American Red Cross in charge of Foreign Operations, and explained the situation to him. Colonel Bicknell saw in my proposal another opportunity to help destitute people and promised to put me in touch with the attorney of any Red Cross chapter in America. That meant that henceforth the Soviet Red Cross would have at its disposal the willing assistance of over three thousand Red Cross chapters throughout the length and breadth of the United States. With such help I could not fail in my plan.

### A Constant Demand for Tractors

Shortly after this work began I spent a week end at the house of Max Rabinoff, the American impresario. Saul Bron, then chairman of the Board of the Amtorg Trading Corporation, was also there. Bron had heard of the rapid progress I was making with the new money-raising enterprise. He knew, he said, about my phenomenal success with the veterans' cases and he wanted to pin me down to a promise that I would raise $15,000,000 out of the settlement of civilian estates during the current year. He needed that much additional cash to pay for tractors, machinery and other capital goods.

There was, and still is, a constant demand for tractors in Russia. The need is legitimate enough, but it is greatly increased by the constant destruction of tractors at the hands of the peasants. When a tractor stops running, the peasant's first move is to kick it. If this fails to produce results, he seizes the first heavy object that comes to hand and begins beating it. After the tractor has been hopelessly disabled, it stands in the field indefinitely, for the peasant has no way of hauling it off. Russian peasants are still puzzled at the refusal of tractors to respond to treatment that works so well with horses.

Amtorg was always in need of cash. American manufacturers were reluctant to deal with the Soviet government, and when they did it was usually on very stiff terms. I know personally about one contract for tractors that called for a first payment in cash that exactly equaled the usual purchase price of the machines. The additional deferred payment came to as much again. These Amtorg acceptances were then disposed of for whatever they would bring. They sold in the money markets of the world at a discount of from 30 to 60 per cent and many a fortune has been made by men who bought them, realizing that Soviet credit was vital to the success of the Five-Year Plan and therefore the acceptances would be duly paid. (The ultimate payment was always made, of course, at the expense of the peasant.)

### With the Help of the Red Cross

Naturally Bron was interested in the settlement of estates. Once the courts had released the money, all that was required to put it at his disposal was a bookkeeping transaction in New York. I told him that I had rounded up several million dollars' worth of estates in the first few months, but I had no way of telling how many would be definitely settled during that year. He thought I was hedging and began to give me advice about how the business could be speeded up.

Reduced to plain English, his counsel was that I should buy the press and bribe the authorities. I told him that this was America and such methods would not work. This seemed to amuse him. He was, he said, familiar with the workings of capitalistic countries. Money could accomplish anything, and in view of the millions we stood to gain it was silly to haggle over a few thousands. Every man had his price. He knew. He had been in France. The press there could be bought; officials could be bribed. America was also a capitalistic country. And so all I had to do was get to work. I ended by inviting him to go and try to buy one of the New York papers or to bribe Colonel Bicknell.

Dr. Sheftel was present at this interview, and I have no doubt that his report to his superiors in the OGPU scored another black mark against me as a counter-revolutionary. It is dangerous to insist upon facts when orthodox Marxists declare they should be otherwise. Such insistence is looked upon as disloyalty. (It's an interesting fact that the people who hold this point of view go right on insisting that Marxism is scientific.)

Of course I ran into difficulties in handling civilian estates and industrial compensation cases. There were hard-boiled skeptics who remained unimpressed by the recommendations of the Red Cross and the example of the Veterans Bureau. They refused to entrust money to the Soviet State Bank. I was impatient with them at the time. Now I feel I should make public acknowledg-

I'M JUST WAITING FOR THE CAN OF SANI-FLUSH TO CLEAN OUT THE CAR RADIATOR!

It's a well-known fact that Sani-Flush is found in most bathrooms for cleaning toilet bowls. More and more car owners are saving money, saving power, saving repair bills by cleaning out radiators regularly with this same Sani-Flush. It's harmless. Cannot injure motor or fittings. It cleans out rust, sludge and scale. It costs 10c (25c for the largest truck or tractor).

Do the job yourself (*directions on the can*), or ask your service station to do it for you. Insist on Sani-Flush. Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and 5-and-10c stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush
CLEANS OUT RADIATORS
Safe NOT CAUSTIC

FEET HURT?
QUICK RELIEF FOR TIRED, BURNING, TENDER, ITCHY, PERSPIRING FEET. SOFTENS CORNS AND CALLOUSES.
•AT ALL DRUGGISTS SINCE 1870•

JOHNSON'S FOOT SOAP
BORAX, IODIDE AND BRAN

LAW
STUDY AT HOME
Win greater respect and success. Learn more, earn more. We guide you step by step—furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 48-page "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW.
LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 540-L, Chicago
A Correspondence Institution

ALWAYS TIRED?

Why feel double your age because you're tired most of the time? Get out of that rut. The way to do it is by building up your endurance. It's simple...with this easy new method that works for women and men.

Just drink 4 envelopes Knox Gelatine daily for 2 weeks...then 2 a day for 2 weeks. After that, drink as required.

Drink it *regularly*. Keep a supply in your bathroom. Drink in the morning when you get up, again at night...*and don't forget*. Cost? Little more than a pack of cigarettes a day.

Plain, unflavored Knox Gelatine (U.S.P.) is the only gelatine *proved* to increase endurance. Sealed in sanitary envelopes, protected until you use them. Buy the familiar 4-envelope package, or the new 32-envelope money-saving package. Ask your grocer or write Knox Gelatine. Also send for Bulletin E. Knox Gelatine, Johnstown, N. Y. Dept. 70.

**HOW TO DRINK:** Empty 1 envelope (¼ pkg.) Knox Gelatine in ¾ glass of water or fruit juice, not iced. Let liquid absorb gelatine. Stir briskly, drink quickly. If it thickens, stir again.

ment of the soundness of their instincts.

One of the most obdurate of these skeptics was Judge Henry Horner, later governor of Illinois. In spite of the ironclad guarantees my attorneys offered him and in spite of the fact that I was represented by Donald Richberg, as able and persuasive an advocate as any in the United States, he refused to let the money leave the United States.

But the great majority of American judges, public administrators, surrogates and industrial compensation commissioners fell in line. That should not be held against them. They acted on the perfectly reasonable assumption that the edicts and decrees of a sovereign state constitute an adequate guarantee. It doesn't occur easily to anyone in a civilized country that a state may be bent upon cheating its own citizens.

The procedure I worked out was this: As the inquiries and claims came in, I would investigate to determine the proper jurisdiction. Then with the aid of the attorney of the local chapter of the Red Cross I would proceed to the adjudication of the case. I would instruct the attorney about the Soviet beneficiary's interests and ask him to discuss the case with the judge. Then I would provide the proper Soviet documents to substantiate the claim. These I assumed in every case to be genuine, although now I know that this was not always so. Usually the case was adjudged in our favor. To offset difficulties I engaged the ablest attorneys I could secure.

### The Strangest Case of All

Before long I was swamped with work. Thousands of cases, some of them pending for as much as twelve years, were unearthed by my organization and hustled through the courts. The stream of dollars began to flow, presumably for the claimants in Russia, actually for the State Bank of the Soviet government.

Here is a typical compensation case: Afanasii Bartosik, a truck driver, was killed while at work in Milwaukee. He lived at 311-313 East Water Street in that city. He had a daughter in the Soviet Union. My attorneys argued the case and overcame all objections. A check was drawn in the name of the beneficiary and I, as attorney-in-fact, deposited it to my account and transmitted the money to the Central Committee of the Red Cross in Moscow. Only five per cent, as I learned afterward, was paid to the beneficiary; ninety-five per cent went to swell the foreign-exchange fund of the Soviet government. Nevertheless, a receipt for the full amount in dollars came back signed by the beneficiary, and this I forwarded to the Wisconsin Industrial Board.

Sometimes the very documents substantiating the claims, I later found out, were forged by the Soviet authorities.

One of the first cases I handled involved, as one of the beneficiaries of the will, Nadezhda Konstantinovna Krupskaya, Lenin's widow. The bequest was made by a Russian immigrant whose name had originally been Kneerin, later changed to Kay in this country. He had become a prosperous businessman, but his sympathies remained with the Bolshevik cause.

The amount of the bequest was not very great, and the money, in any event, would have meant nothing to Krupskaya. She had abandoned wealth and social position in her youth in order to become a social worker and had been one all her life. But it is interesting to note that the Stalin government, with perfect impartiality, cheated her, too, out of the money justly due her.

Stalin's own treatment of Krupskaya was even more outrageous. He thrust her unceremoniously into the shadows of the Kremlin where she was, to all intents and purposes, a prisoner. Nevertheless, until her death last year, a hope lingered on among her friends and admirers that she might some day be the instrument for reforming the present Soviet government.

There is a story, possibly apocryphal, that shortly after the death of Lenin when Krupskaya opposed some of Stalin's high-handed policies he sent word to her, saying: "Tell the old hag to shut

**USEFUL EUSTACE**

KAY KARAFFA

PHOTOGRAPHED IN HAWAII FOR THE HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE COMPANY, LTD.

WHERE IS THAT
DOLE PINEAPPLE JUICE?
IT MUST BE HERE—
I WOULD NEVER GO ON A
PICNIC WITHOUT IT!

When thirsty on a picnic jaunt,
This juice is THE thing kids will want.

And please remember, parents all,
In winter, summer, spring, and fall,

In morning, afternoon, and night,
Your children have an appetite for

DOLE PINEAPPLE JUICE FROM HAWAII

The *sharp* flavour gentlemen yearn for

Old English
Process Cheddar Cheese

FOR THE FIRST TIME
—THE SHARPNESS OF RARE,
AGED CHEDDARS IN A CHEESE
WITH UNIFORM FLAVOR
AND PERFECT COOKABILITY.
KRAFT MASTER BLENDERS
ACHIEVED IT!
SIZES: 2-POUND LOAF;
½-POUND PACKAGE

ace combs *last long*

BECAUSE THEY'RE GENUINE HARD RUBBER

*Memo to Readers of This Magazine*

NO MATTER how busy you are with your regular duties, you may increase your income as a Community Representative for COLLIER'S and the other popular Crowell-Collier Publications. Just accept this cordial invitation to write for our free booklet, "Six Plans for Building Extra Income." *Address a penny postal to—*

*Independent Agency Division, Desk C-17*
*The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company*
*250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.*

up or I'll appoint a new widow for Lenin."

Another case that passed through my hands was the estate of Leopold Auer, the great violin teacher, who died in the United States, leaving a fortune of about $20,000. His heirs were two daughters in Moscow and a grandson in this country, Mischa Auer. The latter, of course, got his full share; the daughters received a negligible fraction, and the Soviet government took the lion's share of their inheritance.

The strangest of all the inheritance cases referred to me by the Red Cross in Moscow was that of the alleged heirs of Haym Salomon. This claim amounted to $600,000,000. And it was to be filed against the United States government.

The fact that it was made at all proves the Moscow authorities had swung around from doubting that the United States would have anything to do with Soviet citizens to the belief that it would do anything that was asked and believe any fabrication that was presented to it.

Not that Haym Salomon was a fabrication. He existed all right, as I learned when I looked into the matter. A native of Lissa, Poland, he came to New York in 1772 when he was in his early thirties. Before that he had wandered through Europe, picking up a working knowledge of ten languages and a good deal of business experience. In New York he opened a brokerage office and at once began to make money. In September, 1776, during the British occupation of New York, he was arrested because of his Whig sympathies.

Next he turned up as interpreter on the staff of the Hessian General Heister, actively engaged in persuading Hessian soldiers to desert. He was again arrested, paroled, married the daughter of a rich New York banker and immediately got into trouble for a third time. He was charged with participation in an anti-British plot and condemned to death. He managed to escape by bribing his guards and went to Philadelphia, where he became a dealer in bills of exchange and other securities. Later he became the paymaster for the French forces in America.

It was during this time and later that he contributed large sums to the cause of the American Revolution. In the accounts of Robert Morris, American Superintendent of Finance, Haym Salomon is mentioned seventy-five times. James Madison wrote of him in 1782:

"The kindness of our little friend in Font Street near the coffeehouse, is a fund that will keep me from extremities, but I never resort to it without great mortification, as he obstinately rejects all recompense . . ."

Salomon's heirs, however, were not so obstinately generous in attitude. Ten times within the last hundred years, their claims have been considered by the United States Congress. But no award was ever made.

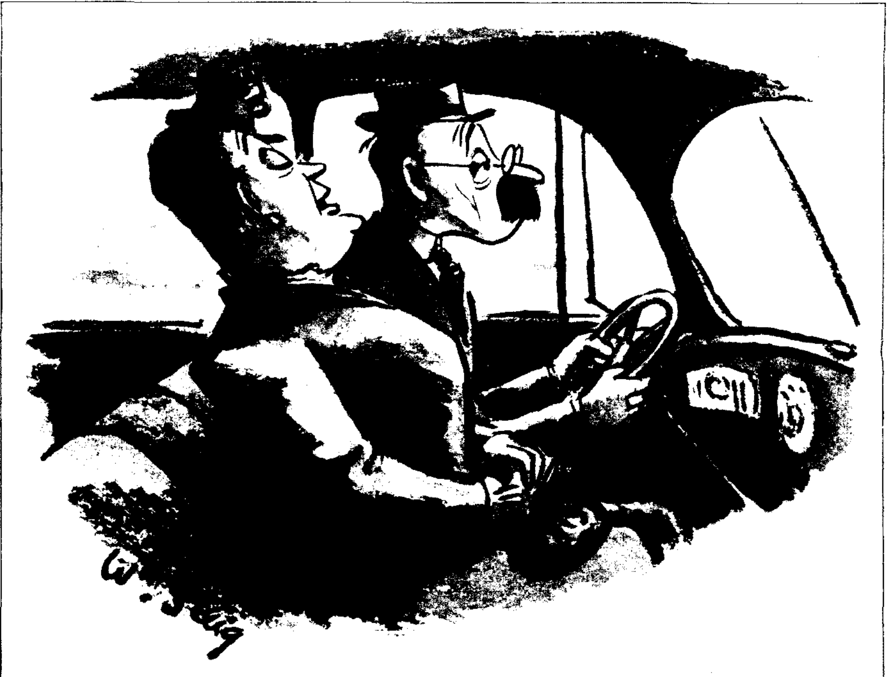
### What's to Be Done About It?

It was this claim that the Soviet government had unearthed and decided to push. They provided me with a great packet of marriage licenses, birth certificates and family trees designed to prove that a family in Odessa were the true heirs of Haym Salomon. Although I looked into the matter thoroughly I was never able to discover that any of Salomon's descendants had ever returned to Poland or to Russia. I have no reason to believe that the documents were anything but an elaborate forgery by the masterminds and accomplished penmen of the OGPU.

These documents were accompanied by a letter from the Moscow headquarters of the Red Cross urging me to hurry, because the Russian claimants were in "dire need." Dire need, presumably, of $600,000,000. I was instructed to spare no expense on trips to Washington and to present the case to Congress as vigorously as possible. After I discovered that the American heirs had given up all hope of recovering the money, I decided to forget the whole business—which I successfully did, despite periodic reminders from Moscow.

### Counterfeited U. S. Currency

To anyone familiar with the strain of Dostoevskian madness that infects the schemes of the OGPU there can be no doubt that there was a double purpose in presenting this claim. First, they hoped and expected to get the money for the use of the Soviet government and, secondly, they believed that a raid on the United States Treasury to the tune of more than half a billion dollars would strain the government's credit and hasten its economic collapse. They tried two or three other grandiose plans with equally little success.



"You took that curve very nicely indeed, Roger" WILLIAM STEIG

These attempts belong in the same category with the ambitious scheme of printing counterfeit United States currency, in which the Soviet authorities successfully indulged for a time. I hasten to add that I had no part in this, but I knew about it. Some of the facts have been made public in the proceedings of the Dies Committee. This plan included the establishment of a banking house in Berlin—Sass and Martini—and connections with the underworld in Chicago to help in passing the currency. When the F. B. I. got wind of these operations and closed in, a young idealist by the name of Valentine Burtan took the rap. He is now serving a fifteen-year sentence in Lewisburg Penitentiary and, no doubt for adequate reasons, is saying nothing about his associates and superiors.

Although these two schemes went awry, the Soviet government continues inconspicuously to draw, year in year out, a handsome income from the people and government of the United States. For instance, I have before me now a list of upward of one thousand estates pending at this moment. Some of the amounts are small, but the average is about $3,500. There you have a total of between three and four million dollars in a single list. And that leaves out of account the occasional large estates, such as Prince Matchabelli's, which ran to over one hundred thousand dollars, and on which the Soviet government is still trying to lay its hands.

The industrial-insurance cases net the Stalin government another half million a year at least.

What's to be done about it?

A good solution was found recently by Surrogate G. A. Wingate of Brooklyn. In settling the estate of Hyman Landau, Judge Wingate ruled that the legacy should not be paid to Landau's daughter, Frieda H. Gomelskaya of Sverdlovsk, U.S.S.R., on the ground that: "It is a matter of common knowledge that private ownership of property has been abolished in the Soviet Union. So far as Russian nationals are concerned, such confiscation by and for the use of the Soviet government would be of the fund in its entirety. . . . It would be used by the agencies of the Soviet government in this country to attempt to undermine our institutions and to sabotage our industries."

This principle was extended by Surrogate Foley of New York in settling the estate of Michel Bold, whose heir is his father, living in Odessa. Judge Foley ruled that: ". . . it has been proved by the evidence that the father of the decedent as his sole next of kin would not have the 'benefit or use or control' of the moneys if they were transmitted to him."

He went on to say: "It is not intended that a foreign government, of which the beneficiary is a national, should be the object of the testator's bounty, nor that the right to succeed to the property of a New York decedent should be diverted from the statutory next of kin to a foreign power . . .

"In the pending proceeding the moneys due the father of the decedent are directed to be deposited with the city treasurer to await adequate and satisfactory proof that the beneficiary will be paid his share in the fair equivalent of American dollars without confiscatory reduction or outright expropriation."

The phrase "adequate and satisfactory proof" is important. Receipts signed by an heir mean nothing. Any Soviet citizen will sign anything the OGPU asks him to sign. If he doesn't, he will find himself in a concentration camp, and the document will bear his signature anyway.

I sincerely hope that other states will lose no time in following the precedent set by New York.

Another lucrative source of income to the Soviet government from this and other countries is the ransom racket. The minimum sum for which an emigrant from Russia can get a relative out of the country is about one thousand dollars. The sum goes up with the emigrant's ability to pay. The charge is fixed at as high a figure as can possibly be squeezed out. And this amount is very carefully estimated by foreign agents of the OGPU.

The records of the case I am about to cite are in my files. I shall not give the woman's name, for the daughter whom she tried to ransom is still in Russia. We will call her Mrs. S.

During the civil war in Russia, Mr. S. was killed and his wife became separated from their two-year-old daughter. Mrs. S., after a series of adventures, found her way to New York where she got work as a scrubwoman. By this time she had found out where her daughter was and began sending regular remittances for her support. Meanwhile she was saving up money for the daughter's fare plus the $250 exit passport fee. This she finally deposited with Intourist. After months of waiting she was told that her request had been rejected because her daughter was too young to travel. The $250, minus ten per cent, was returned to her.

Mrs. S. bided her time. When her daughter had reached the age of fifteen, she once more deposited $250. Again there were months of waiting and again the money was returned, minus ten per cent. She was informed that, inasmuch as her daughter was of bourgeois extraction, the passport fee would be $500. Mrs. S. saved the additional money and deposited it together with a new application. After the usual delay and the inevitable deduction of ten per cent, the money was returned and the application denied on the grounds that the applicant had not shown satisfactory evidence of being able to pay for her daughter's journey *to* the Russian border.

Mrs. S. went on saving and presently was able to resubmit the application together with $500 plus the amount demanded by Intourist for her daughter's transportation to the Russian border. The story was repeated: months of delay, deduction of ten per cent of the total, denial of application.

On her next attempt Mrs. S. deposited in addition to the $500, an amount sufficient to pay her daughter's expenses all the way to New York. There was another delay of months, another deduction of ten per cent, another refusal—this time on the grounds that the OGPU were not satisfied as to her daughter's political reliability.

This toying with human misery is a deliberate part of the Stalin government's campaign to raise foreign exchange. It is constantly being carried on.

By comparison, Inreklama's racket, which nets about a million dollars a year, is a harmless and amusing shakedown. It consists in demanding that foreign companies that sell to the Soviet government shall buy advertising space in Soviet periodicals. The preposterousness of this procedure can be seen when it is realized that the purchases are of capital goods and metals. No private citizen of Soviet Russia could possibly buy any of these things. Conceivably, however, his enjoyment of his daily paper, when he sees one, is enhanced by the presence of the ads.

The amount of advertising demanded in any given year is calculated with mathematical precision at five per cent of the total foreign purchases.

In the field of publications and propaganda films, which together show an annual profit of some $12,000,000, the Soviet government has found an ingenious way of making propaganda not only pay for itself but contribute handsomely to the support of the regime.

The next largest source of revenue is the parcel business. In it the Stalin government has found another device for applying thumbscrews to human misery for its own profit. I shall explain its methods in the next article.

**The last of this series of articles will appear next week.**

## Man Meets Metronome

**Continued from page 10**

emotions. "No," he said finally, revealing the object in his hands. "Just this."

It was a metronome. A very elegant ivory metronome with a bronze pendulum and on one side there was a small plaque. Ben winced as he read it:

"To my friend Arthur Frenicke from Lucius Potter."

Frenicke was the conductor so the party he had just dusted off had to be his competition, Mr. Potter. Ben raised his eyes and somehow he knew Peggy would be there in the box. The impresario was wringing his hands. "That this should happen to Mr. Potter! To a man who has not only given lavishly of his time and money but to a man—"

Ben ignored him. "Maybe there's been some mistake," he said heavily, "but what I want to know is, why did he have this thing going?"

Mr. Potter ceased brushing himself off and drew up to his full five feet eight. It was a gift for the conductor, he said haughtily. He always gave suitably engraved metronomes to his friends. Miss Forbes would verify that. Ben grew even redder.

"Perhaps I shouldn't have taken it out," Mr. Potter finished coldly, "but like all music lovers, my enjoyment of the concerto was heightened by watching the beautiful precision. To see as well as hear the perfect unison of tempo."

"Of course," the impresario said hastily. "Of course, Mr. Potter!"

"Naturally!" Peggy said heatedly. "Anyone but an impulsive numskull—"

The last was just too much. Mr. Kirby realized he would not be taking Miss Forbes home that evening. Therefore, he fitted his action to her word. He thrust the metronome at Mr. Potter and stalked out of the box.

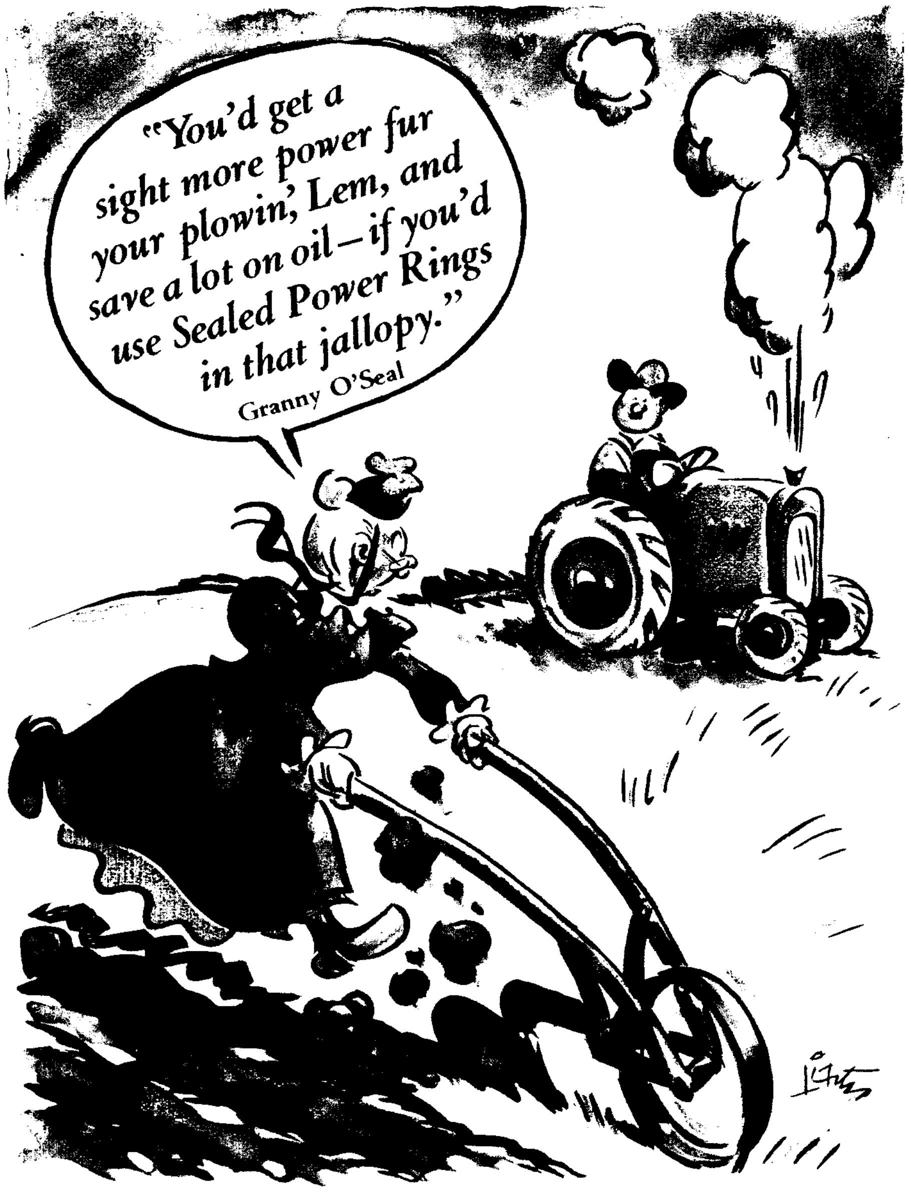
BEN was glumly reading the headlines the next morning when the summons came from the commissioner's office. Mr. Kirby had been awaiting that fateful call. One of the sheets had played up his attacking a man for concealing a metronome as just what the taxpayers might expect of the local gendarmes. Another had used it as an excuse for a personal attack on the commissioner. The Daily Revolution, the local Communist organ, had said in its lead:

"Ben Kirby, the strong-arm head of the local Red squad, last night again revealed his contempt for the rights of American citizens."

Mr. Kirby sighed and picked up his hat. When the old boy got through with him he'd be walking a beat so far out in the sticks that it would cost him a dime to call headquarters.

Commissioner Brady was a big, red-faced man only a few years removed from the night chief's desk. Looking at the large and abashed young man standing before him, he snorted: "Covering symphonies!" Then, furrowing his heavy brow: "You have some private information?"

Ben shook his head. "No, sir. I—I'd taken my girl there. She likes that car-


"You'd get a sight more power fur your plowin', Lem, and save a lot on oil—if you'd use Sealed Power Rings in that jallopy."
Granny O'Seal

Seal the cylinders! Save oil!

"Say, I haven't added a drop of oil between changes since you put in Sealed Power Rings."

"Your experience is identical with the experience of thousands of motorists. Sealed Power Rings end oil waste, restore pep, power."

"I understand Sealed Power Rings are used as original equipment in leading automobiles."

"Right you are—the makers of over 83% of America's automobiles use Sealed Power Rings as standard equipment. That's why we stick to Sealed Power. We know they're engineered *right!*"

"One more question: What is this Sealed Power Triple 'S' Service?"

"It's simply a super-checking service to see that your car is repaired properly. Every part is double-checked by us with a Sealed Power specialist. You can follow the recommendations completely."

Look for the Sealed Power Girl—the trade mark of quality in motor parts. And ask for Sealed Power Rings by name. Any car dealer or repairman can supply them. Be sure he uses the Sealed Power Oil and Gasoline Economy Manual in checking your motor before making any repairs.

SEALED POWER CORPORATION

*Long the* ring *leader . . . Now the* line *leader*

MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN • WINDSOR, ONT.

*Piston Rings, Pistons, Pins, Valves, Sleeves, King Bolts, Bushings, Water Pumps, Tie Rods, Front End Parts*

Sealed Power Piston Rings

riage-trade stuff and I was trying to square myself."

Mr. Brady's eyes were like agate.

"So?" he said gruffly. "Let's hear what happened."

When Ben was through he nodded slowly, his eyes resting on the wall above Ben's head. "You thought you'd seen this guy's puss before, hunh?"

"Yes, sir," said Ben, hoping he sounded real positive.

The commissioner was silent for a moment. "Well," he said, "I *could* send a paper down to Personnel and let them haul you up for overzealousness in the line of duty. Then, if this fancy-pants don't slap a false-arrest suit on us, all it'll cost you is five free days."

"Thanks," Ben said humbly. "Thanks a lot, Commissioner!"

Mr. Brady snorted: "I been dragged to those things myself. Keep away from that society stuff and you'll do all right."

"Don't worry!" Ben said fervently. "You ever catch me wearing tails again and you can put me on the night ambulance run!"

Back in his own office Ben decided that if Mr. Potter were to show up with his attorneys his best defense would lie in being able to throw a curve himself. Somewhere there had to be something on him. Scratch a longhair and nine times out of ten you found a parlor pink, ready, willing and eager to divide everybody else's money.

Ben immediately swung into action on all fronts. Mr. Potter, it seemed, was a permanent visitor in their city and had a sizable savings account that was frequently replenished by New York sources. He lived elegantly and he had few intimate friends. It was a perfect setup, Ben thought grimly. Some stooge being used by a foreign government.

The very proof that he was off-color lay in the fact that after ten days had passed he still had raised no beef over the business at the symphony. Mr. Potter was a drip right off the old faucet and it seemed very odd that such a party did not immediately sue all and sundry. Unless the party was not too anxious to bask in the limelight. . . .

BY THEN the matter of the mysterious Mr. Potter had become a crusade. A crusade with only one avenue left—checking his few associates. So, assuring himself that this was entirely a professional matter, Ben drove out to Miss Dunham's to interview Peggy.

They had had fights before but never one where they hadn't made up within the week. Maybe if he didn't act too anxious this one would come out all right, too. Miss Dunham's was located in the suburbs and by the time he had reached the stately buildings that housed some five hundred assorted misses Ben had convinced himself everything would be under control. He strode into the Hall of Music and asked to be directed to Miss Forbes' office.

He found it deserted. According to the schedule on her door Peggy was currently in Room 3B, teaching eager juniors how to give out on a harp. He decided to await her return. After fifteen minutes the frowning bust of Beethoven made him nervous and he rose, wandering aimlessly about the room. He stopped abruptly at the sight of a familiar ivory metronome atop her bookcase. Scowling, he picked it up and glanced at the inscription.

"To my dear Peggy from her devoted Lucius," he muttered. He added something highly uncomplimentary to her devoted Lucius and was repaid by a sharp gasp directly behind him. Peggy was standing there.

"So?" she asked icily. "And may I ask just why you're snooping around my office?"

"Now, Peggy," Ben said placatingly, "I was just passing the time. Then I noticed this gadget and I—I was thinking how silly we were to get upset over that phony."

"Phony!" she said, her voice scaling an indignant octave. "After the way you treated Lucius to think you would still have the nerve—"

"Treated him?" Mr. Kirby's voice was regretful. "Why, I barely laid hands on him."

"Oh," said Miss Forbes. "And I suppose it was rheumatism that put his arm in a sling?"

Ben sighed. "Forget I mentioned him," he begged. "I didn't come out here to argue, Peggy. I wanted to see if—well, you know—"

Peggy looked out the window. Finally she turned and faced him.

"I'm sorry, Ben," she said gently, "but it wouldn't be any use. We're too different. I need someone like Lucius—someone who loves fine music as I do. We're—we're announcing our engagement the night of the prom, Ben."

There was an aching silence. Peggy was always one of the chaperones and until now Ben had always taken her to the proms.

"That's what you think!" he said bitterly. "That guy's a phony and I'm going to prove it!"

He slammed the door so hard that even the bust of Beethoven looked up.

THERE was less than two weeks to the fateful prom. Twelve days in which Mr. Kirby had to back up his threat or forever hold his peace.

Ben's seven-man squad wore out their shoe leather and notebooks in the following ten days. The crusade had become a grim death hunt now and in reward they received only growls.

It was Ben who personally checked all the mugs in headquarters. It was Ben who went through the morgues of all the local papers. And it was Ben who first read that the senior class at Miss Dunham's had retained the famous Mr. Slats Swain and his jam crew for their prom. Mr. Kirby gave an anguished groan at this insult added to injury. Of all the barrel-house combos, Mr. Slats Swain's was his particular favorite. There was only one gloomy consolation. He would like to see the faces of the betrothed music lovers when they found themselves exposed to some real ragtime.

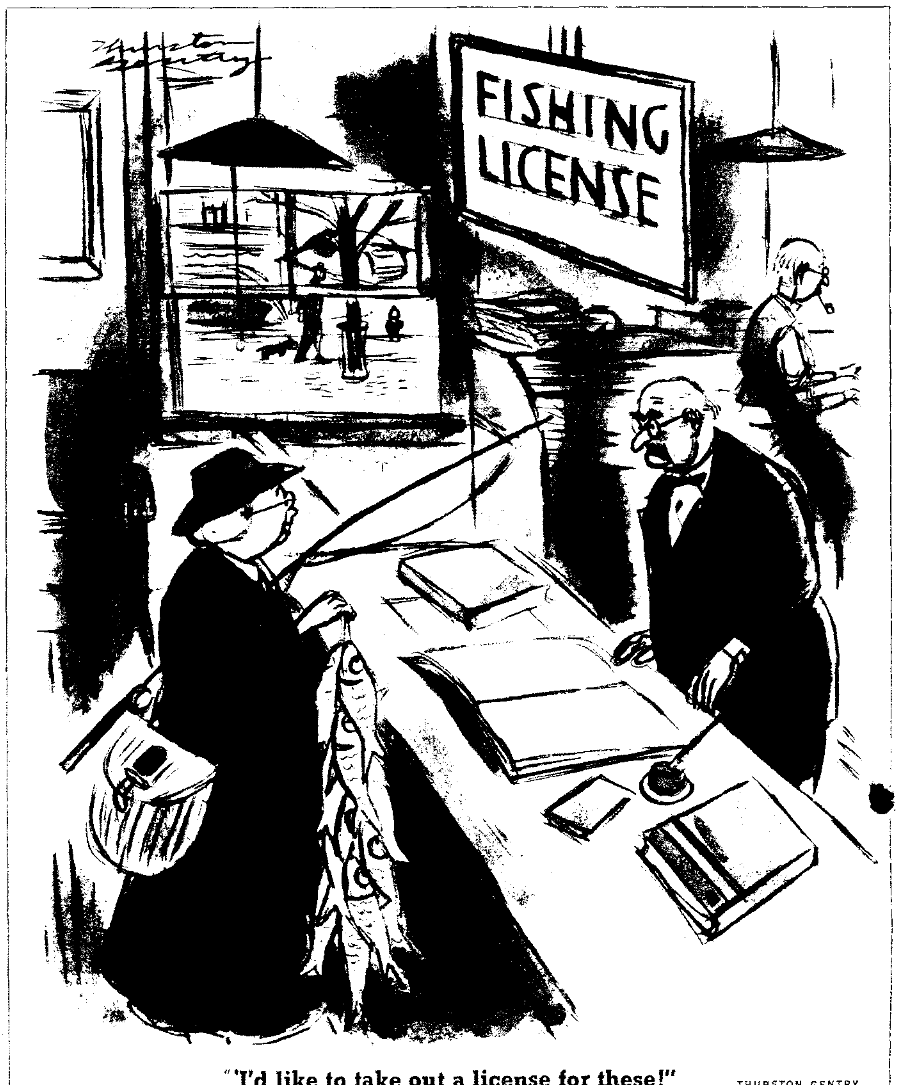
THAT night he tossed fretfully on his bed and finally, in disgust, snapped on the reading light. There was only a forgotten copy of Downbeat and some old detective magazines in his room. He picked up the Musician's Bible, and like a good buff tried to interest himself in the news of bands and their doings. But he had glanced through it before and was about to discard the magazine when he came upon an article about that gutty trumpet, Mr. Slats Swain.

There were also assorted pictures of Mr. Swain. At the age of four, holding his first horn. A picture of Slats with his first band, the Wichita Falls Gloom-Killers. And a snapshot of the trumpet and his roommate in his from-hunger days when he first made the stem and was rooming with the youth who was to become infamous as Mr. Tic-Toc Kelly, the cornfield's answer to Irving Berlin.

Ben took one look at that last picture and practically fell out of bed. He'd been turning the files upside down for the picture that was in his own room all the time! There could be no doubt that Mr. Tic-Toc Kelly and Mr. Lucius Potter were one and the same person. There was the same raging mop of hair, the heavy Roman nose and that sour puss. Only the beaver was missing.

"The stinker!" Ben said bitterly. "The longhair! Will I fix him!"

He was already on his way to the phone to call Peggy when some sixth sense stopped him. Miss Forbes would never believe him nor, for that matter, a blurred snapshot. And if he tipped his



"I'd like to take out a license for these!"

THURSTON GENTRY

"You'll find me and many other business people here in the Classified."

YOUR LOCAL TELEPHONE DIRECTORY CURRENT ISSUE

What you want when you want it!

Who fixes sinks? What's that mover's name? Who sells that oil burner you've read about? Find them fast—all these and many more are right at your fingertips in the Classified (*yellow*) pages.

CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

Plumbers-Continued

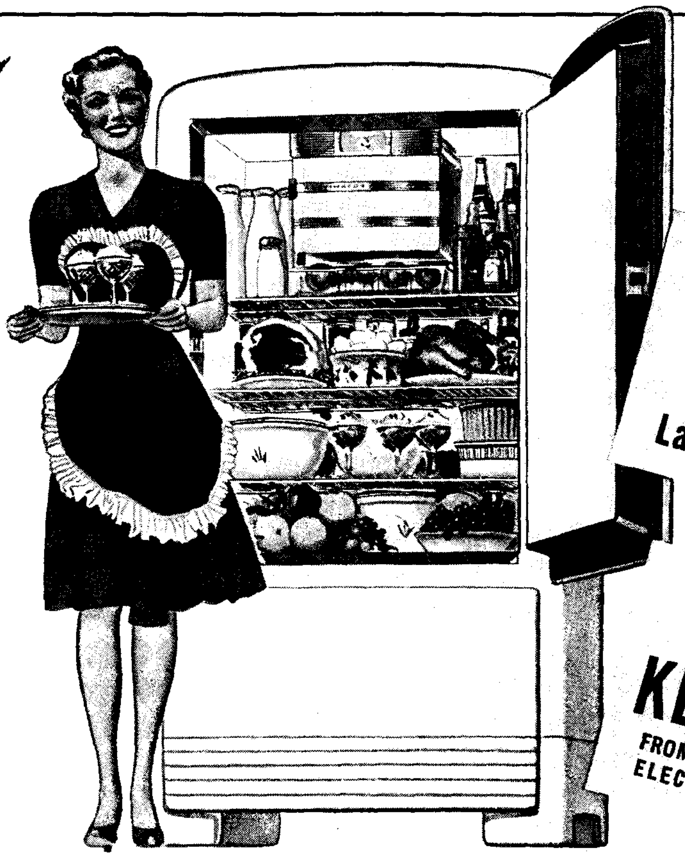
WEst 3710
PLUMBING HEATING
Repairing and Remodeling

"SHOP BY TELEPHONE"

# Kelvinator Did It!

*Today Kelvinator shows the amazing results of its 1940 Program of Large-Volume Production and Low-Cost Selling—a line of Larger... Finer Refrigerators at Prices Never Possible Before!*

*Look at the Size! Look at the Name! Look at the Price!*



**SIZE**

**BIG 6**

6¼ cubic foot

Large "Family-Size"

**NAME**

**NEW 1940 KELVINATOR**

FROM THE OLDEST MAKER OF ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS

**PRICE**

**$114⁷⁵***

DELIVERED IN YOUR KITCHEN WITH 5 YEAR PROTECTION PLAN

NOW, Mrs. America, look how you *save!* Here's a full line of big 6 and 8 cubic foot, 1940 Kelvinators. They're easily the best and most beautiful we ever built. Not a single out-of-date, last year's model among them.

And no matter *which* one you choose . . . from the big $114.75* model right on up . . . *you save $30 to $60 over last year's prices!*

How did Kelvinator do this in the face of rising costs? Read the answer.

FIRST, we found a more efficient way to distribute Kelvinator products . . . and we cut the cost of selling. This made a big saving.

SECOND, by putting 96% of our production on 6 and 8 cubic foot size models, we are able to build better refrigerators at *lower* cost.

THIRD, in anticipation of greatly increased sales, we have doubled our production schedules, and passed the manufacturing savings to you.

Now look what you *get!* The beautiful white cabinet is welded steel, with Porcelain-on-steel inside, and bright, long-life Permalux outside. It has 84 ice cube capacity—9 lbs., automatic light, cold storage tray, Kelvin Control, and 17 other features.

What's more, it's powered by the famous Polarsphere sealed unit that uses current less than 20% of the time, and has power enough to keep 5 refrigerators cold, under average household conditions. You can save many dollars a year on current costs alone! And it is backed by Kelvinator's 5 Year Protection Plan.

Why put up any longer with an undersized, wasteful refrigerator or old-fashioned ice-box? There's a full line of six and eight cubic foot size Kelvinators to choose from . . . at any one of Kelvinator's 5000 dealers. *And every one* has been greatly reduced in price. Reductions range from $30 to $60. Go see them—and Look at the Size! Look at the Name! Look at the Price!

KELVINATOR DIVISION
NASH-KELVINATOR CORP., DETROIT, MICH.

**HAVE YOU SEEN** the 1940 Kelvinator Electric Ranges, Washers and Water Heaters? The year's best values! See them at Kelvinator dealers.

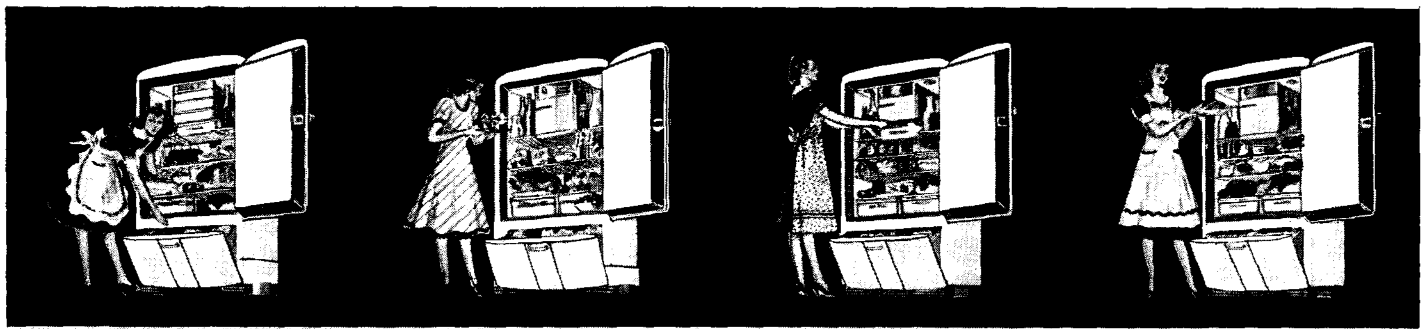
---

**Prices suggested are for delivery in your kitchen with 5 Year Protection Plan. State and local taxes extra. Prices are slightly higher west of the Rockies.*

© 1940, Nash-Kelvinator Corp.

## *See these other big* KELVINATOR *Values for 1940*

**TO HELP YOU PICK** the best refrigerator for your money, your Kelvinator dealer will gladly give you a free copy of "The 1940 Refrigerator Guide." It contains complete, authoritative information regarding 1940 refrigerator values.

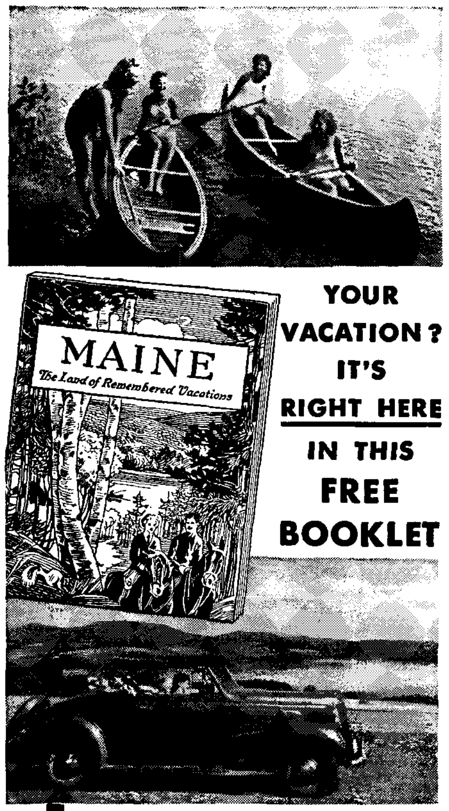


**WANT A COMPLETELY EQUIPPED REFRIGERATOR?** Model S-6 has big Vegetable Bin, New-type Ice Trays, Sliding Crisper. Compare with $180 refrigerators. Kelvinator's new price only . . **$139⁹⁵***

**WANT "MOIST-COLD"?** Model HS-6 has new "Moist-Master" System—decreases the loss of moisture from foods. Compare with $230 refrigerators. Kelvinator's new price only . . . . . **$169⁹⁵***

**WANT ALL DE LUXE FEATURES?** Model R-6 has De Luxe equipment, Two Crispers, Cold Chest, Speedy Cube Trays, etc. Compare with $210 refrigerators. Kelvinator's new price only . . . **$179⁹⁵***

**WANT THE FINEST REFRIGERATOR MADE?** It's Model HD-6. Has *all* conveniences, plus "Moist-Master" System. Compare with $230 to $300 refrigerators. Kelvinator's new price only . . . **$209⁹⁵***



YOUR VACATION? IT'S RIGHT HERE IN THIS FREE BOOKLET

Are you wondering what to do on your vacation? The answer is right here in one handsome booklet! Maine offers you just the kind of diversion you want. Relax and rest, if you wish, on a birch-fringed lake or on a sandy seashore. If it's activity you're after—you can swim, sail, fish, ride, play tennis and golf.

You'll enjoy the famous Maine hospitality and you'll relish the wholesome food. Cool Maine nights encourage sound sleep.

This handsome booklet will make it easy for you to plan a grand vacation. Maine offers every kind of accommodation—well-known hotels, inns, sporting camps—comfortable overnight stopping places and tourist homes. Mail the coupon today and look forward to a perfect vacation in Maine!

HAVE THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE IN MAINE!

MAINE DEVELOPMENT COMMISSION
Tourist Service
62 St. John Street, Portland, Maine

Please send me the new, illustrated Official Maine Vacation Guide for 1940.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City________________State________

SALESMEN
REPRESENT LARGE SHIRT MANUFACTURER
Good Pay DIRECT-TO-WEARER Plan

Offer Complete Line MADE-TO-ORDER SHIRTS—Quality NECKWEAR, HOSIERY and UNDERWEAR. Exceptionally Liberal Commissions and Extra CASH BONUSES. Every man is your prospect. Low prices help make easy sales. Big Values, Long Wear, Perfect Fit get repeat orders. No experience needed. Full or Part Time. Write TODAY for new Complete Salesman's Sample Outfit . . . FREE.

PACKARD SHIRT MANUFACTURING CORPORATION
Established Since 1923
DEPT. F-469 TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA

contrast... atmosphere... gaiety... a
French Canadian vacation

For maps and descriptive literature, apply to your home travel agency, automobile club, Chamber of Commerce, railway, steamship or bus office, or write direct to

LA PROVINCE DE Québec
TOURIST BUREAU
QUÉBEC • CANADA

hand too soon Mr. Potter might come up with a plausible fairy story. There was only one answer in a case like this: you had to make the suspect accuse himself.

After due consideration of all ways and means, his jaws tightened in sudden decision. All he could do now was run a bluff. There wasn't time for anything else. He sent off a wire and tried to get back to sleep.

Ben was nervously pacing the office at eleven o'clock on the morning of the prom. The nine-o'clock mail had failed to bring the desired results and now as his secretary brought in the second batch he snatched it from her hands. He seized a small, flat package, examined it hurriedly and then read the letter that accompanied it. Nothing was known of Mr. Tic-Toc Kelly's present whereabouts. With his first success some ten years ago Mr. Kelly had taken to cover, probably out of dire necessity.

The whole thing fitted together now. Ben sped out of the room and in fifteen minutes was in a huddle with the city printer. Ben had already prepared his layout and the printer was scratching his head.

"I don't know," he said slowly. "Come right down to it, I ain't sure it's ethical. You might even call it compoundin' a felony."

"Look," Ben said, "I don't need advice. I need co-operation."

"Well," said the printer, "if you're gonna feel that way about it—"

"I am," Mr. Kirby said grimly. "You worry about the circulars, pal. I'll worry about the career."

By four o'clock he had located the metropolitan hotel that was housing Mr. Slats Swain and his crew. The room clerk gave him Mr. Swain's number and the door was opened by a lengthy party with weary eyes.

"Mr. Swain," Ben said briskly, palming his badge, "I'm Lieutenant Kirby of the local—"

At the sight of that shield the rideman's night-club tan had faded to a dead-white. "Officer," he said faintly, "I don't know a thing. My lawyer's been payin' the alimony regular and—"

Ben glanced up and down the hall before lowering his voice. "Relax," he said quietly. "I'm not interested in that. This is important business."

"Yeah," Mr. Swain said fearfully. "Well, if it's the income tax—"

BEN stepped into the room, closing the door behind him. "Mister," he said firmly, "if you'll quit jittering a minute I'll explain that all I want is for you to do me a favor. You're playing a prom date out at Miss Dunham's tonight and we want to plant a man in your band."

Slats looked even more worried. "Let's hear the chorus," he said nervously.

The way Ben told it, it was all very simple. There would be a certain party there that was wanted and if the detective could just show as a member of the band, he would be much less conspicuous than if he had to lurk behind the potted palms they always set up in the gymnasium.

Slats nodded, deeply impressed. "I don't suppose you could tell me what he's wanted for?" he asked hopefully.

Ben shook his head. "I can't tell you," he said darkly. "It would be enough to curl your hair."

Slats swallowed hard. "Okay," he said finally. "You can count me in. But how do I explain this guy to the boys?"

"That's easy. You just tell them you wanted to give this sousaphone a try."

"Sousaphone?" Mr. Swain said indignantly. "I should have a band with a guy wearing a sousaphone! Whaddaya think we carry a doghouse for?"

"I don't know," said Ben, "but it just happens that all I can play is the sousaphone."

There was a stark silence as Mr. Swain painfully realized that he was talking to the new member of his band right then. "Oh," he said finally. "I didn't mean anything personal." Then, his curiosity getting the better of him: "Can you really play one of those things?"

Ben let down his hair at that. He had always been an outsized party and from the time he first joined a Boy Scout band it was natural that he should be assigned to the big brass horn. Most men couldn't even carry one, let alone play it at the same time. Even now, in the privacy of his rooms, he liked to get off on it occasionally. Unfortunately, he added, he had fallen in love with a lady harp who was so opposed to hot horns that he had never had the courage to explain his past.

Mr. Swain nodded sympathetically. "Those salon cards are all alike," he said bitterly. "Very flighty."

LIKE all affairs at Miss Dunham's the senior prom was highly proper. The faculty acted as chaperones, mingling graciously with the young guests and judiciously avoiding the gardens back of the gymnasium.

That garden was a very romantic setting and Miss Peggy Forbes was sitting out there with her intended. There was a full moon and the scent of roses and still Peggy didn't feel that misty warmth a maiden should have on the eve of her betrothal.

It might have been the way Lucius was behaving. He had complained of a severe headache—a headache, he admitted, that was only heightened by the raucous blaring of that swing band.

For the third time he said: "After all, Peggy, you might have told me they were having this Mr. Slats Swain. You know how I feel about such music."

Peggy sighed and for one traitorous moment thought of Ben and how he would have wanted to be in there dancing every number.

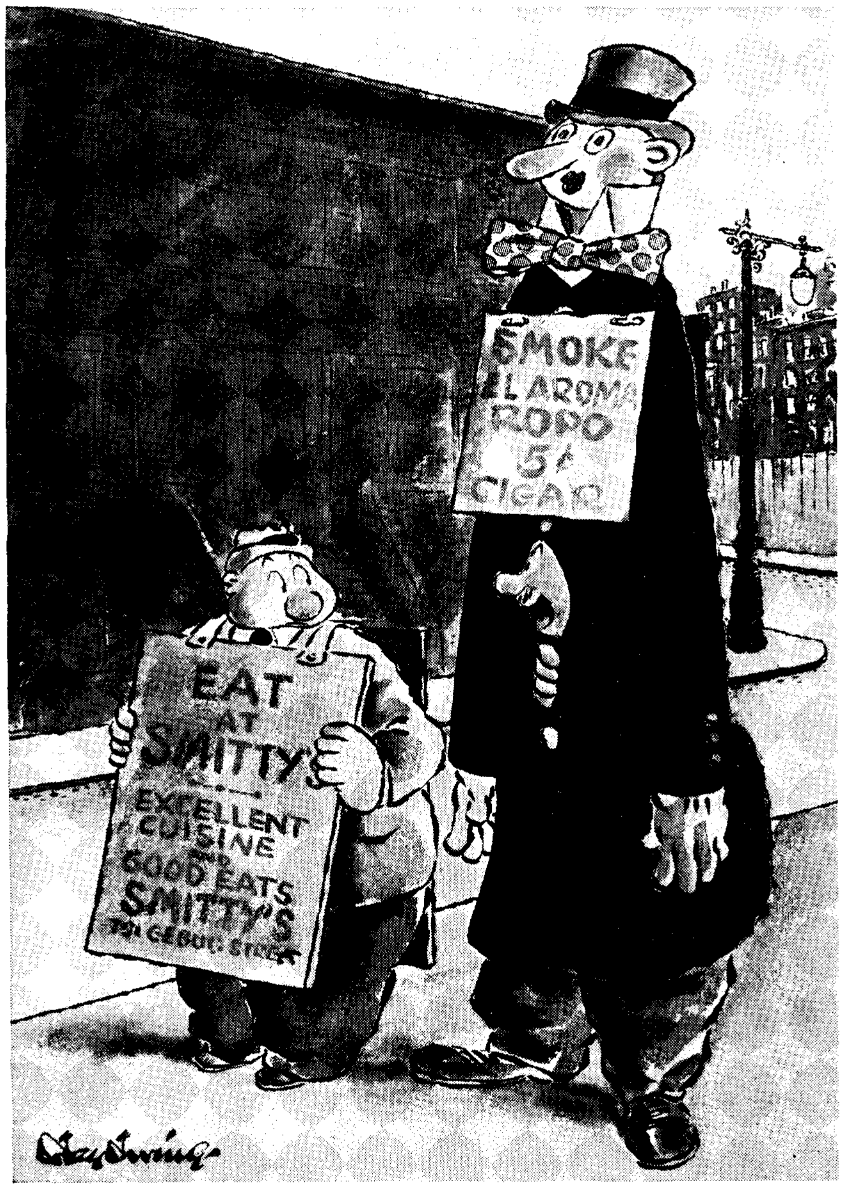
"I'm sorry, Lucius. We won't go in until you feel better."

In the gymnasium the ride-outs of Mr. Swain's combo were gradually becoming resigned to having a sousaphone in their midst. Ben sat there, ensconced between the drums and bass fiddle and surrounded by his horn, gloomily looking out on the nursery trade that clustered around the stand. It was ten-thirty and there was still no sign of either Miss Forbes or her bearded admirer.

If they didn't come—he winced. No beard, no pinch, no girl. He had figured all the angles but there was still the chance it would lay an egg, and if it did Mr. Kirby would be looking for another job.

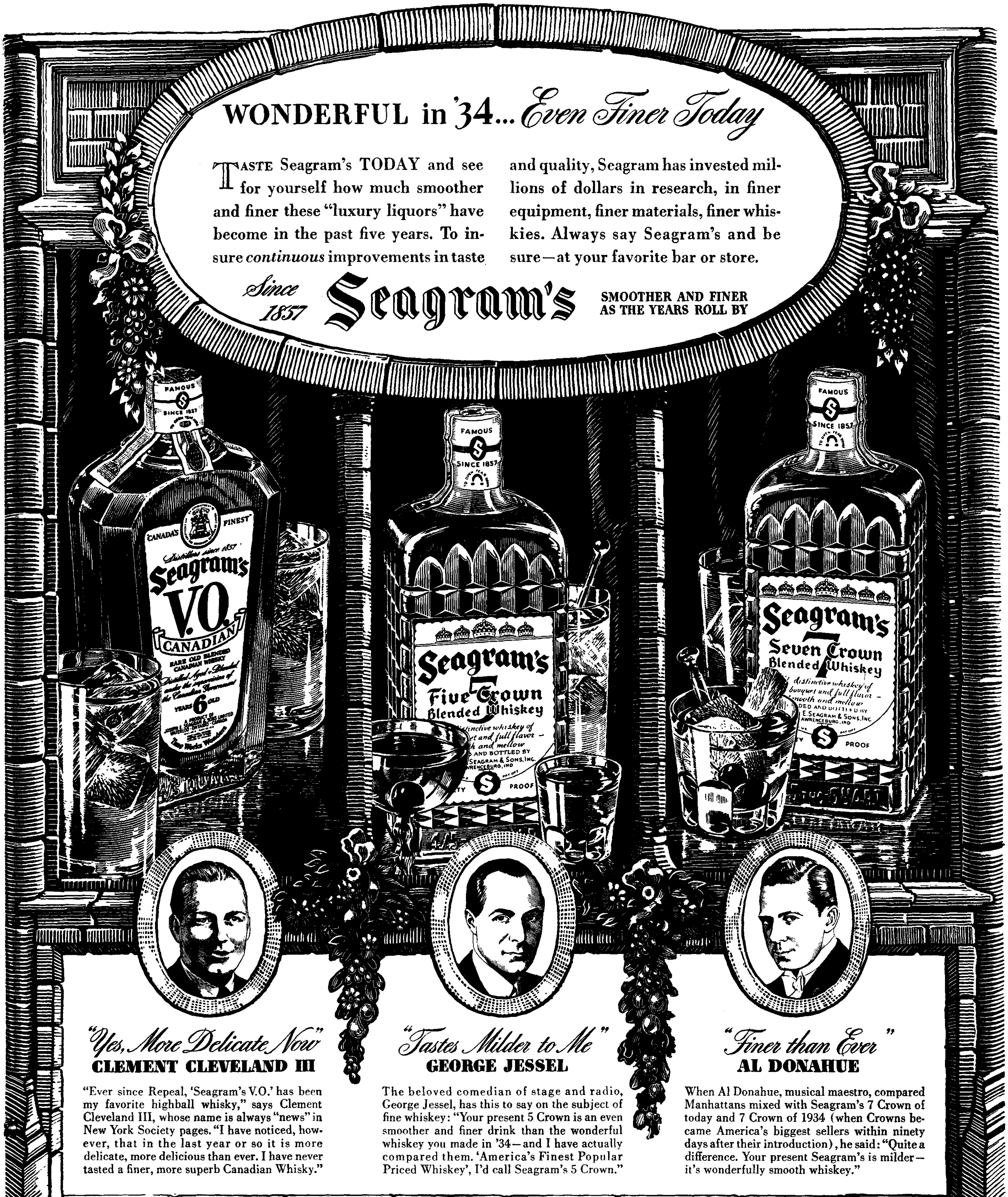
So far his musical activities had been confined to a few strategic *oom-pahs* inserted on the downbeat. It had been enough to make him appear authentic but there was no thrill in it.

Just before the intermission Mr. Swain took them into his famous version of Royal Garden Blues, taking three choruses himself and never hitting the same spot twice. The dancers so far forgot themselves and Miss Dunham's that here and there wild jitterbugs broke out. The band, warmed up by Slat's powerhousing it, began knocking themselves out. One chorus was taken by the bass fiddle. The clarinet came in for a ride and a bow and suddenly Ben heard himself giving out. A man could stand just so much and then all the dark things within him welled up and had to come out the hard way. Carried away by his own soul-state, his strenuous *oom-pahs* had all the dramatic effect of a wounded rhinoceros stumbling upon a Sunday-



**"My wife thinks I'm in Reno"**

JAY IRVING


Seagram's V.O. Canadian
Seagram's Five Crown Blended Whiskey
Seagram's Seven Crown Blended Whiskey

# WONDERFUL in '34... *Even Finer Today*

TASTE Seagram's TODAY and see for yourself how much smoother and finer these "luxury liquors" have become in the past five years. To insure *continuous* improvements in taste and quality, Seagram has invested millions of dollars in research, in finer equipment, finer materials, finer whiskies. Always say Seagram's and be sure—at your favorite bar or store.

*Since 1857* **Seagram's** SMOOTHER AND FINER AS THE YEARS ROLL BY

### *"Yes, More Delicate Now"*
**CLEMENT CLEVELAND III**

"Ever since Repeal, 'Seagram's V.O.' has been my favorite highball whisky," says Clement Cleveland III, whose name is always "news" in New York Society pages. "I have noticed, however, that in the last year or so it is more delicate, more delicious than ever. I have never tasted a finer, more superb Canadian Whisky."

### *"Tastes Milder to Me"*
**GEORGE JESSEL**

The beloved comedian of stage and radio, George Jessel, has this to say on the subject of fine whiskey: "Your present 5 Crown is an even smoother and finer drink than the wonderful whiskey you made in '34—and I have actually compared them. 'America's Finest Popular Priced Whiskey', I'd call Seagram's 5 Crown."

### *"Finer than Ever"*
**AL DONAHUE**

When Al Donahue, musical maestro, compared Manhattans mixed with Seagram's 7 Crown of today and 7 Crown of 1934 (when Crowns became America's biggest sellers within ninety days after their introduction), he said: "Quite a difference. Your present Seagram's is milder—it's wonderfully smooth whiskey."

"SEAGRAM'S V.O." Canadian. Rare old Blended Canadian Whisky. 86.8 Proof. This whisky is 6 years old.

SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN Blended Whiskey. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old. 27½% straight whiskies, 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. 90 Proof.

SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN Blended Whiskey. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old, 40% straight whiskies, 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. 90 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Offices: New York.

**SHOULDERS feel all KNOTTED up** *after heavy exercise?*

**It's FATIGUE ACCIDS in your MUSCLES!**

● When you exercise more than usual, waste products called fatigue acids settle in your muscles. Then the muscle swells in its sheath and aches.

Here's fast help! Splash Absorbine Jr. over the affected parts 3 or 4 times a day. Laboratory tests prove it speeds the blood through the tissues—to carry off those acids. Pain eases—stiffness goes. You feel "on top"! Millions like and use Absorbine Jr. regularly because it is

1. QUICK ACTING 3. PLEASANT
2. QUICK DRYING 4. ECONOMICAL TO USE

At all druggists, $1.25 a bottle. Free sample—Write W. F. Young, Inc., 201K Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

FAMOUS also for relieving Athlete's Foot, Strains, Bruises

**ABSORBINE JR.**

**FEEL ALL FAGGED OUT?**

**Freshen Up With ALKA-SELTZER**

When you feel all tired out at the end of a hard-working day—suffering from Muscular Fatigue—relax, and drink a sparkling glass of Alka-Seltzer. See how quickly you feel refreshed.

Try Alka-Seltzer too, for relieving the pain of tired, aching muscles. There are so many uses for Alka-Seltzer that you should always keep a package in your home—ready for quick relief from the unpleasantness of many common ailments.

GET A PACKAGE TODAY

AT ALL DRUG STORES

**Alka-Seltzer**

**AN EXCITING BOOK FOR FISHERMEN**

Get this exciting book for fishermen. It describes and illustrates the most popular rods for every kind of fishing—made by TRUE TEMPER from finest rapier steel, clock spring tempered and with perfect action.

**TRUE TEMPER**
THE ROD OF CHAMPIONS

FREE ON REQUEST

Makers of TRUE TEMPER Products, Sporting Goods Division, Geneva, O. Send catalog (C) to:

Name

Address

school picnic. All dancing immediately ceased and Mr. Swain stared at him in open alarm.

"Take it easy, pal!" he hissed. "You wanna blow us outta here?"

Mr. Kirby gulped and the last hollow reverberation died away. It was during the layout period that the hide-beater, apparently the spokesman for the combo, brought up the matter of his ride-out.

"Look, gate," said the drummer, "we like that gutbucket too, but we gotta play some dates after we leave here. A couple of more blasts outta that thing and we won't have enough ear left to carry a tune in a bucket."

"I'm sorry," Ben said feebly. "I—I sort of forgot myself."

IT WAS shortly before midnight when Miss Dunham herself approached Mr. Swain with a request. A member of her faculty, Miss Peggy Forbes, was about to announce her engagement. Would Mr. Swain be kind enough to play the Wedding March at her signal.

Slats nodded. Ben swallowed hard and looked around the room. Peggy and the beard had finally shown. The chips were down now. He was either right or he was wrong.

At the other end of the floor Peggy said: "Let's dance. We really should have one dance, Lucius."

He nodded reluctantly and, taking her in his arms, charted a cautious course around the floor. Miss Dunham was frantically signaling Mr. Swain to give out with the Lohengrin lockstep. Ben was just as frantically tugging at Mr. Swain's coattails. "Save that announcement!" he hissed, indicating Lucius. "That's my boy!"

Mr. Swain stared at that luxurious foliage but there was no recognition in his face. Ben shivered. If he had been wrong after all—

"He looks it!" Mr. Swain said nervously. "I hope nothing happens!"

Peggy's escort showed no signs of coming anywhere near the stand and Ben decided there was no more time to lose. The next minute he was on the floor, pushing his way through the startled dancers. Peggy looked up and Ben suddenly realized that in his haste he had forgotten to remove the sousaphone. Her eyes widened indignantly.

"Ben Kirby!" she gasped. "If you—"

Mr. Kirby ignored her as he pointed an accusing finger at Mr. Potter. "Igor Petrovich," he cried loudly, "you're under arrest. Anything you say may be used against you!"

The music had halted and the astonished cats were standing up, staring at their ex-sousaphone. Dancers came surging in around the principals and far back in the crowd Miss Dunham called plaintively for her smelling salts. Mr. Potter seemed stricken with some terrible numbness.

It was Peggy who spoke up. She was practically frothing: "Igor Petrovich! Of all the ridiculous—"

"Yeah!" said Mr. Kirby, pulling a circular from his pocket. "And maybe this will change your mind."

Mr. Potter took one look at the picture and gave a strangled cry.

"It's not true!" he whimpered. "Not a word of it!"

It was a police circular bearing an enlargement of the picture Ben had received from the magazine. He had thoughtfully cut Mr. Swain out of the picture and had the full face of Mr. Potter blown up to regulation size. The circular read:

WANTED—IGOR PETROVICH
Charge: Sabotage and communication with foreign agents. Apprehend and hold for undersigned.

Mr. Potter's face was ghastly white and even his muff was trembling. There was a frenzied light in his eyes as he cried: "I never heard of the man. I—I deny everything!"

"You'll have plenty of time," said Ben. "Ten years anyhow."

"Ten years? You can't prove—"

Ben waited a minute. "Why not?" he asked coldly. "We can prove that Lucius Potter business is strictly a phony. Wait until you try to laugh that off!"

Mr. Potter gazed wildly about the room and his anxiety was matched only by Ben's. If he didn't come up with it now—

But he did. Mr. Potter's gaze lighted on Mr. Slats Swain who was avidly watching the drama.

"I can explain everything!" cried the anguished music lover. "Right this minute! Slats Swain will tell you who I am!"

"Me?" cried Mr. Swain. "Don't you go dragging me into this!"

Mr. Potter clutched his lapels. "You can't forget your old roommate, Slats. You can't forget old Joe Kelly!"

The crowd was suddenly still and Peggy's mouth opened but no words came. Mr. Swain's eyes bulged and after a moment he stepped forward, peering at Lucius. Finally he managed to nod. "It's you," he admitted in an awed voice. "Beard or no beard, it's still Tic-Toc Kelly!"

"Tic-Toc?" Peggy said faintly. "Tic-Toc Kelly!"

The college trade was pressing in all around them, pushing and shoving to get a better look at America's corniest composer. At the author of The Music Goes Up and Down, Swingin' on That London Bridge and other awful ballads.

The band was milling around him, interested as any of the collegians. Mr. Pop Davenport, the bass fiddle, summed it up. "The King of Corn!" he said morosely. "Wouldn't you know he'd be a beaver!"

Mr. Potter was looking plaintively at Ben. "You see it's a mistake, don't you? You don't want me now, do you?"

"I don't know," Ben said darkly. "Any man who operates under an alias, wearing a full beard—"

"I had to," said Mr. Kelly. "What would people think when they met me at musicales if they knew who I really was?"

The color was flooding back into Peggy's face. When a man could openly admit he was a phony, when he could pretend— She turned to the large young man beside her.

"Oh, Ben," she said brokenly, "you were right all the time."

He put a consoling arm around her. "It was nothing," he said modestly. "Just part of the day's work."

THE lyrics were as simple as Tic-Toc's offensive melodies. The circular was just a long shot. If Tic-Toc found himself facing a bad rap he would expose himself in choosing the lesser of the two evils.

Someone discovered that Mr. Kelly had taken a powder. Nobody seemed to care.

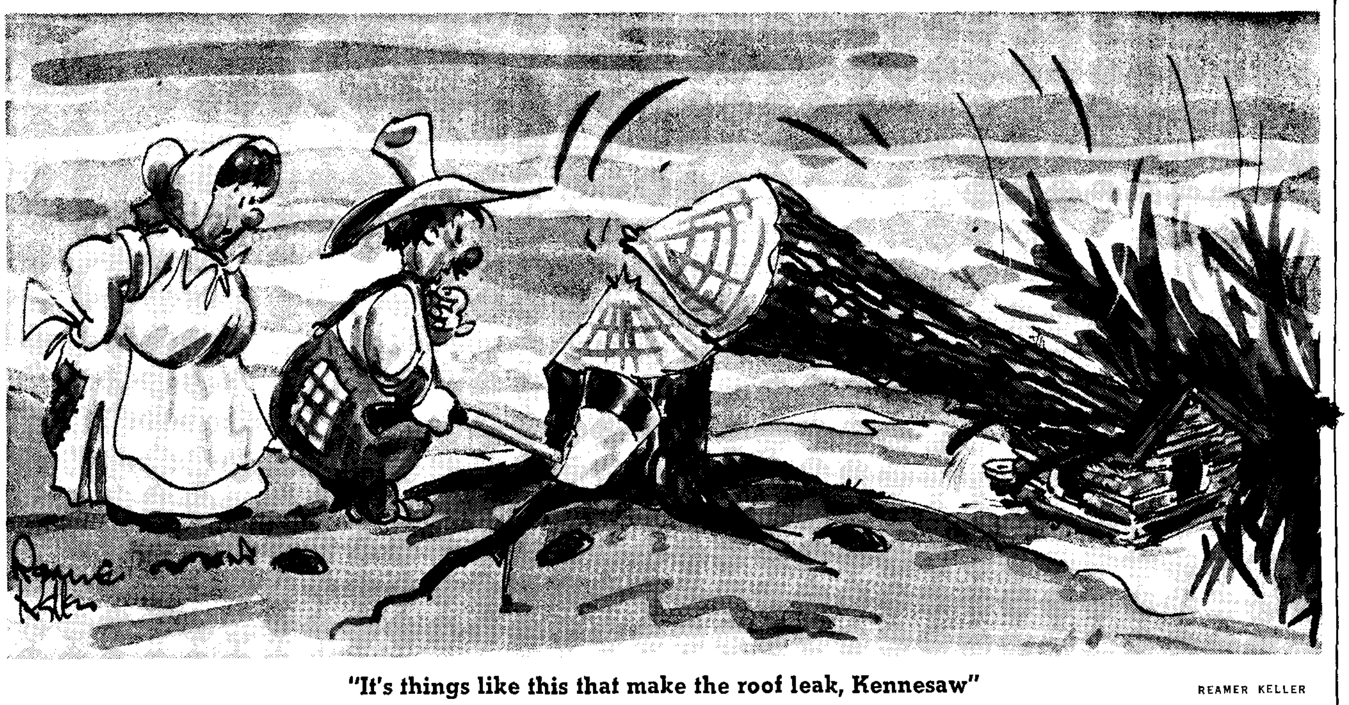
"He's probably gone home to write another dripper," Slats said darkly. "I still get a headache thinking of all his metronomes. The only way he could figure a beat was to have one of them going. It was like living in a clock factory!"

Peggy wasn't listening. All that mattered now was the way Ben was looking at her.

"You shouldn't have taken the chance," she said tenderly. "It might have cost you your job. Maybe it still will!"

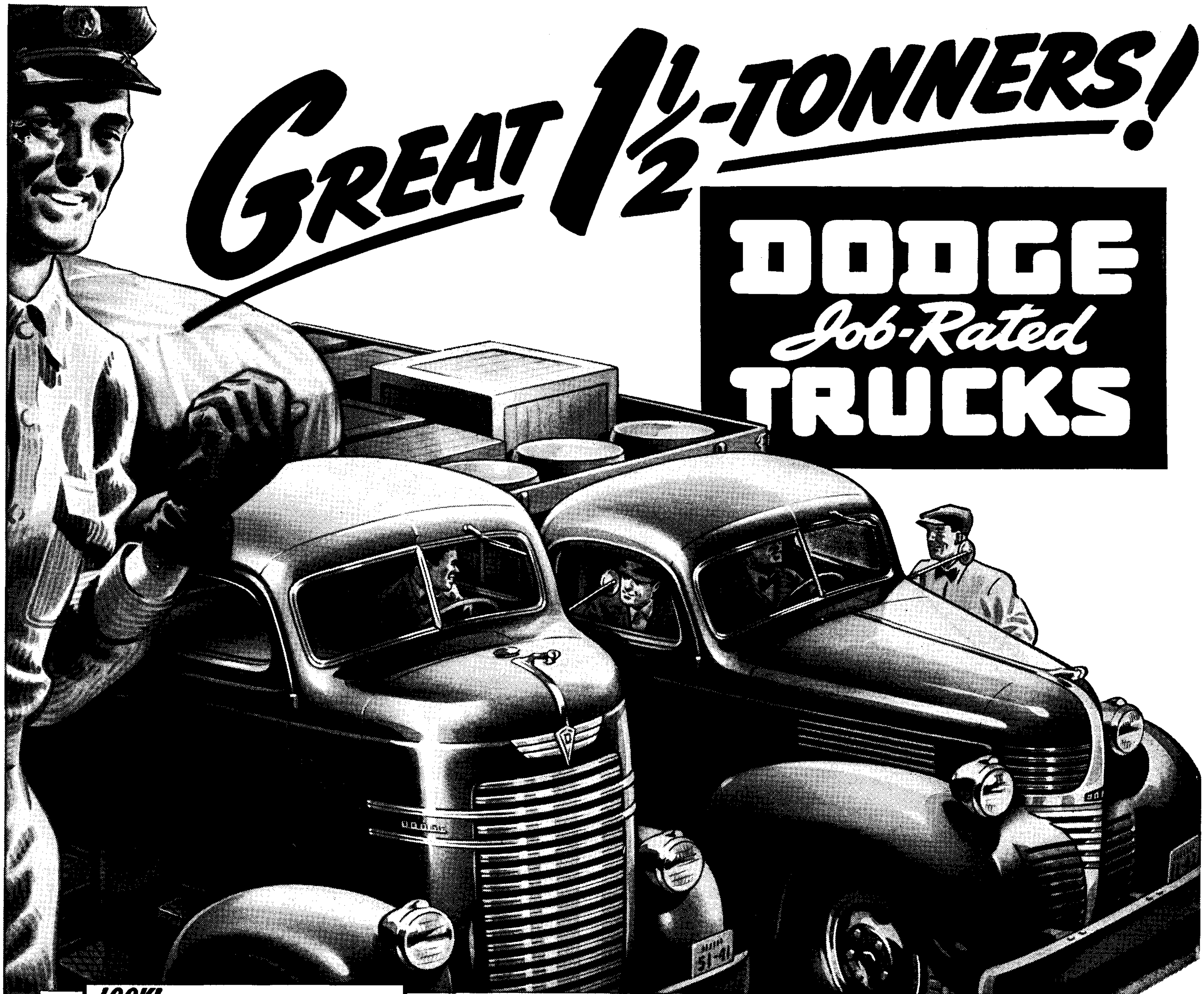
"I'm not worried," Ben said cheerfully. "The commissioner's a very understanding man."

The way they were looking at each other made Mr. Swain turn away shaking his head. It seemed even coppers were a soft touch for this thing called love.



"It's things like this that make the roof leak, Kennesaw"

REAMER KELLER



# GREAT 1½-TONNERS!

## DODGE *Job-Rated* TRUCKS

Dodge 1½-Ton, Cab-Over-Engine Chassis and Cab, 105" wheelbase... $825†

•

Dodge 1½-Ton, 9-foot Stake, 133" wheelbase...... $800†

**LOOK! COMPARE DODGE TRUCKS WITH THOSE MADE BY TWO OTHER COMPANIES MANUFACTURING LOW-PRICED TRUCKS**

***DODGE OFFERS FAR WIDER SELECTION***

| COMPARISON | DODGE TRUCKS | COMPANY "A" | COMPANY "B" |
|---|---|---|---|
| NUMBER OF ENGINES | 6 | 1 | 3 |
| NUMBER OF WHEELBASES | 17 | 9 | 6 |
| NUMBER OF GEAR RATIOS | 16 | 6 | 9 |
| NUMBER OF CAPACITIES | DODGE HAS 6<br>½-¾-1-1½-2-3-Ton | COMPANY "A" HAS 3<br>½-¾-1½-Ton | COMPANY "B" HAS 4<br>½-¾-1-1½-Ton |
| NUMBER OF STD. CHASSIS and BODY MODELS | 96 | 58 | 42 |
| PRICES begin at | $465 | $450 | $474.18 |

*Prices shown are for ½-ton chassis with flat face cowl delivered at Main Factory, federal taxes included—state and local taxes extra. Prices subject to change without notice. Figures used in the above chart are based on published data.*

**Get This FREE Booklet—READ AND SAVE**

Learn how a truck to-fit-the-job can save YOU money! Ask your Dodge dealer or write Dodge Division, Chrysler Corporation, Detroit, Michigan.

## *Job-Rated* To Fit Tough Jobs . . Save Money!

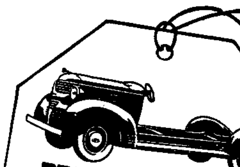
RIGHT!—they're *great* performers—these big 1½-ton Dodge Job-Rated trucks! They'll do a great job for YOU, too—and at lower cost! That's because they're built and powered expressly for heavy-duty service.

Their great 92-horsepower Dodge truck engine is exactly the right engine to deliver top performance—with maximum economy! Clutch, transmission, rear axle, springs and brakes—all are "sized" for the job so that the truck will *fit the job!*

Naturally it costs much LESS to own and to operate a truck that really FITS YOUR JOB! With 7 wheelbases, which include the sensational new Cab-Over-Engine—*you can get* a Dodge Job-Rated 1½-tonner to fit YOUR job better—and to save YOU money! Remember—Dodge Job-Rated trucks are priced with the lowest for every capacity! See your Dodge dealer for easy budget terms.

*Tune in Major Bowes, CBS Network, Thurs., 10-11 P.M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time.*

†Prices—delivered at Detroit including Federal taxes. Dual wheels, transportation, state and local taxes (if any) extra.



**PRICES START AT $465 FOR ½-TON CHASSIS**

with flat face cowl, delivered at Detroit, Mich., Federal taxes included—transportation, state and local taxes (if any) extra.

*Dependable* DODGE TRUCK SERVICE *Everywhere*

SEE YOUR DODGE DEALER FOR DEPENDABLE USED TRUCKS

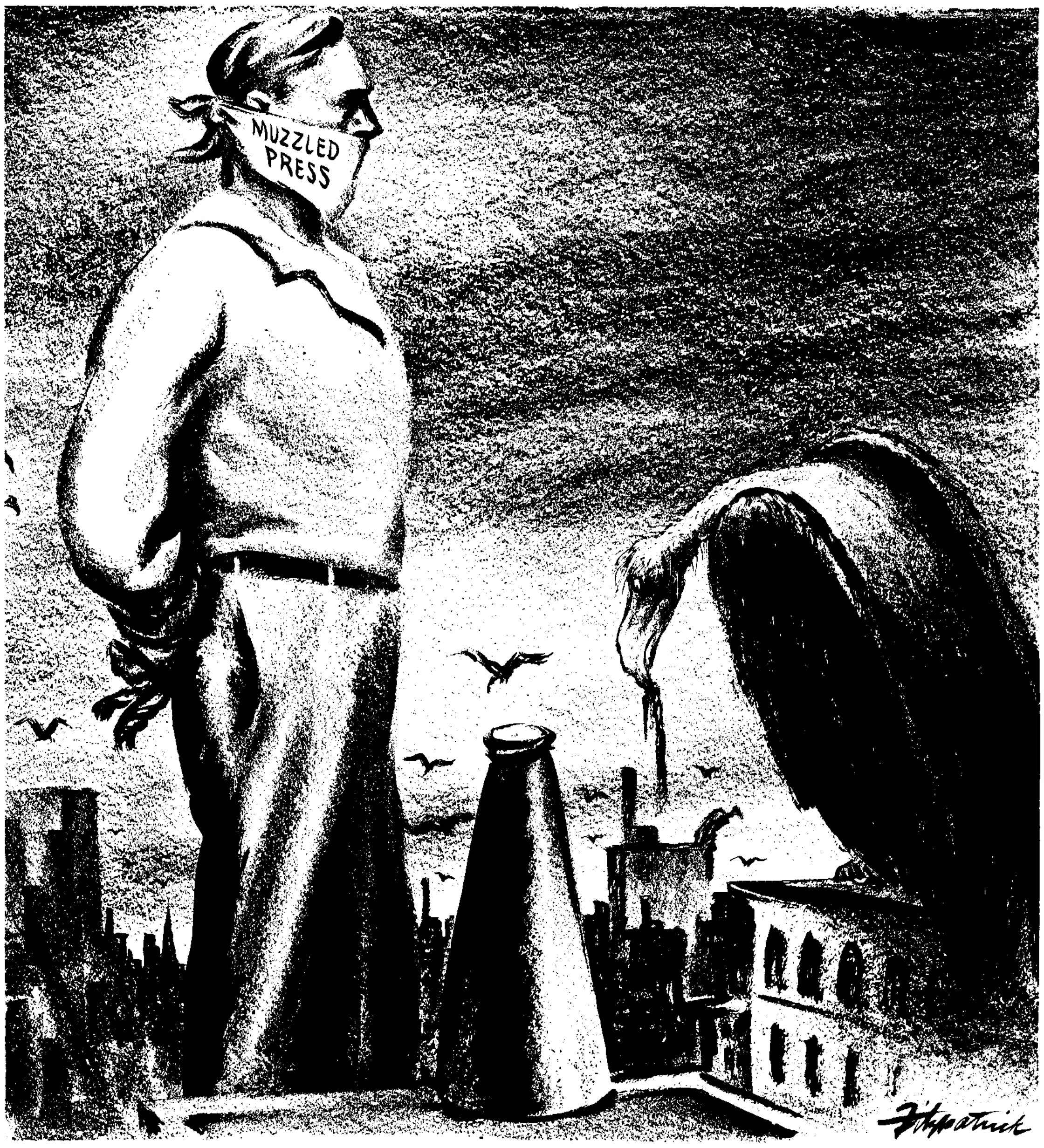
## DEPEND ON DODGE* *Job-Rated* TRUCKS

3-2-1½-1-¾-½-TON CAPACITIES . . . 96 STANDARD CHASSIS AND BODY MODELS ON 17 WHEELBASES

**Job-Rated* MEANS: A TRUCK THAT FITS YOUR JOB*

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director



# Free Press and Your Food

THE idea is being batted around just now that freedom of speech and press is not essential to Americans' well-being. What good is a free press, anyway? we're being asked by various smart and subtle enemies of democracy. You can't eat it, wear it, live in it or do more than get a fire started with even the freest newspaper. Why not trade in the American free press to some dictator, in return for jobs, food, clothing, shelter and fuel in plenty for everybody?

Well, the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, owned by Joseph Pulitzer, recently printed two editorials vigorously attacking a St. Louis judge. One of the editorials was accompanied by a cartoon from the gifted crayon of Daniel R. Fitzpatrick, whose cartoons frequently decorate Collier's editorial and other pages, one of them appearing herewith. The judge swelled up with what he conceived to be righteous indignation and cited publisher, managing editor, editorial editor and cartoonist for contempt of court.

Pulitzer says he'll fight the case through the highest court he can get into; and if we know anything about his and his Post-Dispatch cronies' courage and tenacity, he will do just that. Incidentally, we hope he wins; and if that's some more contempt of court, come ahead, Your Honor.

The point we're getting to is this: Those Post-Dispatch editorials and cartoon stabbed at some extortion funny business alleged to be going on under this same judge's wing if not with his knowledge.

Take away newspapers' and magazines' freedom to expose such goings-on, and where do we land? We land, without having moved at all, in a country where crooked judges (though we believe most of our judges are honest) can connive with crooked politicians, contractors, service or merchandise sellers and labor leaders to jack up living costs in a multitude of ways for the consuming public.

Meaning less and less purchasing power for what money any of us can scrabble up; or, in plainer English, less and less food, shelter and fuel for more and more work.

That is what a free press means to the well-being of the American people. It is at the very heart of such well-being.

# What is this "Union Now"?

HEREWITH an editorial explaining—not embracing or denouncing—an idea that is getting around a bit: the idea of "Union Now." Here's what the idea is about:

"Union Now" was originally the title of a book by Clarence K. Streit, for ten years New York Times correspondent at Geneva, home town of the League of Nations. The book was published in March, 1939, by Harper & Bros., list price $3. A pamphlet recently written by Mr. Streit under the title "The Essence of Union Now" summarizes his idea in 81 pages, and sells for 25¢ a copy or 10 copies for $1.50 at the office of the Inter-Democracy Federal Unionists, 10 E. 40th St., New York, N. Y. (This paragraph is a free ad for all parties mentioned.)

Streit reasons as follows:

The original 13 American colonies, following the Revolution and seven years of trying to exist as independent nations, gave up that attempt and bound themselves together under a central government to which they gave just enough power but not too much. Immediately, this country began history's most spectacular march toward mass prosperity, ever-rising living standards and a livable life for all its people. The main reason for that was that the Constitution made the United States one big free-trade area.

Why, then, Streit wants to know, can't the fifteen leading democratic nations of the world repeat this performance on a world-wide scale?

To form an international United States, so to speak, Streit nominates Australia, Belgium, Canada, Denmark, Finland, France, Holland, Ireland, New Zealand, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, the Union of South Africa, the United Kingdom and the United States.

These fifteen nations have 300,000,000 of the world's 2,000,000,000 people; and they—

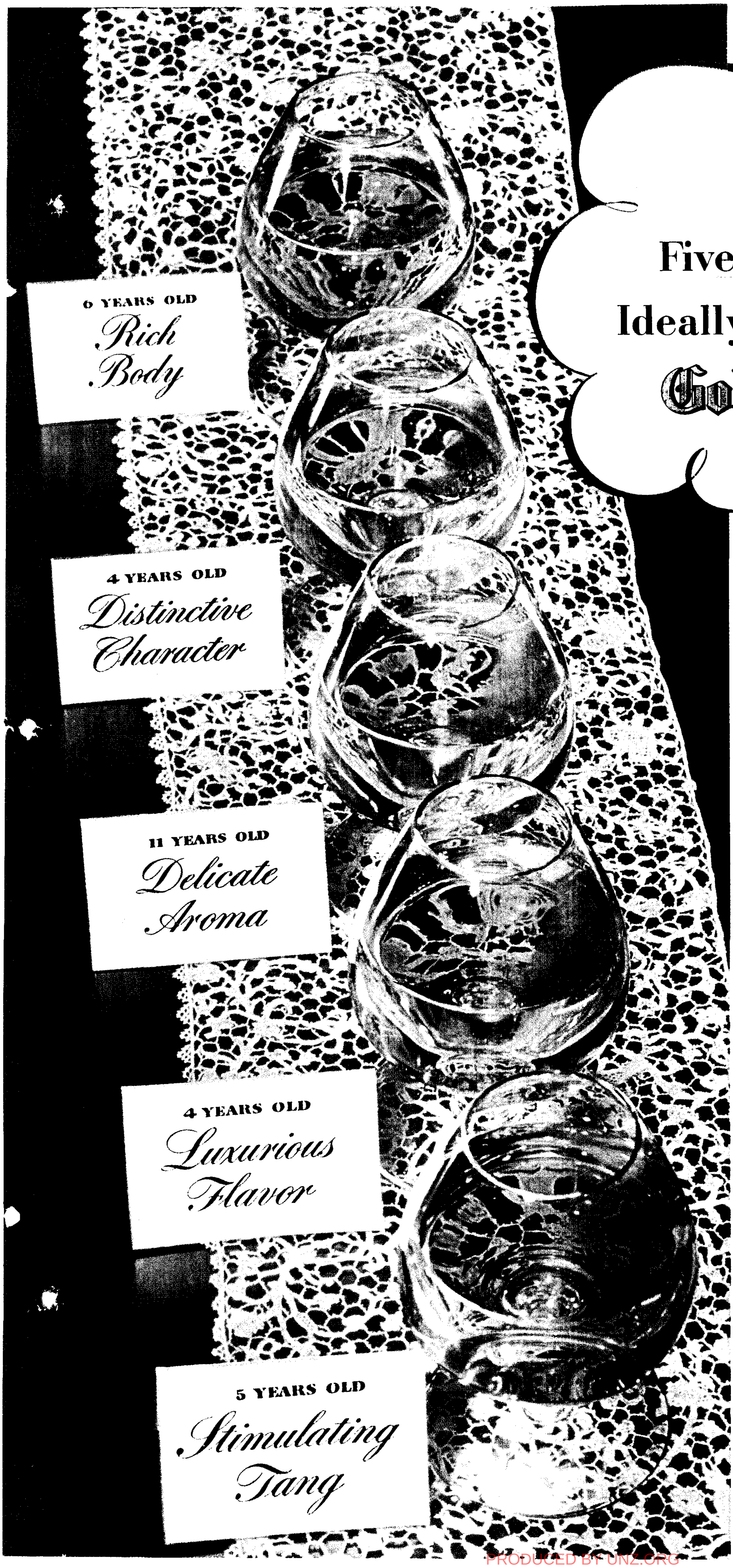
> own almost half the earth, rule all its oceans; govern nearly half mankind . . . do two thirds of the world's trade . . . have more than fifty per cent control of nearly every essential material . . . have more than sixty per cent of such war essentials as oil, copper, lead, steel, iron, coal, tin, cotton, wool, wood pulp, shipping tonnage . . . almost complete control of such keys as nickel, rubber and automobile production . . . possess practically all the world's gold and banked wealth. Their existing armed strength is such that, once they united, they could reduce their armaments and yet gain a two-power standard of armed security.

Streit proposes that these fifteen nations pool their military and economic strength under a central, popularly elected government having a constitution modeled after our own. They would have to give up some sovereignty to this government in five fields: government and citizenship, defense forces, tariffs, coinage and communications. They would retain all their national characteristics otherwise.

The objects of this democratic union would be: (1) to practice free trade throughout the union; (2) to keep democracy intact and growing in the nations that already have it; (3) to admit other nations to the union as fast as they should show themselves willing and able.

This democratic union would be militantly democratic, maintaining an army, navy and air force adequate to beat off any conceivable attacks on any of its members. It would not try to spread democracy by force.

As stated, we neither embrace nor denounce it now. But we think it is an idea that will go on germinating for a long time. Certainly it deserves discussion.


6 YEARS OLD
Rich Body
4 YEARS OLD
Distinctive Character
11 YEARS OLD
Delicate Aroma
4 YEARS OLD
Luxurious Flavor
5 YEARS OLD
Stimulating Tang

# Five Superb Whiskies Ideally "Wedded" into One

# Golden Wedding

IF YOU COULD TASTE, separately, the five choice whiskies in *Golden Wedding*, each one would surely delight you with the one rare quality in which it excels.

But, in tasting each whiskey alone, you would miss the rare qualities of the other four. Think, then, how much greater is your enjoyment when you taste all five whiskies skillfully "wedded" into the one superb whiskey—*Golden Wedding.*

*Golden Wedding* is all whiskey—every drop 4 to 11 years old. You can pay your guests no greater compliment than by serving this distinguished whiskey in your home.

• • •

*A Blend of Straight Whiskies—90 Proof. As you prefer—in Bourbon or Rye. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old. 11%, one straight whiskey 5 years old. 2%, one straight whiskey 6 years old. 1%, one straight whiskey 11 years old. 86%, two straight whiskies 4 years old.*

Golden Wedding

"HAS HAD NO PEERS FOR FIFTY YEARS"

[illegible]

We warrant that *Golden Wedding*, at its reduced price, is the same luxurious whiskey it has always been. It's all whiskey—five choice, distinguished whiskies skillfully "wedded" into one. Every drop whiskey—4 to 11 years old. No other whiskey has the fame and reputation of *Golden Wedding.*

Copyright 1940, Jos. S. Finch & Co., Inc., Schenley, Pa.

Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO

*Introducing Chesterfield's own graduation cap*

*Learn Real Mildness . . . it's easy*

Just make your next pack Chesterfields, that's all, and as quick as you can light up, you'll learn the meaning of real mildness . . . and you will learn this too, Chesterfields are cooler and definitely better-tasting. You get all of the right answers to your smoking pleasure with Chesterfields . . . the busiest cigarette in America.

*Chesterfield*

**THEY SATISFY**

Copyright 1940, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED